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HISTORY AND ADVENTURE

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L O N D O N

W. AND R. CHAMBERS 47 PATERNOSTER ROW

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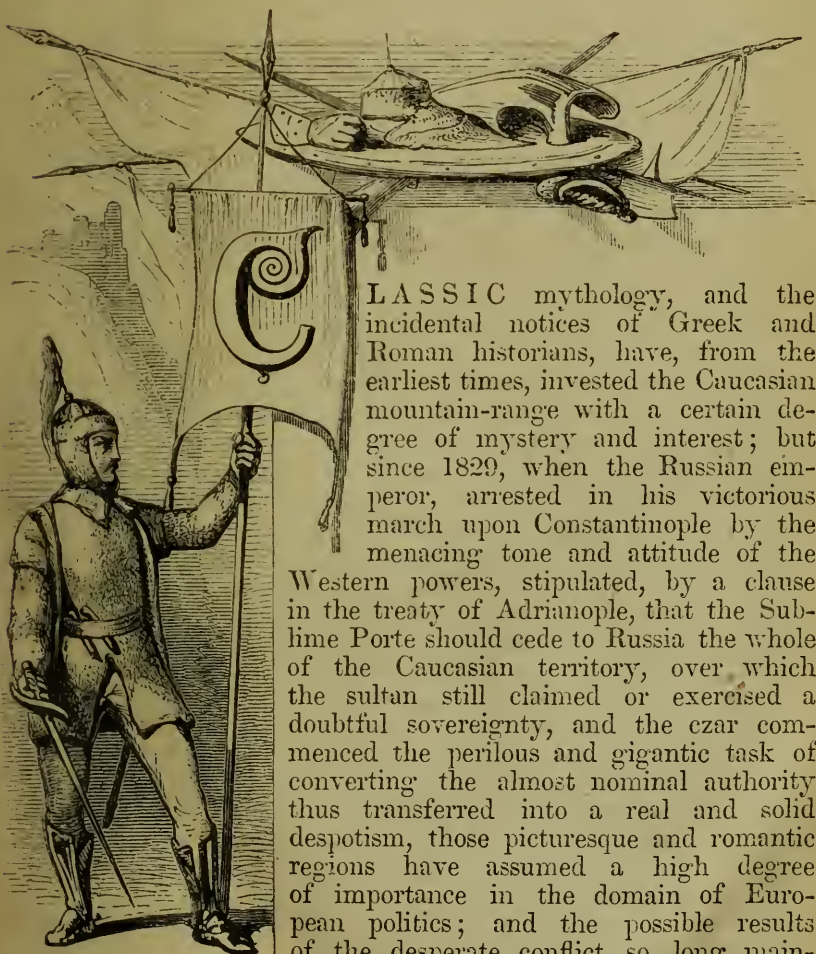
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CHAMBERS'S RÉPOSITORY.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE CAUCASUS.



CLASSIC mythology, and the incidental notices of Greek and Roman historians, have, from the earliest times, invested the Caucasian mountain-range with a certain degree of mystery and interest; but since 1829, when the Russian emperor, arrested in his victorious march upon Constantinople by the menacing tone and attitude of the

Western powers, stipulated, by a clause in the treaty of Adrianople, that the Sublime Porte should cede to Russia the whole of the Caucasian territory, over which the sultan still claimed or exercised a doubtful sovereignty, and the czar commenced the perilous and gigantic task of converting the almost nominal authority thus transferred into a real and solid despotism, those picturesque and romantic regions have assumed a high degree of importance in the domain of European politics; and the possible results of the desperate conflict so long main-

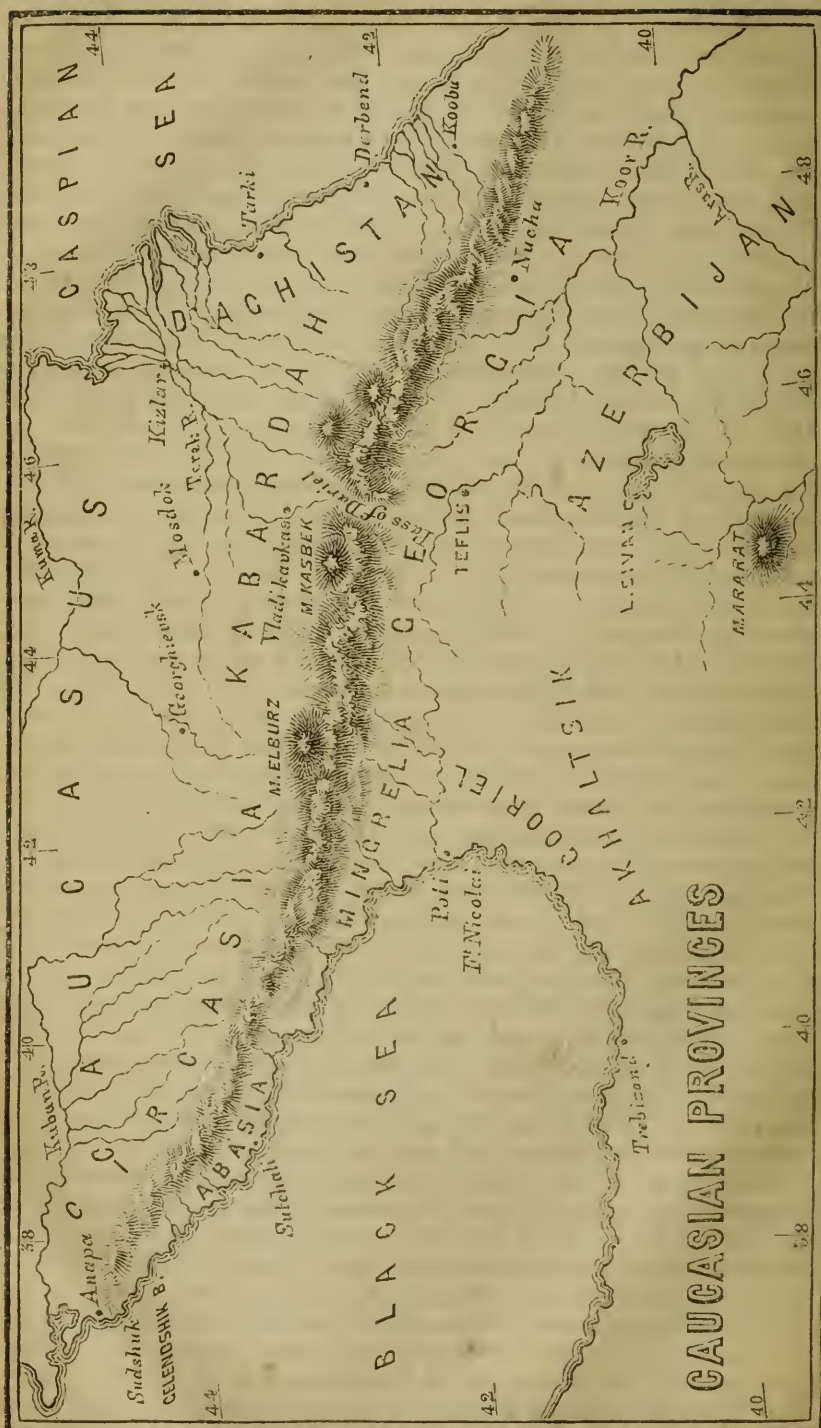
tained there, have been made the theme of conjectures, visions,

theories, fears, scarcely less wild and fantastical than the dreams of the old paganism. According to ancient myths, the loftiest of the snow and cloud-crowned mountains of the Caucasus—which, reaching to Olympus, connected earth with heaven—was that whereon Prometheus, for stealing fire from the chariot of the sun, lay bound and tortured, till released by Hercules: from without their cavernous and frightful depths that Jason, with the help of the Colchian enchantress, bore off the Golden Fleece. These classical localities, moreover, Herodotus asserts, were peopled by motley races of barbarians, numbering, Strabo adds, from 70 to 300 nations—a latitude of enumeration, by the way, which scarcely impresses one with a very high respect in this particular instance for the authority of that eminent traveller and geographer. The same writer assures us, that gold was so plentiful in the torrents of the Caucasus that it was intercepted and collected by means of extended sheep-skins—an intelligible, if somewhat common-place version of the story of Jason and his Golden Fleece. Emerging into clearer day, we find that it was through the great Caucasian Pass of Dariel (*Porta Caucasica*) that Cimmerians and Scythians marched to desolate Asia Minor; by the Eastern or Caspian Way (*Via Caspia*), the tumultuous hosts of Huns swept to their attacks upon the Persian and Roman Empires. This variegated mass of fact and fiction has, it is quite evident, influenced the imagination and coloured the dreams of modern prophets and alarmists. For Prometheus writhing beneath the pitiless decree of Jupiter, we have civilisation (Circassian) fiercely, but vainly, struggling in the stifling embrace of the Russian Colossus, and calling piteously for help upon the English Hercules. Should that help be accorded, the fable of the Golden Fleece will be converted into a magnificent fact, by the rich commerce that must immediately spring up between the wealthy mountaineers of Caucasica and the teeming industries of Great Britain. But if the sea-Hercules, lulled in the vain dreams of a false security, refuses to perform, or too long neglects the solemn duty to which he is thus imperatively summoned—then, indeed, the desolating onrush of the Cimmerian, Scythian, and Hunnish hosts will be echoed in our own day by the tramp of the countless battalions of the czar. In one respect only, the travelled soothsayers of the present day entirely differ from the ancients: the inhabitants of the Caucasus are *not* barbarians. So far from being so, they are, on the contrary, a highly-civilised people; and, in the higher and nobler attributes of humanity—notwithstanding certain peculiarities which, at first view, may appear a little startling to unaccustomed eyes—present examples worthy of respectful imitation by the boasted nations of the West!

That we may obtain a sufficiently distinct view of the picturesque and majestic theatre in which the bold deeds we are about to narrate have been performed, let us for a few moments fancy ourselves standing with our faces towards the north, upon the

summit of Mount Ararat, in Armenia, about fifty miles south of the Caucasian territory, which, intersected by its magnificent mountain-range, will then lie right before us, bounded on this, the southern side, by the ancient kingdom of Georgia, now a province of Russia; on the east, by the Caspian Sea, whose tideless waters lave the north of Persia; on the west, by the Euxine or Bad Black Sea (*fanar gara denecz*) of the Turks, stretching northward to the Crimea and the Sea of Azov; and on the north itself, by the southern provinces of Russia Proper, in one of which the white stone obelisk erected by General Prestman, an English officer in the Russian service, over the grave of Howard the philanthropist, modestly uprears itself. The mountain-range, we perceive, commences by Anapa, a Russian settlement on the shore of the Black Sea, nearly opposite the Crimea, and in the north-west corner of the vast tract of territory thus shut in by Russia Proper, the Caspian and Black Seas, and Georgia, and the huge chain extends hitherward in a direction slanting towards the south of the Caspian on our right, leaving a gradually increasing margin between it and the Black Sea. At about midway, the range turns abruptly towards the east for some distance; then resumes and continues its south-easterly direction, till its termination at Cape Asheran, on the south-west shore of the Caspian. The length of this sinuous cordillera, from its north-western point, in $44^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude and $37^{\circ} 10'$ east longitude, to the south-eastern limit, in $40^{\circ} 30'$ of north latitude and $50^{\circ} 20'$ east longitude, is estimated at 700 miles, and varies in breadth from 70 to 120 miles; an area of about 56,000 square miles, or pretty nearly the extent of England and Wales. The southern provinces of Russia Proper are separated from the Caucasian territory by the lower branch of the Kuban River, which, rising from near the centre of the mountains, flows in a northerly direction, till about the parallel of 44° north latitude, where it takes a direct westerly course, and reaches the Black Sea in the vicinity of Anapa, enclosing from its source to its outflow the plains of Abasia, and the Great and Little Kabardahs. The Terek breaks out of the mountains on the same side, but considerably to the south-east of the Kuban, and flows in a north-easterly direction towards the Caspian, forming with that sea and the south-eastern chain an irregular triangle, comprising the steppes or plains of Daghistan, and the country of the Tchetchentzes, separated from each other by the rapid Koisu, which takes its rise in the Lesghian or eastern part of the chain, and issues also in the Caspian. This roughly-drawn outline encircles a country of the most varied grandeur and beauty. The plains on the north of the chain enclosed by the fort-dotted Kuban and Terek, are for the most part—the Kabardahs especially—of luxuriant fertility, carpeted with richest verdure, and strewn with woods and groves of level trees, odorous with the perfume of the myrtle and the rose, and vocal with the songs of innumerable nightingales. Georgia here

THE STRUGGLE IN THE CAUCASUS.



in the south is of nearly equal beauty and fruitfulness; and the strip of gradually narrowing land bordering the Black Sea from Mingrelia—adjoining Georgia on the north-west—to Anapa, presents a charming aspect of oak-clad eminences, park-like pastures, and lofty trees festooned with gigantic vines. From this gorgeous parterre, the giant Alps shoot upwards to the heavens; and, monarch of them all, Elburz, at about the northern centre of the range, uplifts his crown of snow to the prodigious height of 17,700 feet above the Black Sea level—2000 feet higher than Mont Blanc! This name of Elburz, though usually confined to the loftiest of the Caucasian mountains, has, strictly speaking, a much wider application; meaning, as it does, all mountains above the line of eternal snow—10,500 feet. The native appellation is Mount Kav—the Mountain of the Blessed; or, more frequently, Djen Padischah—the King of Spirits; and superstitions in connection both with it and the Alquinvari Peak—the Kasbek, the next in altitude to the Elburz—are, as might be expected, rife throughout the Caucasus. According to one of these traditions, the guardian angels that keep eternal watch upon the sky-reaching summits of these mountains, will never permit them to be profaned by mortal footsteps—a belief, however, that has lately been irretrievably damaged by the successful ascent of the Kasbek by a Polish doctor of the name of Kalenati. Few of the mountains north-west of the Elburz reach the line of perpetual snow; and they gradually diminish in height as they approach the shore of the Black Sea at Anapa, where they rise boldly up to the elevation of about 120 feet only. In the south-eastern range, on the contrary, the glittering pinnacles soar far above the snow-line, till past the Lesghian portion of the chain, in which Chagh Dagh, another sacred mountain, attains a height approaching that of the Kasbek, which is 15,500 feet. Near the end of the south-eastern range, is the Holy Land of the Ghebers, or Fire-worshippers. The monastery of Mesch-Gah—Mother of Fire—tenanted by a few devotees of this faith, and sentinelled by pillars of the inexhaustible flame, which at the slightest puncture issues from the naphtha-teeming soil, still exists there. This was once the Ateyshah, or sacred shrine—the Mecca of the worshippers of fire—but mosques have long since usurped the places of the flame-temples, and nowhere, perhaps, in Caucasia has the creed of Islam taken a firmer and deeper root than in the burning plains of Baku.

The two passes or 'gates' which traverse the cordillera of the Caucasus, are those previously mentioned: the road leading by the fortress of Derbend on the Caspian shore—the Via Caspia of the ancients—and the more important Pass of Dariel (*Porta Caucasæ*), which connects Teflis in Russian Georgia by the Valley of the Terek, leading through a huge rift of the Kasbek, with the Vladikavkas—one of the strongest and most important fortresses possessed by the Russians at the northern base of the Caucasus—and Mosdok, another Russian stronghold on the Terek. This road

is about 120 miles in length, and Strabo states, was accounted a four days' journey. Pliny says: 'Each narrow pass therein was closed by large beams of wood, pointed with iron. In the midst of the narrow valley flowed a river. The south extremity was protected by a castle on a high rock.' This description applies to the present condition of the Caucasian Gate, with this difference, that the large beams of wood, pointed with iron, have been superseded by forts, which command the narrow passes, and that the road has been much improved, although it still remains impassable during winter. Catherine II. was the first European sovereign whose troops marched through this dreary and dangerous defile, wherein the path is frequently but a few feet wide, shut in with precipitous walls of porphyry and schist, some 3000 or 4000 feet in height, and running along the edge of abysses as deep as the rock-walls are lofty. In some parts, especially in passing through the Kasbek, the road presents one or two aspects of a novel, imposing, and less terrific kind: huge columns of basalt hurled hither and thither, as if in Titanic sport, upon the surfaces of the mountain, or driven into its side—some erect, others more or less inclined, and suggesting, especially when the moon lends her giant shadows to aid the illusion, the ruined temples, towers, and palaces of an antediluvian city, interspersed here and there with patches of the fresh vegetation of a renewed world. The weekly Friday's post from Patigorsk to Teflis passes by this road, and escorted, as it always is, by two or three squadrons of Cossacks of the Line, and as many battalions of infantry, has generally a tolerable chance, according to Major Cameron, of reaching its destination. This road, it should be observed, has been in the military possession of Russia since the days of Catherine II.; and in 1830, the Persian embassy, with the aid of a small army, safely accomplished a passage through it in six days. Of the Eastern or Caspian Way, it is only necessary to remark, that it connects Baku with Derbend on the Caspian shore, and the latter place with Kizlar on the Terek. It is very little used; and in a military point of view, having reference to the subjugation of the Caucasus, of even less importance than the Dariel road. To this brief etching of a few of the chief features of the mountain Caucasus, we have to add, that the enormous range contains not only deep gorges, terrible abysses, impassable swamps, frightful rifts, and impetuous torrents, but extensive pastoral valleys, covered with flocks and herds, rich table-lands, numerous woods and forests, well-cultivated gardens and orchards, romantic glens, and pleasant and abundant streams. The lighting up of the Caucasian Alps, we may further remark, when seen from a favourable point of view, on a bright morning of summer, is a spectacle of singular and imposing beauty. The crystal pinnacles, domes, towers, piled multitudinously above each other, faintly pencilled by the earlier rays of the dawn in shadowy, gigantic outline upon the eastern sky, kindle, as the sun climbs the heavens, into indescribable

splendour—first, innumerable snow-crowned summits sparkle with golden fire, and presently the entire scene is a magnificent fairy land, glittering with dazzling sheen, relieved by the shadows of the mountain-rifts, and the waving trees, and sparkling verdure of the parterre at its base. The Emperor Nicholas is said to have been greatly struck by the novel splendour of the sight, and to have remarked to one of his suite, that he had never beheld the sublime command, ‘Let there be light, and there was light,’ so impressively illustrated before.

The population of the Caucasus is as varied as its clime and physical aspect. There are Arabs, Mongols, Tatars, Turcomans, Georgians, and others; but for the purposes of this narrative, it is only necessary to particularise three of the principal groups into which its 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 of inhabitants are divided. These are the Circassians—or *Tcherkessi*, as they are named by the Russians—the Lesghians, and Tchetchentzes. The Circassians occupy the Caucasian range, from about Elburz to its north-west termination at Anapa—the strip of wedge-like country, from one to thirty miles in breadth, along the shore of the Black Sea—the south bank of the Kuban, the islets formed by that river and its confluent, and the Great and Little Kabardahs. The Lesghians are scattered over the south-eastern chain, from near Kasbek to Daghistan on the north, and Nucha on the south of the range. The Tchetchentzes dwell chiefly in the country enclosed by the Terek and Caspian, and divided by the Koisu from Daghistan. It was amongst the Circassians or Tcherkessi that Blumenbach sought his models of the human race, and, baseless as his theory may be, there can be no question that they are, physically at all events, a superior people. Pallas, indeed, asserts that the Kabardians, who differ in no perceptible degree from other Circassians, are descendants of the Teutonic knights. They are described as a fair-complexioned, auburn or chestnut haired race, of lofty stature, great width of chest and brawniness of shoulder, a small foot, and sparkling dark-blue eyes. The complexions, hair, and eyes of the female Circassians are usually of the same colour as those of the men, but more delicately tinted, of finer, glossier texture, and gentler expression. The figures of these ladies are, moreover, as exquisitely moulded as their features are delicately chiselled; and commanding, as they consequently do, a first-rate price in the Constantinople slave-market, it is not surprising that they are considered the most valuable property the head of a Caucasian family can possess. Both the Lesghians and Tchetchentzes have a tinge of the Tatar in their blood, and are comparatively dark-complexioned races, with full black eyes, and bright hair of the same colour. They are for the most part fanatic Mussulmen; whilst the religion of the Circassians is of a very fugitive and doubtful kind, consisting chiefly of a few forms and observances relative to fasts and funeral ceremonies, compounded of Mohamadanism and the rites of the Greek Church. John de Luca, a

Dominican monk, who visited them in 1638, says: 'The Circassians speak their own, and, imperfectly, the Turkish languages. They are partly Mohammedans, and partly Christians of the Greek Church; but their religious usages are chiefly confined to placing provisions (*pasta* and *bozza*) upon the graves of the dead, and the observance of certain fasts.' He adds: 'There is not in the world a handsomer people, nor a more hospitable one. The boys and girls serve the stranger bareheaded, wash his feet, and afterwards his linen.' In governmental and social policy, there is a sufficiently close agreement among all the Caucasian tribes, and in many respects it resembles the rude feudalism of the earlier middle ages. There is the same gradation of ranks and conditions—princes, nobles, freemen, serfs; and substantial power, whatever the theory may be, rests with the family which commands the largest following, and furnishes the most successful leaders in war. Important questions, however, are discussed in public assemblies of princes, nobles, and freemen, who meet for the purpose in the open air on horseback. One of the most revolting features of the old feudalism—that of compounding for homicide and other felonies by regulated payments to the relatives of the person slain or wronged—prevails throughout the Caucasus. Homicide costs the offender 200 head of cattle, if the slain person be a man; but if only one of the gentler sex, the bereavement is held to admit of a lighter compensation—namely, 100 head. An insolvent offender becomes the property of the injured family, but proprietors are answerable in pocket for the misdeeds of their serfs. Mr Longworth, who visited the Caucasus in 1837, and is one of the most ardent champions and apologists of the Circassians, tells a story of a fellow who first committed a murder, which cost his owner 200 oxen, and not long afterwards mulcted him in sixty more, when he ran off to Russia with another man's wife—sixty oxen being the precise tariff-cost incurred by the latter indulgence. In one respect, these people differ essentially from the robber-chivalry of the middle ages, whom in other matters they so closely resemble: they do not at all idealise woman. Beautiful as the damsels of Circassia are admitted to be, no knight of the Caucasus sets lance in rest in honour of a lady's charms and graces, though no one can be more keenly alive than he to their market-value. Even the enthusiastic traveller just quoted admits that he at first felt a good deal scandalised by the free-and-easy manner in which his hospitable entertainer spoke of his womankind, coolly remarking of the most charming creatures in the world, that one was just at the prime age for sale—another so many hands high, so many inches round the waist, and worth, as prices ruled, so much! A thriving trade has, in fact, been driven in damsels from time out of mind by Circassian fathers, brothers, or other relatives, whose chattels they happened to be; and the apologists of Russia persist in asserting, that the stoppage, or, more correctly, the hinderance, of this girl-trade by the blockade

of the Black Sea coast, has been the chief cause of the rancorous antipathy of the Circassians to Muscovite rule—a reproach in which there is no doubt some truth, but which one is glad to find does not in the slightest degree apply to the warriors of the eastern Caucasus, by whom alone a tameless, uncompromising resistance to the Russian arms, has been, we shall presently find, organised and triumphantly sustained. And after all, this daughter-dealing, Mr Longworth and others suggest, may not be so evil a thing as at first it might appear. It has its bright side like everything else. No noble or free man can sell his child to any one of lower rank than himself *in* Circassia—though, of course, when the damsel is purchased for the foreign market, this liberal and enlightened provision becomes inoperative. Then the girls themselves *like* to be taken to Constantinople: they marry well there sometimes; and as ladies of Turkish harems, attain a higher social status than they possibly could in their own country. With the addition to this victorious vindication of a time-honoured custom, of a well-authenticated anecdote, illustrative of the keenness which long practice has given the Circassian in this delicate branch of trade, we take leave of the subject:—A young Turkish slave-merchant arrived in the spring of 1827 in the Caucasus with a purse full of sequins, destined for the purchase of a few young ladies for the Constantinople market. Of course, he was shewn the primest samples; but instead of going to work in a business-like way, the blockhead fell over head and ears in love—serious, genuine love, with one of the bewildering hours presented to him for sale! The father of the damsel quickly perceived the effect produced by his daughter’s charms upon the dazzled Turk; and both he and the deluding beauty smiled gracious acceptance of the enamoured slave-merchant’s offer to marry the young lady, and settle down quietly as the son-in-law of so respectable an old gentleman. Present after present of the costliest kind was lavished by the Turk upon his charmer, till at length the attenuated state of his purse, warned him that it was time matters drew to a conclusion, and he delicately hinted as much to his proposed father-in-law. ‘Certainly; that is quite right,’ coolly replied the old rogue. ‘You have only to pay for and take her;’ and he named the girl’s money-price, adding, that he could not afford the slightest abatement! All in vain were the passionate remonstrances of the outwitted Turk: he could neither obtain the damsel nor the restitution of his presents; and soon, moreover, found he must get back as he best could—penniless and wifeless—to Constantinople, which he forthwith did, cursing with all his might as he went the sons of burnt fathers, amongst whom he had been swindled alike out of heart and fortune.

A few words upon the dress and equipments of this singular people, and we pass on to their recent history and achievements. The dress of the men consists of a sheep-skin cap, a close-fitting

frock, with loose hanging sleeves, fastened by loops in front, ornamented with two parallel rows of cartridges. The trousers are wide, the shoes of black or morocco leather, trimmed generally with silver. They are extremely vain of this showy dress, and in the art of tailoring, consider themselves far in advance of the most enlightened of the Franks. 'You English,' observed Shamuz Bey to Mr Bell, a friend and comrade of Mr Longworth—'you English have invented steam-engines, steam-boats, infernal machines for blowing up ships, and many other wonderful things; but I cannot compliment you upon your pantaloons, which are much too tight.' The arms of the Caucasians are a long rifle, slung over the shoulder; two swords, one resembling those used by the British light cavalry, the other the short, straight, Roman weapon, which is worn in the left girdle; and one pistol. They also, when on service, carry a forked stick, to be thrust upon occasion into the ground, and used as a rest for the rifle. The better sort of female dress is a bodice of green or blue silk, having a row of silver studs in front; a girdle, fastened with silver clasps; a skirt of striped silk; loose Turkish trousers; and ornamented morocco slippers. Married ladies veil their faces in a stranger's presence; but the single and unsold are considerably permitted the display of attractions necessary to secure a husband or a purchaser. We may add, that woman is held to be so entirely an inferior being to man amongst the gallant Tcherkessi, that the highest lady in the land rises on the instant the meanest of the male kind enters her presence, and does not presume to reseal herself without his expressed permission. If, moreover, a damsel chance to meet one of the lords of the creation on the public road, she stands still, and waits, with 'downcast eyes and hands meekly crossed,' till he has passed, dropping one or two graceful courtesies the while—a custom not without its advantages, in a matrimonial or commercial sense, according to Mr Longworth, inasmuch as he was never more impressed by female beauty, than when he saw it thus meekly address itself to the sympathetic admiration of male passers-by!

The tumultuous tides of conquest that in different ages of the world have poured through the gates, swept round the base, and past the shores of the Caucasus, produced, in a relative sense, but a slight and transient effect within its secluded fastnesses. Even the disruption and fall of the Roman Empire found no echo, or at least has left no memory there; and till but the other day in the life of nations, the Caucasian cordillera was thought of only as the rude abode of numerous wild, diversified tribes, chiefly remarkable for their warlike and predatory habits and instincts. It is not till 1264, when the Genoese obtained, by their treaty with the Greek emperor, the virtual monopoly of the trade of the Levant, by the Black and Caspian Seas and the north of Persia, that the Caucasus and its inhabitants reappear with any distinctness on the page of history. The Genoese built fortified mercantile stations

along the western and eastern coasts of the Caspian and Black Seas, as well for the promotion of their commerce, as to protect their depôts from the enterprises of their friends the mountaineers. The ruins of these stations are still visible in many places; and it is probable the faint impressions of Christianity still found amongst the Circassians were first derived from the Genoese. This trade monopoly lasted only till 1346, when the compact of the Venetians with the ruler of Egypt enabled the merchant-princes of the Adriatic to convert the more facile route by the Red Sea into a highway for the well-nigh exclusive commerce of Europe with the East. The Genoese thereupon gradually abandoned their establishments in the Black and Caspian Seas; and the name, almost the whereabouts of the Caucasus, vanished once more from the memory of Europeans, with the exception of the more than half-Asian Turks, who early manifested a strong predilection for the beauties of Circassia, which the proximity of Constantinople to the eastern shore of the Black Sea enabled them to readily gratify; and this white slave-trade soon became a steady and prosperous one. The exigencies of this commerce, and the more legitimate one of which it was the precursor, necessitated the possession of certain fortified points on the Caucasian shore; and this circumstance, coupled with the spread of a fanatical Mohammedanism amongst the south-eastern tribes, conferred, no doubt, a species of suzerainty upon the sultan; but it appears certain that the Turkish emperors never exercised any real jurisdiction over the interior of the mountain country, and that consequently the logical position of the Caucasians, that Sultan Mahmoud could not transfer to another, as he affected to do by the treaty of Adrianople, that which he did not himself possess, is unassailable. After all, this treaty-clause was but a foreseen and inevitable incident in a drama long since commenced, the development of which was destined, sooner or later, to bring the mountains of the Caucasus into prominence as a rocky barrier to the southward march of Russia, which the Muscovite flood might indeed flow round and isolate, but could neither submerge nor sweep away. Nearer and nearer, as the years swept past, the heavy footfall of the northern Colossus had been heard persistently advancing. In the north, the Crimea had been seized; in the south, Georgia was annexed; and Catherine II., to improve the communication between the southern provinces of Russia Proper and the newly-acquired Georgian territory, built the fortress of Vladi-kavkas, near the northern terminus of the Dariel Pass; and organised in its vicinity a numerous colony of Cossacks, trained to the mountaineers' mode of warfare, and bearing the designation of 'Cossacks of the Line of the Caucasus.' These, with the fort-dotted lines of the Kuban and the Terek, were, and still are, Russia's advanced force on the north and east of Caucasia; for no real progress has been made in those quarters by the Russian arms since the days of Catherine. In 1806, Anapa, on the Black

Sea, was ceded to Russia by a convention, to which Napoleon Bonaparte was a consenting though not a subscribing party; and in 1829, the Adrianople treaty converted, as far as parchment might, the whole of the Caucasus into a Russian province.

The Emperor Nicholas intrusted the 'pacification' of his new dominion to an army of 100,000 men, under Field-marshal Paskiewitch, an energetic soldier, well versed in the strategy of modern scientific war. The field-marshal found his 'government' (*Le Gouvernement du Caucase*) in the following dislocated condition:—Georgia and Mingrelia were in the possession of the Russians. In the country of the Tchetchentzes, in Daghistan, their wavering domination was confined to the Caspian coast, the gorges of the lower hills, and the valleys; in the Kabardahs and the plains of Abasia, the Kuban and Terek line of forts barely enabled their armies to maintain a doubtful rule, dependent in a considerable degree upon the possession of hostages for the good behaviour of the turbulent Circassians dwelling there. The sea-board from Mingrelia to Anapa, was in the hands of the Circassians; and in no part of the mountain-chain, properly so called, had the slightest permanent impression been made. We may, moreover, be permitted to doubt, that even this partial subjection of the northern plains could have been accomplished, but for the feuds and jealousies that have existed from time immemorial between the tribes of the Caucasus. When the dwellers in the outer valleys and steppes were attacked, the mountaineers looked coldly on; and when *their* turn came, the inhabitants of the plains for a long time imitated the suicidal example. It is only of late years, and under the pressure of the Russian advance, that a serious and earnest disposition to coalesce for mutual defence and support has been manifested; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that the sole permanent effect produced by the colossal armaments of the Emperor Nicholas upon the Caucasus, has been the vigorous germination of a Caucasian nationality. We shall presently give abundant proofs of this; but in the meantime it is necessary to return to Marshal Paskiewitch and his scheme of 'government.'

The marshal's experience of Caucasian warfare, from first to last, was a rough and lengthened one; and after mature deliberation, and the failure of less onerous efforts at 'pacification,' he finally submitted a plan of operations to the imperial government, as the only one which, in his opinion, and in that of the most skilful of his officers, promised ultimately, though probably at a very distant day, and after an immense expenditure of blood and treasure, to bring about the desired tranquillisation of the Caucasus. Its actual subjugation, in the plain, genuine sense of the expression, he does not appear to have hoped for—except, perhaps, as the long-distant result of the disarming influence of commercial intercourse, his scheme merely contemplating the bridling, holding in ('*contenir*') of the refractory mountaineers, by means of an encircling and intersecting chain of forts, requiring, as he calculated,

when all was done, to be garrisoned by at least 80,000 men. The chief points of this famous scheme, as finally settled by the military council of St Petersburg, are these:—First, premising that forts were to be erected along the Black Sea line of coast to complete the *encircling* chain of Russian posts, the marshal proposed that four new military routes across the mountains should be constructed, and planted throughout with fortresses: one from Gelendshik, on the Black Sea, south of Anapa, through the mountains to the lower Kuban; one from a still more southerly point on the Black Sea shore, through and over the mountain-range to the Russian forts on the north, in the vicinage of Elburz; another from Nucha to the east of Georgia, over the Lesghian chain to the country of the Tchetchentzes; and the fourth and last, from a point eastward of Nucha, over the same Lesghian chain to the fortress of Derbend on the Caspian. Other details set forth are merely subsidiary to the carrying out of the one main principle of the marshal's scheme—that of securing and facilitating the intercommunication of the Russian lines and fortresses.

Before this plan was finally decided upon, Marshal Paskiewitch was summoned to the chief command in the Polish war; and for a long time subsequent to his departure, the Russian generals left in command amused themselves and their adversaries by military promenades, with movable columns, through such parts of the Caucasian territory as were not likely to offer many physical or active obstacles to their progress; but at length peremptory orders arrived from St Petersburg, to initiate the plan of Marshal Paskiewitch forthwith, and the business of pacification commenced in terrible earnest.

General Williamenoff was the first to display his zeal in carrying out the imperial behests. He quickly drew together about 20,000 choice troops of all arms, but especially powerful in artillery—the only dread of the Circassians; and boldly advanced from the Kuban, across the mountains towards Gelendshik, on the coast of the Black Sea—No. 1 of the proposed Paskiewitch routes. The Russian commander intended to halt his army a sufficient time at three several places, for the purpose of erecting temporary forts, or, more correctly, block-houses, made of sods and timber, that might be held against the Circassian rifles, till replaced by the more formidable structures, to which, in defiance of ancient proverbs, the names of Aboon, Nicholæff, and Alexandrosky, had already been anticipatively given. Williamenoff's movement was a vigorous and determined one, and for a time it seemed that no very formidable opposition would be offered to his audacious march. The first serious resistance was felt as the leading columns approached the ridge of a thickly-wooded hill; and this the Russian artillery swept away without much difficulty. But the echoes of the invaders' cannon aroused a thousandfold more enemies than it destroyed; and Williamenoff had not reached half-way to Gelendshik, when the gorges of the mountains by which

he was environed, rang with the tumultuous jackal* cries of a multitude of hurrying horsemen, echoed by the wild shouts of the Circassians already engaged, in exulting recognition of the timely reinforcement. A tempest of rifle-fire in front, flank, and rear, quickly revealed the deadly significance of those cries and shoutings; and it was plain to the Russian commander, that not a moment must be lost in endeavouring to extricate his army from the terrible predicament in which the imperial orders had placed it. To halt even to mark the spots for the contemplated forts, would be destruction; and immediate directions were given to push forward in double-quick time, and to abandon everything without hesitation, except the artillery and men's arms, that might impede the march of the troops. As these pressing orders flew along the greatly-extended and straggling line, they were answered and enforced by the instant roll of the Russian drums, and the bugles of their cavalry—the artillery in front reopened its briefly-suspended fire; and the Muscovite forces moved swiftly and firmly on through a long, narrow, and wooded rocky defile. The men fell by hundreds, shot down by innumerable marksmen perched upon every trunk or branch of tree, or ledge, cranny, nook of rock that commanded the line of march. Onwards swept the rolling fire, parallel with the sacrificed troops, in one continuous stream of flame, except where a break in the hills compelled the Circassians to make a frequently considerable circuit before they could again bring the hated Muscovite within range of their fatal bullets. The Russians could oppose but a feeble, ineffective resistance to this murderous onslaught; but they are hardy and stubborn soldiers; and on the staggering columnus pressed, without pause or hesitation, guided and pioneered by the incessant roar of the cannon in their front. At last they reached more open and favourable ground, where they halted and bivouacked under the protection of their powerful artillery, and remained during the brief summer-night unmolested, save when the glitter of an epaulette attracted a rifle bullet from some unheeded lurking-place, or the triumphant battle chorus—‘Ka! Ri! Ra!’—of more distant parties of Circassians, disturbed with its exulting menace the wearied slumber of their camp. The next day they resumed their march to the shores of the Black Sea; and as this first attempt at realising the Paskiewitch theory was not of a nature to invite, at all events, an immediate repetition of it, Williamenoff determined, after resting his troops, to, if possible, reach Anapa, and regain his old quarters by the line of the Kuban. The attempt to do so proved a bloody and disastrous one; and after a fierce and protracted conflict with the mountaineers in broken ground, unfavourable to the action of artillery, Williamenoff was compelled to retreat with great loss to Doba Fort, on the Black

* The Circassians, when advancing to attack their enemies, invariably imitate the cry of the jackal. These cries have, it is said, a great effect upon the nerves of unaccustomed troops.

Sea coast ; and the only desperate chance remaining was to thread back the perilous way by which he had advanced, there being no transports at hand to convey his troops by sea to Anapa. The peculiar habits and loose discipline of the Circassians rescued Williamenoff and his army from this peril. About a thousand prisoners had been added to the household stock of the Circassians by the encounters just related—serfdom being the invariable doom of all captives taken in war—besides other booty ; and the great mass of the mountaineers scampered home with their prizes, leaving scarcely more than 1000 men to oppose the Russian general's return, which was consequently effected with great celerity and inconsiderable loss. This unfortunate march from the Kuban to the Black Sea and back again, which had resulted in the loss of between 3000 and 4000 soldiers in killed, wounded, missing, and prisoners, was converted by the transforming process peculiar to government gazettes into a splendid triumph—the chastisement of the rebels, it was stated, had been exemplary—and it was immediately ordered to be emblazoned upon the colours of the regiments which had the honour and pleasure of assisting at it !

But Russia abounds with the human material of war, if not in its more costly requirements ; and the destruction of a few thousand armed serfs is not of a feather's weight in her policy. Reinforcements of veteran troops, rendered possible by the termination of the Polish war, were despatched to the Caucasus in such numbers that the beleaguering forces have been estimated by French writers who profess to have had the means of ascertaining the truth, as high as 150,000 men, exclusive of the Cossacks of the Don and the Line ; and orders to carry out the Paskiewitch policy at any risk or sacrifice, accompanied the additional forces.

Thus stimulated and strengthened, the Russian generals, spite of the desperate efforts of the Circassians, succeeded for a time in making a show of progress. The forts of Aboon, Nicholaëff, and Alexandrosky, were built upon the route from the Kuban to Gelendshik, as originally intended ; and others erected upon the western shore of the Caucasus, greatly increased the efficiency of the blockade by the Russian Black Sea fleet. This sea-blockade tended more to incommode and alarm the Circassians than any other means of offence at the command of Russia. In the first place, it opposed great impediments to their receiving supplies of arms, and especially of gunpowder, always a scarce article with them ; and worse, far worse than that—for it is necessary to tell the truth even of men fighting in defence of the sanctities of country and freedom—the blockade was utterly ruining the girl-trade with Constantinople, one, as previously stated, of the chief sources of wealth possessed by the Circassians. It was, moreover, confidently asserted, that the czar himself intended visiting the Caucasus to urge the war ; and that a formidable winter-campaign—in which the whole of the detached Russian armies would act

simultaneously, in conjunction with fresh masses of troops to be disgorged from the Russian ships on the Circassian shore—had been devised, and would, as early as possible, be carried into execution. In this extremity, the Circassian chiefs naturally caught up and repeated, with excusable exaggeration, the rumours of sympathy having been expressed in the great councils (parliaments) of the West with their gallant struggle. At first, they appear to have imagined that the kings of Europe generally would interpose in their defence; but that trust failing, there could be no doubt whatever that the English monarch—the thunder of whose cannon at the not far-off Nile heralded, they well remembered, the discomfiture and expulsion from Egypt of the great French conqueror, and, as they had been taught to believe, deadly foe of the sultan—*he*, there could be no doubt, would send his ships to sink or drive away the blockading squadrons, and so insure their independence of Russia, the constant and implacable foe of England's faithful ally and friend, the Sublime Porte! These illusions were strengthened and kept alive by the imprudent conduct and language of several enthusiastic Englishmen, whose political insignificance the simple people of the Caucasus could not have been aware of. Englishmen were amongst them who professed, not certainly—as the principal chiefs were quite aware—to be accredited ambassadors of England, but certainly to be true exponents of the sentiments of the English monarch and nation; whilst, to the mass of the Circassians, they were designedly represented as the official envoys of Great Britain, which was thus made to play a shuffling and disgraceful part in the eyes of the people of the Caucasus, through the instrumentality of English gentlemen of, it would appear, highly chivalric temperament, and the most ardent patriotism.

The first person of any note that adventured upon this self-imposed mission was Mr David Urquhart, who landed at Sanjah, on the Black Sea, in his yacht the *Mischief*, in 1834. He was known to be in some way officially connected with the British government, and his arrival was consequently hailed with the utmost delight and enthusiasm. The very fact of the *Mischief* having defied the blockade with impunity, was held to be sufficient proof that the scared Muscovite knew that Daoud Bey, as they at once dubbed Mr Urquhart, had England at his back. It was quite useless for Mr Urquhart, under such circumstances, to be cautious and chary of his words, and to tell them, 'that till they were united among themselves, they could not expect the active interference of England.' Such expressions, equivocal at best, were unheeded—the Circassians had made up their minds that he was the *avant-courreur* of a British fleet; and so rooted was this belief, that gentlemen who followed, three or four years afterwards, in Mr Urquhart's steps, who extol his discretion, and entirely participate his opinions upon Russian and Caucasian politics, admit, in the volumes which record their own adventures

in Circassia, 'that from the day of Daoud Bey's arrival, the Circassians never ceased to look to England for protection, and to believe that it would one day be extended to them.' About this time, too, a notion began to be actively disseminated in parliament, and by a portion of the English press, that Russia had no *right*, under the treaty of Adrianople or any other, to blockade the Caucasian coast. This extraordinary proposition—judged by our own elastic theory and practice in the blockading line—was expounded and vindicated with some show of reason; and Mr James Stanilaus Bell, rashly confident of its irrefragable soundness, finally determined on testing it in the face of the world, by a deliberate, ostentatious defiance of the Russian blockade. With this view he chartered the *Vixen*, a large English merchant-vessel, for the Caucasus, and loaded her with munitions of war, for disposal amongst the so-called rebellious Circassians. Upon second thoughts, however, it was deemed advisable to make assurance doubly sure; and, previous to the *Vixen's* sailing, a letter was addressed to Viscount Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, inquiring whether the Russian blockade in the Black Sea was or was not recognised by England. The answer returned from the Foreign Office was a rash and mischievous one. 'No blockade,' it stated, 'was recognised by Great Britain, a notification of which had not been published in the *London Gazette*.' The blockade of the Circassian coast had *not* been so notified; and the *Vixen* at once set sail, the projectors of the enterprise congratulating themselves upon the certainty of one of two desirable results: one, and much the preferable in their opinion, that the blockading squadron would seize the *Vixen*, and thereby insure the apparition of a British fleet in the Black Sea, to avenge the outrage by the destruction of the Russian armaments and arsenals there; the other, that if the *Vixen* openly and successfully set the blockade at defiance, its illegality, or, at all events, the impotence of Russia to enforce it, would be placed beyond question, and the Circassians be thereafter enabled to procure a sufficient supply of munitions of war. Neither of these admirable results took place. The *Vixen* was seized in the very act of attempting to land her contraband cargo, and the British fleet in the Mediterranean did *not* instinctively dilate its giant wings to swoop upon and annihilate the insolent captors. Intelligence of this unpleasant affair first reached England through the *St Petersburg Gazette*, accompanied by a long and anxious vindication of the legality of the seizure, and further stating, that in consequence of the emperor's high respect for the flag, the privileges of which the captain of the *Vixen* had attempted to so grossly abuse, the officers and crew and the ship herself had been liberated, and only the war-material she contained confiscated. This news produced a considerable sensation in England, especially when read in connection with the letter from the Foreign Office, which Mr Bell took care, as a matter of course, to immediately publish. Warm discussions

ensued in parliament; and Viscount Palmerston, in reply to a question from Sir Robert Peel, bluntly declared, that the question of peace or war with Russia entirely depended upon the opinion that might be given by the law-officers of the crown, to whom the whole case had been formally submitted, as to the right of Russia to institute the blockade. The law-officers decided that Russia *had* a legal right to do so; and how any one could for a moment imagine they might have given a contrary decision, appears very marvellous. We speak of course not of moral but technical right, as interpreted by the recognised maritime code governing such cases. The Lords Durham and Ponsonby, the British ambassadors at St Petersburg and Constantinople, as well as Viscount Palmerston, were assailed with much angry abuse for their 'base truckling' to the czar; and it must be admitted, that the strange *insouciance* of the answer sent to Mr Bell from the Foreign Office justified, in some degree, the clamour directed against the noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

This exasperating miscarriage had the effect of inflaming Mr Bell's Circassian predilections, and he determined on a personal visit to the Caucasus; partly, we gather, for patriotic and national, partly for private and commercial purposes. He arrived there in the spring of 1837, and, like Daoud Bey, was received with immense enthusiasm by the Circassian chiefs, who, in consequence of the seizure of the *Vixen*, had begun to fear 'that Russia was not even afraid of England.' The politic explanation of the new English ambassador—for English ambassador, spite of his modest disclaimer, they determined he must and should be—dissipated that apprehension; and so important and opportune was his coming deemed, that several of the principal chiefs declared, that his presence in the north, and that of another presentable Englishman, if one could anywhere be caught, in the south, would be productive of wonderful advantage to the good cause. In excellent time for the deliverance of the Caucasus, the arrival of Mr Longworth, a friend of Mr Bell's, completed the required British contingent; and as it seldom rains but it pours, a short time only elapsed before another Englishman, gallantly equipped in the uniform of the Edinburgh Volunteers, made his appearance upon the scene, bringing with him, moreover, several barrels of much-needed gunpowder. This gentleman, like his predecessors, was immediately styled ambassador, notwithstanding his earnest protests to the contrary. 'But you cannot deny that you are at least your own ambassador,' his Circassian friends urged, with mild deprecation of his refusal of the honours thrust upon him. 'Well, he did not know that he could do that;' and the amicable dispute thus terminated. The hopes and fears excited by these farcical proceedings were sometimes affectingly expressed. On one occasion, Mehemet Indar Oglou, a brave and respected chieftain, thus addressed one of the ambassadors: 'Would to God I could see an English fleet off this coast! I do not wish to live an hour

longer. You alone can deliver us. Save us from the Russians; and save,' he added, his fine eyes kindling with the remembrance of injuries received at the hands of his own countrymen—'O save us from ourselves!' To another, who expressed a like sentiment, Mr Longworth replied: 'When the strength and intelligence of the Caucasus are united in the same manner as the stars and arrows in your banner, whereon they are placed as emblems, you might hope for everything, though hope in the assistance of England would be then superfluous, for you would have nothing to fear from Russia.' Words of truth and sense, though tainted by a misleading hypothesis, and if addressed to a larger audience, might perhaps have done something towards mitigating the 'ambassador' mania. In order that nothing should be omitted that might in the slightest degree enhance the prestige of the British auxiliaries, names of a highly formidable character were bestowed upon them. Mr Longworth became Alcide Bey; the Edinburgh Volunteer, Nadir Bey; and Mr Bell would have been similarly glorified, had he not from the first obstinately refused to be in any way mixed up with the fighting part of the business, and now consistently declined any more menacing designation than might be implied by that of Hakim (Physician) Bey.

The campaign which ensued was a busy, though a bloodless one as regards the British contingent, albeit Alcide Bey and Nadir Bey were once very near being hotly engaged, they having formed part of an expedition intended to storm a Russian fortress, an exploit which, unfortunately postponed at the last moment, did not come off till after the departure of those gentlemen for England. What we mean by 'busy' is, that numerous proclamations and dispatches were drawn up and addressed to the Russian commanders, ordering them out of the country in the name of England, whose envoys had already arrived in the Caucasus. General Williamenoff, instead of merely laughing at these follies, seems to have been thrown into a passion by them; and soundly rated the Circassian delegates for their stupidity in placing reliance upon 'those sons of brigands,' as he courteously denominated Alcide, Nadir, and Hakim Beys. He warned them, moreover, to submit in time 'to a power that never went to war but she was victorious; had conquered France, and after slaying her sons, had carried off her daughters into captivity; that England herself did not dare interfere with, as her citizens depended upon Russia for their daily bread; whose armies were so numerous, that if the sky were to fall, it could be upheld by their bayonets.' This loud talk did not in the least impose upon the Circassians. Their English friends would write an answer to all that stuff before long by the light of the blazing Russian ships; and very, very anxiously—impatently—soon suspiciously, were those English friends looked for. The position of the ambassadors, always unpleasantly ridiculous, was becoming painful, if not dangerous, when intelligence of the death of William IV.—who, Mr Longworth boldly intimates, was

a decided friend to English intervention in the Caucasus—arrived there, and was skilfully turned to account as the reason of the non-arrival of the English succours. The ambassadors subsequently took leave one by one—first Nadir, then Alcide, and last of all Hakim Bey—but not till after Nadir Bey's powder had been unceremoniously confiscated for the general advantage, and Alcide Bey had convinced himself that the heroic virtues may exist even in excess, with very faint perceptions of the moralities involved in a practical appreciation of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. Hakim Bey, the last of the British triumvirate to leave the Circassian shores, relates one or two incidents in his personal experience of a significant and instructive character. In April 1838, he was in the neighbourhood of Petch, on the Black Sea, when he was roused from gentle slumber, one fine morning, by the exultant and tumultuous outcries of his fast-cooling friends the Circassians. Hakim Bey and his companions, it flew from mouth to mouth, were not deceivers after all, for the long-promised deliverer was at length in sight! Hakim Bey was not long in ascertaining the cause of the unwonted excitement. A steam-ship of war, it was seen from the crowded beach, was pursuing with cannon-fire a large vessel under crowded canvas; and shouts of 'The English ship! the English ship!' became deafening and incessant, as each passing moment made it more and more apparent that the fleeing vessel—doubtless a Russian, though neither pursuer nor pursued shewed colours—could not by possibility escape. 'The English ship! the English ship!' It would appear that Mr Bell himself was for a moment carried away by the enthusiasm of the crowd into a wild belief that England was really at last upon the waters of the Black Sea, and already in fierce collision with the Muscovite, for he exclaims bitterly of the mortification and dismay he felt to presently see, instead of St George's meteor ensign, the Russian flag fly out at the mast-head of the steamer; and that the chase was consequently a friendly ship, that, in endeavouring to elude the blockade, had unluckily fallen in with the first steamer employed in that service! Alas! and evil looks were thenceforth bent upon the utterly discredited envoy, who, a short time afterwards, as he 'mused' upon the shore, was assailed by a hot-blooded Circassian in a way that, but for the good offices of his Polish servant, who interposed resolutely in his master's behalf, might have had unpleasant consequences. 'If he is not an English ambassador,' exclaimed the mountaineer, by way of *finale* to the fierce colloquy, 'he must be a Russian spy; and were he not the guest of Hassan Bey, I would shoot him.' A pleasant intimation, strongly illustrative of the wisdom of a certain Hudibrastic axiom relative to the penalty pretty sure to be incurred by a gratuitous interference in quarrels not one's own. To prove that the deeply-rooted confidence of the Circassians in the ultimate certainty of British intervention was shaken only, not overthrown by delays, disappointments, and the death of William IV., it is

only necessary to quote a few sentences from an elaborate document addressed to Queen Victoria, and subscribed, we are assured, by 1250 heads of families. It begins thus :—‘To Queen Victoria, the highly-venerated Potentate, the Possessor of the Provinces and the Crown, and the Magnificent Monarch of England (of the Imperial Brilliant Household), this humble representation of her servants the Circassians.’ The proper measures to be taken are next set forth ; but in the event of the Queen of Great Britain demurring to those extreme propositions, a middle course is, in conclusion, suggested :—‘If, however, your Majesty should not deem these arrangements advisable, we trust your Majesty will issue orders that we may continue free and independent, like Persia, Afghanistan, and other mountain-countries ; and when your Majesty has thus definitively ordered and arranged, we will consider how we shall next proceed.’

But the time had arrived when it was imperatively necessary that the Circassians should cast aside—for a time, at all events—all thought of reliance upon any other help than that of God, and their own sharp swords and tameless energies. The czar had, as predicted, visited the Caucasus, and the war soon afterwards recommenced with unexampled violence and determination. Three large bodies of troops were landed in the spring and summer of 1839 on the Circassian shore, and a bitter campaign of at first varied fortune was forthwith commenced, which lasted through the greatest part of the ensuing winter, and finally resulted in the virtual abandonment by Russia of the attempt to bring the *Circassian* mountaineers into subjection. The first heavy disaster which befell the Russian armaments was caused by a tempest, in which seventeen ships of war—of which two were three-deckers, and six heavily-armed frigates—employed in covering the disembarkation of the first detachment of troops, were either driven on shore or foundered in the Bad Black Sea ; a catastrophe of frequent occurrence, though not certainly to the same frightful extent, with ill-found ships, handled by the half-soldier, half-horse-marine sailors of Russia. A gleam of success followed this terrible blow. On the 20th of June 1839, Major-general Kachontine, acting by direction of Lieutenant-general Golovine, marched with a brigade of infantry, two regiments of Cossacks, and six pieces of artillery, against the Circassian village of Sutchali ; and, after a sanguinary contest, in which, according to the Russian bulletin, the assailants lost 800 men in killed and wounded, obtained possession of it. The czar was overjoyed at this dearly-bought success, which was instantly magnified into a glorious and important triumph. The order of Stanilaus I. was conferred on the fortunate general ; it was ordered that a fort should be immediately built upon the site of Sutchali ; and the great victory which shines by that name in the Russian military annals, was forthwith published throughout the empire. These boastings, however much they may have momentarily imposed upon the nations of

Western Europe, for whose gratification they were chiefly penned, did not, at all events, blind the triumphant emperor and his victorious generals to the true aspect of affairs in the Caucasus; and Lieutenant-general Golovine, after the landing in September of a fresh army in the Bay of Semez—misnamed Soudjack in some of the maps—resolved, previous to marching against the Circassians, who had gathered in great force near Tchoyallos, to try what virtue there might be in negotiation and a large abatement of the price of peace. He thus addressed them: ‘The most mighty of all earthly potentates and great monarch the emperor, towards the end of last year condescended to visit the Caucasus; and in his unbounded clemency, his imperial majesty deigned personally to inform himself from the deputies of the different nations, of circumstances respecting the position and the wants of the tribes which they represented; and in this manner having learned that the previous conditions were too onerous, the magnanimous monarch has changed them for the gracious conditions upon which in future the submission of the mountaineers will be accepted of—namely, “Cease from all hostilities against us; give the hostages we shall name; and surrender all the deserters and all the prisoners you have taken.”’ General Golovine, not being yet perhaps aware that two out of the three British beys had left the Caucasus, also indulged in some bitter remarks upon those ‘impostors,’ as he was pleased to style them, who, he assured the Circassians, instead of being their friends, were in fact their bitterest enemies. The Russian general was even less successful with his pen than with his sword, as the following emphatic reply of the mountaineers to the new propositions of ‘The Commander of the detached corps of the Caucasus’ very clearly shews: ‘We know you well: you are men without faith, without honour, without religion; and we would as soon place confidence in the pigs which roam our forests, and which we esteem just as much as we do so many Muscovites. Thank God, we know our friends from our enemies, and are not to be so grossly imposed upon as you imagine. You will next assert, that the steamers and other ships whose wrecks bestrew our coast were not Russian! Spare us your assurances, proceed with your war, and do your worst!’

The Russian commander’s pacific overture was evidently a gross blunder, tending only to swell the pride and audacity of his adversaries; and his fierce endeavours to retrieve it by the more potent arguments of bayonets and cannon, were equally vain and futile. Unimportant successes, alternating with exasperating checks, and diversified with abortive promenades and harassing marches, gradually wore away the energies and spirit of the troops and the hopes of the general, who once more offered conditions, this time leaving out the demand for hostages: again unsuccessful! ‘The line of the Kuban, the freedom of the sea-coast,’ were the counter-demands of the exulting mountaineers; and now commenced the

series of dashing exploits by which the works that had cost Russia years of immense labour, and a prodigious sacrifice of men and money, were swept away in a few months. Fort after fort—those of Aboon, Nicholaëff, and Alexandrosky included—were stormed one after another by the tumultuous assaults of the Circassians, and levelled with the ground. The scheme of Paskiewitch had to be commenced anew; and disheartening, hopeless as this might be, there is little doubt that, under the pitiless orders from St Petersburg, it would have been set about again, but for thickening rumours of a new danger having arisen in the hitherto comparatively manageable south-eastern mountain-range. A prophet-leader, as familiar with the Koran as with the sword, had, it was said, unfurled the banner of Islam, rallied beneath it a host of fanatic Lesghians, Tchetchentzes, and others, and at their head was sweeping the Russian colonies in the plains as with a fiery hurricane. This startling intelligence was soon abundantly confirmed, and a peace, or rather truce, was as quickly as possible patched up with the Circassians; the essential conditions of which were—neutrality on the part of the Circassians in regard to the contest in the South-eastern Caucasus; and, on that of the Russians, the virtual abandonment of the sea-blockade, so far as it affected the *Teherkessi*, and their girl-trade especially; and that no further attempt should be made to rebuild the demolished forts—a compact which has been kept with passably good faith on both sides. Thus terminated the Russian ‘conquest’ of Circassia.

The renewed outbreak in the Eastern Caucasus was so much the more formidable and menacing, that it was kindled and sustained by religious as well as national fanaticism, and admitted, consequently, of neither truce nor compromise. Its chief hero, Schamil Bey—the Abd-el-Kader of the Caucasus—will require a few preliminary words of introduction.

From the beginning of the war, a devout Mussulman, Kasi-Mollah, held a chief command in the bands of Lesghians, Tchetchentzes, and other tribes of the eastern chain and the steppes abutting on the Caspian and traversed by the Koisu. Kasi-Mollah’s reputation for sanctity was greater than that which he acquired for the higher military qualities, although a dashing leader, and individually one of the bravest of the brave. He was brought to bay as early as 1832 by General Rosen, at a place called *Gumri*. Encircled on all sides, almost the last scrap of food devoured, nothing remained, in the opinion of Kasi-Mollah and about thirty of his most zealous disciples, but to hew for themselves a path through the Russian bayonets, to freedom or to Paradise—either alternative a welcome one! This resolution finally taken, they suddenly emerged from the fastness they could no longer hold, and burst upon the Russian troops with the shock of an avalanche, and the furious, discordant yells of a troop of madmen. For one or two brief moments, it seemed that they must escape, so far through the beleaguering circle of their foes did they cleave their

desperate way, before the momentarily recoiling ranks reclosed around them, and they fell by twos and threes, wildly fighting to the last, riddled by musket-balls and bayonet-stabs. Kasi-Mollah 'died with his hand on his beard, and a last prayer murmuring from his lips;' and his pupils perished with him, all save one, and he the bravest and fiercest of them all, who broke through the encircling bayonets, dashed at headlong speed past the more distant lines of running-fire unharmed—as if he bore a charmed life—reined suddenly up as he reached the angle of a mountain-gorge, into which he knew none dared to follow, shook his red scimitar, and hurled a defiant execration in the faces of his baffled foes, and the next moment, with an exulting shout of 'Allah! Il Allah!' disappeared in the dark mountain-pass. This fortunate horseman was Schamil, the future Imâm (preacher), the prophet-soldier of the Caucasus, whose escape, as just described, his followers to this day firmly believe was due to the direct interposition of the angel Gabriel! General Rosen of course attached little consequence to the escape of one man, daring and fortunate as he might be; and a flaming dispatch reached the czar in due time, announcing that the fall of Kasi-Mollah had brought the whole of the South-eastern Caucasus to his imperial majesty's feet, thoroughly reduced to submission and tranquillity by the valour and devotion of his imperial majesty's troops.

Schamil, one of the dark-eyed, dark-haired, partly Tatar race of Tchetchentzes, was born at Tschirskei, a place of about 3000 inhabitants; and after his escape from Gumri, he employed several years in perambulating the mountains of the Lesghian chain, preaching wherever he went with fervid eloquence upon the sacred duty, devolved by God, upon all true believers to extirpate the intrusive infidel, and the paradisaical rewards which death in so high and holy a cause must infallibly insure. This prophet-call, as it was deemed, to battle from the cupolas and minarets of the sublime and towering Alps, gradually kindled the latent fanaticism of the mountaineers to a flame, which soon communicated itself to the dwellers in the cities and steppes of Daghistan, and the adjacent valleys and plains. The story of Schamil's miraculous escape from General Rosen, by favour of the archangel Gabriel, was repeated from mouth to mouth with endless variations and additions—his daring, skill, and success as a soldier confirmed the illusions of a credulous bigotry; and he gradually drew around his standard, and bent to his sway, the multitude of rugged warriors whose swords have inscribed so many victories upon the backs of the Russian armies, and to this hour present an invincible front to their dismayed, and practically discomfited adversaries. Schamil Bey now organised and carried into execution a system of terror which enlisted the very fears of the timid and time-serving amongst his compatriots against the common enemy. Wo to the Caucasian village or district!—wo to any individual habitant of the Caucasus within the reach of Schamil's vengeance—who dared to aid, keep truce, or submit

without a valiant struggle to the Muscovite: such offenders were destroyed without mercy or appeal! The offence was, moreover, inexpiable—known to be so, and that Schamil would keep unswerving watch for months and years, till an opportunity presented itself for inflicting retribution. One instance of the tenacity with which he remembered the features and dogged the life of any one guilty of treachery towards himself or the national cause—prisoners taken in open warfare he contented himself with reducing to domestic slavery—may be mentioned in this place: He had invested a Russian fort, and the officer commanding the detachment which held it solicited a parley, not for the *bona-fide* purpose, as pretended, of arranging terms of capitulation, but solely to gain time for the arrival of forces which he knew were on the way to his relief. The *ruse* succeeded, and Schamil, disappointed of his prey, was obliged to retire precipitately. But the baffled Caucasian leader never forgot the circumstance nor the features of the individual by whom he had been, as he thought, treacherously outwitted; for, years afterwards, his eagle glance recognised the dishonest negotiator amidst a crowd of prisoners just brought in. A word and a gesture sufficed, and the next moment ‘the lying lips bit the dust.’

At length (1839), General Grabbe advanced with 12,000 veteran troops towards Achulko, reputed to be Schamil’s stronghold, and in reality a kind of mud-hut encampment perched upon the top of a rock on the banks of the Koisu. Schamil appears to have been taken by surprise; but although disconcerted by the Muscovite general’s rapid and skilful movement, which forced him to retire very unwillingly upon Achulko, where no preparation for a siege had been made, he opposed a desperate resistance to the Russian advance. He attacked General Grabbe on the 7th of July, and it was not till the evening of the 8th that he slowly yielded to the disciplined persistence of the Russian troops, after inflicting as well as sustaining terrible loss. On the 12th, he again assailed the Russians with murderous ferocity, neither giving nor accepting quarter; but he could not effectually arrest their progress, aided as it was by the fire of a numerous and well-served artillery, which the tolerably open nature of the country greatly favoured; and General Grabbe ultimately found himself before or rather beneath Achulko. It consisted, he perceived, of about 300 wattled huts surrounded by a mud-wall, and he imagined it was only necessary to direct an assault in order to capture both the place and its defenders. Colonel Wrangel, commanding the regiment of *élite*, called ‘Erivan Paskiewitch,’ composed of 1500 choice soldiers, was accordingly directed to advance against and storm Achulko. How the colonel and the regiment of *élite* honoured with this commission fared, cannot be better told than in Colonel Wrangel’s own words, as related by M. le Comte Suzannet:— ‘Achulko, situated upon the point of a rock, was strong only by position. A deep ravine separated and isolated it from the

surrounding mountains. In order to reach Achulko, it was necessary to descend a long ledge of rock hardly two feet wide. Whoever should chance to slip or be struck by a bullet, must fall over and perish miserably upon the rocks which, shutting in the bed of the torrent, form in this place precipices terrible as deep. General Grabbe having, nevertheless, given the order to advance, Colonel Wrangel moved forward at the head of his 1500 picked soldiers, and reached the ledge, which was found to be about sixty yards long. Schamil waited silently till they were well upon it, and then opened a rifle-fire so destructive, that the men fell over the precipice by scores, the fall of one frequently dragging several others after him; and the rocks below were in a few minutes covered with dead bodies. Three times the frightful pass was obstinately essayed; till at length Colonel Wrangel, who was himself wounded, and had only 50 men remaining out of 1500, and two out of thirty-four officers, perforce abandoned the mad attempt, and all hope of carrying Achulko by assault was given up.'

Schamil, unhappily, had soon a deadlier foe than General Grabbe and his army to contend with—hunger: hunger, verging upon famine, came before a week had passed. This was known in the Russian camp; and the place having been strictly invested on all sides, it was certain that the hour of surrender could not be long delayed. On the last day but one of August, General Grabbe learned, from an emaciated Lesghian, whom his soldiers had caught whilst attempting to crawl past the blockading lines, that not a particle of food was left in Achulko; that Schamil Bey proposed to escape that very night, with one or two chosen comrades, by means of a rope lowered down the face of the rock to the Koisu; and Achulko, he added, would be surrendered immediately afterwards. A strict watch was immediately ordered to be kept at the indicated spot, and directions were given to awaken the general at whatever hour of the night the capture of the redoubted Schamil might be effected. Just before dawn, one—two—three men were seen to cautiously descend by a rope, let gently down on the river side, as predicted, who were of course instantly secured, and hurried off to the general's tent. One of the captives admitted, in the flurry of the surprise, as was supposed, that he was Schamil; and this was confirmed by the Lesghian, through whose information the important prize had been secured. General Grabbe was delighted; and an *estafette* was forthwith despatched with the tidings, that the notorious rebel, Schamil Bey, had been caught, and ordered to be shot out of hand. Whilst all this was going on, the rope, which had been quietly drawn up again, was once more lowered, and this time one man only descended by it, who reached the river unobserved, leaped upon a raft that just at the critical moment swept by; and the too hastily exultant Russian general was aroused to a knowledge of the trick that had been played him, by shouts of 'Schamil! Schamil!' from

the mud-walls of Achulko, in exulting reply to the waving of a small green flag by the true Schamil, as he swept down the swift Koisu in the dawning sun-light, presently to find himself amidst hills and amongst friends, that would render successful pursuit, if attempted, hopeless—impossible! Achulko surrendered at discretion; the huts were burned; and General Grabbe retraced his steps in very angry mood, which a daring attack upon his rear-guard, by the ubiquitous and indefatigable Schamil, at the head of a large body of horsemen, exasperated to fury. The Imâm was beaten off with some difficulty; and the victorious general's march was sullenly resumed, and concluded without further molestation.

This second daring and remarkable escape from the very grasp, as it were, of his enemies, left no doubt in the minds of the most sceptical of Schamil's soldiers, that he was indeed under the especial protection of Heaven; and his fame, instead of being darkened by the capture of Achulko, shone out in the dazzled eyes of his countrymen with greater splendour than ever. During the next three or four years, he waged an incessant, immitigable guerilla warfare against the Russian forces—now here—now there—on the Kuban, the Terek, the Koisu—in Georgia—in Daghistan, without presenting any permanent or tangible point for attack. At last, his old opponent, General Gräbe, heard (1843) that the terrible Imâm was at a place called Darga, somewhere in the mountains to the north-west of Achulko, in great force. As quickly as possible, General Gräbe, who had been recalled for his want of success, concentrated upwards of 20,000 troops, and led them rapidly in the indicated direction, with the firm resolution—so discontented were they at St Petersburg—of finishing with Schamil at any cost of exertion or of life. This time his march was very faintly opposed; the observant groups, that retired slowly as he advanced, contenting themselves with picking off an officer now and then of his leading columns. The Russians found nothing in their wearying, and seemingly endless march, but abandoned hut-villages, deserted valleys, and rugged mountain-passes. At length, it was no longer possible to proceed further; the Russian general having permitted himself to be lured by Schamil's decoy-scouts into a dreary, desolate *cul de sac*, the frowning barriers of which could neither be overpassed nor turned! They could do nothing but retrace their steps; and the jaded, toil-worn, half-famished troops turned sullenly in their tracks, and commenced one of the most disastrous and sanguinary retreats that occurred during the entire war. Schamil's forces, that had scarcely shewn themselves during the advance, gathered in multitudes to obstruct and harass the backward march; and after several days and nights of desperate fighting, General Gräbe regained the encampment from which he had set forward, minus a fourth part of his army, several cannon, and a large quantity of baggage, and other material of war.

One passage in this desperate strife, if comparatively an

unimportant one with reference to the numbers engaged, must not be omitted. Intelligence had reached the Russian commander-in-chief, which induced him to despatch Lieutenant-colonel Boutenieff with a battalion of infantry, a squadron of Cossacks, and a couple of light field-pieces, to intercept Abdullah, the bey of Daghistan, on his way to Schamil with a large supply of much-needed arms and ammunition, escorted by about 500 men only. Boutenieff, a very zealous officer, marched with such speed, that he reached the spot in which he was to lie in ambush at about nine on the following morning—two hours before his prescribed time. Abdullah had also marched with unusual celerity, so that when the Russians halted, he was not more than a verst (about a mile and a quarter) distant; and but for the timely warning of a scout, would have debouched in a few minutes from the hilly ground by which he was concealed into the valley lying between him and Boutenieff. As it was, the bey's position was nearly a desperate one—to retreat being almost as perilous as to advance, as he must necessarily be seen by whichever way he emerged from the ravine in which his men and the precious convoy they had in charge were for the moment screened. In this extremity, a Pole, of the name of Kovinski, a deserter from the Russian army, in which, since the capitulation of Warsaw, he had been, with many thousand others of his countrymen, compelled to serve, ventured his life for the chance of striking a good blow at the destroyers of Polish nationality. Abdullah knew his man; and after a brief conference together, a paper was written and deposited with great apparent cunning within the lining of Kovinski's boot; and trusty messengers were sent off, by paths only traversable by accustomed and unencumbered mountaineers, to Schamil—a distance of about ten versts by the way they took, and perhaps half as much again by the ordinary road. A quarter of an hour passed, and then Kovinski, who had accomplished a considerable *détour* unobserved, was seen galloping past the Russian ambush. To the challenge of the Cossack vedettes, he replied by setting spurs to his horse; but he was quickly overtaken, and brought before Boutenieff. He first said he was neither a Pole nor a deserter, but his tongue, and the dress he wore, were sufficient denial of that assertion; and the lieutenant-colonel informed him, that his only chance of saving his neck from a speedy halter, was by rendering his old masters some essential service at the expense of his new friends. Kovinski sullenly replied: 'That he knew nothing of any importance, and could therefore reveal nothing.' These words were hardly spoken, when the men, who were searching his person and clothes, lit upon the concealed note, which, on being handed to the lieutenant-colonel, proved to be an obscurely-worded missive from Schamil himself to Abdullah, apparently reproaching him for his tardiness. There could be no further doubt of the prisoner's character and vocation; still the Pole continued obstinately dumb, and it was not till the rope was actually round his neck, that his

firmness yielded to the terror of immediate death, and the promises of Boutenieff not only of life, but freedom and reward, if by his means the bey of Daghistan and his important convoy were captured. Kovinski, having reluctantly, as it seemed, consented to lead the Russian troops in the necessary direction, was placed in the centre of a clump of Cossacks, and securely fastened upon a horse behind one of them, who were all very distinctly charged, in his hearing, to shoot or spear him upon the slightest indication of treachery. The troops then moved on, and were soon lost in the gorges of the mountains. They had been marching about three hours, and, according to Kovinski, were approaching Abdullah's encampment, when suddenly a shrill cry, like that of a bird of prey screaming overhead, was heard, echoed with the quickness of thought by thousands of others, and at the same moment a multitude of Schamil's horsemen, commanded by the Imâm himself, burst out of the clefts of the surrounding hills upon the Russians. Resistance was vain—flight, which was almost as desperate, was alone attempted; and a score of Cossacks, and some half-a-dozen mounted officers, most of them wounded, were all that made their way out of the tumultuous massacre that immediately ensued, to the Russian head-quarters. Kovinski was killed, but whether he had been slain by friend or foe in the fierce hurly-burly, could not be ascertained.

These great successes inflamed the enthusiasm of the mountaineers to fever-pitch. Whatever enterprise the Imâm or his subordinates undertook, was almost sure to be carried victoriously through; and the imperial government were made aware, by dearly-bought experience, of the nature of the gigantic and utterly hopeless task in which they had so unwisely engaged. It was, however, resolved to make another strenuous effort to realise the Paskiewitch policy. In the event of failure, if we may judge from what has since actually occurred, it was arranged that, after the manner of the Circassian precedent—so that Western Europe may not be too wise in the matter—they should abandon, for a time at all events, the attempt to subjugate or control the south-eastern, as they already had the north-western mountain regions, and content themselves with holding their own in the plains, whilst awaiting as patiently as might be for some conjuncture favourable to the renewal of aggressive war. With this immediate and contingent purpose, the armies of the Caucasus were once more strongly reinforced; General Neidhart, who had been as unfortunate as General Grabbe, was, like him, recalled; and Prince Woronzoff left St Petersburg to assume the chief command, armed with the amplest powers, civil as well as military.

The first care of the prince-general, after selecting and concentrating the army with which he proposed to march against renowned Darga, the exact situation of which had, it was believed, been ascertained, was to organise his commissariat in an efficient manner. With this object, an officer was despatched to Astrakhan,

furnished with silver rubles to the amount, in English money, of L.180,000, for the purchase of provisions and other necessaries. The prince-general stumbled heavily at this his first important step in the enterprise assigned him. He never saw agent, money, or money's worth again; and after several weeks of impatient suspense, concluding that his envoy must have been intercepted, and the money transferred to Schamil's treasury, applied again to St Petersburg for the indispensable rubles. These and the necessary stores were at length obtained; and on the 13th of June 1845, a powerfully organised force of between 30,000 and 40,000 men, moved rapidly in the direction of Darga, the capture of which tremendous stronghold would, it was believed, regloss the tarnished lustre of the Russian arms. The troops were no sooner fairly in the mountains, than the resistance opposed to them assumed a determined, ferocious character. Every step was obstinately disputed; barricades formed of trunks of trees, fragments of rock, and double rows of strong stakes, the interstices filled up with earth, had been thrown across the narrow passes, and but for the Russian cannon, would have effectually barred the advance. As it was, the carnage at each of these positions, flanked as they all were by Schamil's *tirailleurs*, was terrific; and there were in one portion of the route eighteen barricades counted in as many miles! Still, slowly, and at a dreadful sacrifice of life, as it might be, the Russian columns pressed steadily and resolutely on, and at last reached Darga—Darga! consisting of forty or fifty hut-houses on a lofty plateau, environed by enormous birch-trees! Worse even than this disappointment, the plateau was quickly found to be commanded by inaccessible rocks—inaccessible, that is, from Darga—upon which the Imâm had, with keen military prevision, contrived to perch hundreds of his best marksmen, who shot down the Russian officers at their leisure, and almost with impunity. The place was clearly untenable for any length of time; but the troops required repose, and Prince Woronzoff was, moreover, exceedingly desirous of dating his bulletin of 'victory' from Darga. Prompt measures were therefore taken to check the fire of Schamil's rock-perched riflemen; and on the following day, Generals Von Klukerau, Passek, and Victoroff, were despatched with ten battalions to bring up a quantity of stores left behind under a strongly-posted and numerous guard. Schamil encountered these troops on their return; and a bitter fight ensued, in which the Russian generals Passek and Victoroff were killed, and Von Klukerau was barely enabled to rejoin Prince Woronzoff by sacrificing the stores he had been sent to bring up, his artillery, and heaps of wounded soldiers, whose writhing bodies tracked his march to the very verge of the plateau of Darga. The position of Prince Woronzoff was by this time well-nigh desperate. To force his way back with such terribly diminished numbers, in the face of the Imâm's hourly-increasing and now victorious forces, was felt to be out of the question; and

but for the highly-bribed treachery of two Caucasian prisoners, who undertook to convey a message, by a secret track across the mountains, to the fortress of Gersel-Aub, where General Freestag, one of the most energetic officers in the Russian service, was posted with a large force, the prince could not have escaped the shame and ruin of an unconditional surrender to Schamil and his mountaineers, whom he had but lately affected to hold so cheap! General Freestag marched instantly to Woronzoff's relief—a movement unheard of by the Imâm till too late to arrest it. Immediately the junction of the Russian forces was effected, the retreat began, which, but for the almost frenzied exertions of the Generals Freestag and Von Klukerau, who commanded the rear-guard, and the desperate energy of the Russian artillerists, Schamil's furious and incessant assaults must have speedily changed, from a hurried and disorderly march, to a headlong flight. Even so, the Russian army, but a few days previously so elate with pride, and confident of facile victory, emerged from the mountains in such a wretchedly disorganised condition, that after halting at Jani Ouchi, in Georgia, where crestfallen Prince Woronzoff hoped tremblingly that he was tolerably safe, the mere sound of Schamil's advancing squadrons sufficed to create a disgraceful panic in their ranks; and when the mountaineers actually burst in amongst them, they broke almost immediately, after offering the faintest possible resistance, and were pursued and mercilessly cut down for many miles. More than 200 officers were slain in this disgraceful flight alone; and Prince Woronzoff could subsequently muster but about 12,000 out of the 50,000 men originally composing his own and General Freestag's armies.

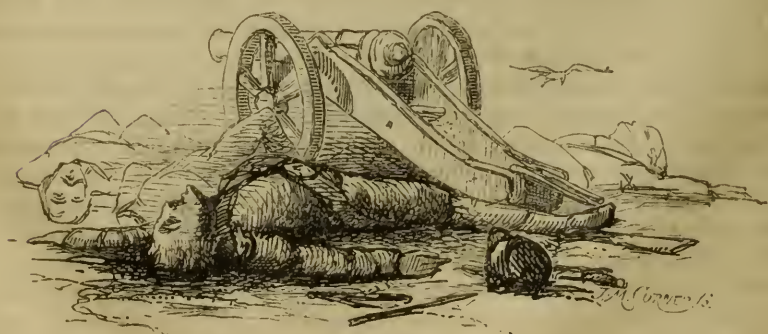
Schamil Bey, after achieving this decisive blow, ravaged the plains with impunity, not in Georgia alone, but on the north of the Caucasian chain, carrying off numerous prisoners from under the very guns of the fortresses on the Kuban and the Terek. He failed in his attempts to storm Nucha and Zakatalé; but the aggressive war of Russia against the mountaineers was at an end, and there has since been no serious effort made to renew it. The latest intelligence, *via* St Petersburg, of the war in the Caucasus that we have seen, dated in August last, relates with pomp and circumstance an exploit by Lieutenant-colonel Prince Tschelokajeff, who, it seems, at the head of 746 militia and 4 Don Cossacks, had chastised three villages, taken seventeen mountaineers prisoners, and obtained a booty of several head of cattle, with of course very trifling loss to the Russians—three killed and nine wounded only! To such puny dimensions, even as viewed through Muscovite spectacles, have Schamil and his lieutenants reduced the enterprises and successes of the puissant czar in this once tremendous conflict.

The Imâm, as soon as he was relieved of the active pressure of the Russian armies, is understood to have devoted his remarkable energies to the bringing about of a federal defensive union between

THE STRUGGLE IN THE CAUCASUS.

all the tribes of the Caucasus, which, if successfully accomplished, will render any future attack of Russia upon their independence utterly vain and ridiculous; for what power, what combination of powers, could hope to make a permanent impression on a tolerably united nation of hardy soldiers—fortressed by mountains covering an area almost equal to that of England and Wales—veterans in the only mode of warfare possible in such a country, and abundantly supplied with all the necessaries of life? The history of all mountain warfare supplies the answer, and none more strikingly than this 'one of the struggle in the Caucasus, in which the resources of a vauntedly powerful empire have been remorselessly exerted during many years against a heterogeneous and feud-divided mountain population, and the sole result has been bitter discomfiture and disgrace; beside so draining and crippling the finances of the Emperor of all the Russias, as to compel him to the humiliation of soliciting the merchants and money-lenders of Great Britain for the means of constructing a railway between his two capitals!

The final 'pacification' of the Caucasus—so perseveringly promised as the certain result of each successive campaign, by the 'victory' gentlemen who write, or used to write such a bold hand in the *St Petersburg Gazette*—may be regarded as substantially effected by the only mode, as our own comparatively trifling Afghan experience teaches us, such a people, so situated, *can* be 'pacified'—namely, by ceasing to molest them; and although we may be sure the northern emperor will never *confess* a defeat, it is not the less certain that he has been wise enough to tacitly, with the quietest, least obtrusive grace possible, *submit* to one.





‘THE PILGRIM FATHERS.’

TH could hardly have been expected, that the more eager and enthusiastic partisans and admirers of the great religious movement in the sixteenth century, would remain content with such changes in ecclesiastical doctrine and government as satisfied the views and wishes of the royal and hierarchial personages who in this country helped on the triumph of the Reformation. True, the chain which bound the nation to the pontificate of Rome was snapped asunder, and some of the dogmas to which they were chiefly opposed had been denounced and discarded; but more, much more, in their opinion, remained to be accomplished, before there could be any well-grounded hope of the establishment of pure scriptural rule in England. It was not, they would fain believe, merely to set up the spiritual supremacy of the crown that that of the pope had been abrogated; and certainly, as regarded themselves, they, the Puritans, as many began to call them, were not one whit more disposed to submit to the yoke of Canterbury for having cast off that of Rome. Austere, impracticable fanatics, persons of less fervid zeal, less deeply-rooted convictions, or more comprehensive charity, no doubt deemed them to be; but none could deny that they were, as a body, thoroughly sincere, and terribly in earnest; men who held the pleasures of life and worldly advantages as nought—personal liberty, life itself, at

a pin's fee—if by their sacrifice the cause which they believed to be of God might be thereby advanced. And it was quite in vain that our reforming monarchs, Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, James, who, one after another, traced with their sceptres the exact line upon the sand beyond which the rushing and tumultuous tide should not be permitted to flow, had recourse to the discredited weapons of a defeated intolerance in vindication of *their own* infallibility. Imprisonment, torture, death, failed to subdue, or sensibly check, the stubborn nonconformist spirit which animated the majority of the middle-classes both in England and Scotland; and Elizabeth's reign had not closed, when it was clearly apparent that the fulminations of Lambeth were as impotent to rebuke or control effectually the progress of religious ‘opinion,’ as had been the thunders of the Vatican. No doubt during the earlier portions of the great queen's reign, when the independence of the realm was menaced by the haughty and powerful Spaniard, devotion to her majesty, whose throne seemed to be the only barrier against the reimposition of papal rule, absorbed or dominated all other and comparatively minor considerations. One, for instance, of the most forward and stubborn of the Puritans condemned by Elizabeth's iniquitous Court of High Commission to lose his right hand, the instant it was struck off, waved his hat in the air with the other, and shouted: ‘God save the queen!’ But after the magnificent Armada had been destroyed, and the Low Countries had finally triumphed in their long and terrific struggle with Spain; when Scotland especially, for centuries the unyielding, and from her position and the character of her population, one of the most dangerous enemies of England, was about, by the accession of James to the English throne, to be united with her ancient antagonist, and all reasonable fear of successful invasion had consequently vanished, the fierce and prolonged struggle in behalf of mental freedom, liberty, sanctity of conscience, commenced in real earnest. Yes, mental freedom, liberty and sanctity of conscience, albeit these principles were not inscribed upon the banners of the earlier Puritans, who were, nevertheless, unwittingly it may be, their first and only indomitable champions. They began by wrangling against formularies in worship—the Book of Common Prayer, the use of the ring in marriage, the cross in baptism, the Aaronitic vestments of the priesthood; and if the ablest, most clear-sighted amongst them had been asked what essentially they were contending for, the answer, if an unreserved and candid one, would doubtless have been, as the after-acts of their zealous leaders but too fully proved, that they were bent upon establishing and enforcing the practice, or at least the profession, of pure spiritual religion, as interpreted by Calvin and themselves from the Bible, and rooting out all other forms and modes of Christianity—a despotism as gross and detestable as any other that in any age has afflicted mankind. But the arguments they used, the principles they appealed to, especially that

main pillar of their strength, the indefeasible right of private judgment in matters spiritual, could not, experience taught them, be long dwarfed and restricted to such narrow issues as they would have imposed. Two main irreconcilable principles, in fact, and them only, were in presence of each other—authority and conscience. There was no middle course permanently possible. Either the stubborn nonconformist must again bow his neck to authority, or, however reluctantly, concede to others that which it was his aim to secure at any cost or hazard for himself—inviolability and supremacy of conscience in things spiritual. This vital principle it is—lying at the very root of Puritan dissent, but not, unhappily, for many years embodied in its practice—that has breathed enduring life and vigour into the dry bones of a sour, dogmatic theology; this, the sacred flame, the beacon-light, which, borne half-unconsciously, if you will, across the Atlantic to the shelter, and for the guidance of a new world by the Pilgrim Fathers, still hallows their footsteps, and sheds a glory over their history which conceals beneath its veil of light the faults, errors, crimes—for that is the true word—which blot and darken the else bright, heroic record. As humble but faithful expositors of truth, it will be our duty to draw aside that veil, certainly with no irreverent hand, but the less unwillingly that we believe a higher moral, a greater, or, at all events, a more needed lesson, is to be derived from those stained and sorrowful leaves, than from the lustrous pages with which they so deplorably contrast; although these, we at the same time entirely agree, will be pondered over with enthusiasm and delight, as long as lofty enterprise, unswerving resolution, and unquailing self-sacrifice, have power to arouse the sympathies and command the admiration of mankind.

Next to the House of Commons, in which the Puritans had, in the latter days of Elizabeth’s reign, a powerful and growing party, they looked with hope, almost with confidence, to the accession of James for relief from the vexations and persecutions to which they were exposed. They were miserably disappointed. A conference was held at Hampton Court, before the king, between the Puritan leaders and their dignified opponents, at which his majesty, after giving unusual vent to the loquacious egotism it was his delight to indulge in, plainly declared, that if nonconformists of all patterns and degrees did not submit to what he, in the plenitude of royal wisdom, deemed to be true and orthodox, it should be worse for them. ‘I will make them conform,’ were his words to Dr Reynolds, ‘or harry them out of this land, or worse.’ His acts redeemed his threats; and as he was enabled for some years to rule without a parliament, the only potent and ever-hated foe of absolutism, the burning, hanging, torturing of unhappy dissidents from the Establishment, soon became as common as during the reign of the imperious Elizabeth. Many bowed their heads in affected submission, till the violence of the storm should

have passed away ; others, of sterner purpose and hardier mould, disdained to temporise, preferring rather to seek in foreign lands the peace and safety refused to them at home. A large number had emigrated, some years previously, to Holland, Switzerland, and parts of Northern Germany ; and amongst others who followed their example, were a numerous body of reputed ‘Brownists,’ from the neighbourhood of Boston, in Lincolnshire. They were called Brownists for no other reason than that, like the Rev. Mr Brown, a beneficed and eccentric clergyman of the Establishment, they asserted the right of free churches, and refused submission to Episcopacy and state rule. Their first resting-place (1606) was Amsterdam ; but a schism having broken out between two of their pastors or elders, who mutually excommunicated each other, a large portion of them removed to Leyden, under the clerical guidance of the Rev. John Robinson, a Norfolk divine, and an amiable, just man. They now assumed the more appropriate designation of Independents, and for about twelve years dwelt and worshipped in peace—in peace, that is to say, inasmuch as they were not molested from without ; but their hearts yearned for the accustomed haunts, the old customs, manners, the familiar accents of their native land. The people about them were civil and helpful enough, but strange—strange as the tongue they spoke. This home-sickness grew upon them ; and whilst anxiously pondering how to deal with it—for there was yet no safety in England, except on condition of ‘conformity’—Mr Robinson bethought him of the vast new western continent, where reputedly fertile solitudes appeared to offer so inviting a refuge to fugitives from the oppressions of the Old World. The Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Hollander, were, he knew, already busy there, and the plantation of Virginia had been partially commenced in Elizabeth’s time ; why might *they* not, then, hope to found another England in the American wilderness?—a New England, to which they would bear the language, the manners, the traditions, the self-reliant spirit, the passionate attachment to representative institutions, the indomitable hatred of despotism, the Magna Charta, the jury-trial of Old England—reproduce, in fact, in the regions of the setting sun, the England from which they were self-exiled for conscience’ sake, in all but its persecution of the people of God ! The reverend gentleman lost no time in imparting the idea which had so forcibly struck him to his congregation, by whom it was received with enthusiasm. It was, they said, a message from God himself, commanding them to go forth and plant His church in the wilderness ; and no dread of suffering, peril, death itself, should deter them from obeying the divine injunction. These were the first PILGRIM FATHERS—the forlorn-hope of the great Puritan emigration which, commencing in 1620, and mainly concluded by the meeting of the Long Parliament, not only founded and settled the New England states of America, but has, in a wonderful degree, impressed its own political and religious policy and

character, in their essential attributes, upon the institutions, ideas, tendencies, of the entire republic, one-third of whose inhabitants at this day pridefully acknowledge a Puritan origin.

Unfortunately, these founders and lawgivers of a mighty empire, eager as they were to set out on their great enterprise, had not the pecuniary means necessary for transporting themselves across the Atlantic, much less of purchasing the implements, plants, seeds, indispensable to the attempt at hewing out and founding another England in the forests of the New World. But difficulties, however great, usually vanish when grappled with by brave and earnest men. A joint-stock company was ultimately formed, in which a number of English merchants were shareholders for considerable sums. The commercial principle upon which the association was based was simple enough, though rather unfairly onerous towards the emigrant who had no capital but his labour to offer. Each of these, by virtue of that labour mortgaged for seven years, during which all were to work in community, was a shareholder to the extent of L.10; so that upon the division of profits at the end of that time, the capitalists who advanced L.100, would be entitled to just ten times as much as a working emigrant. It was at first thought that a grant or charter might be procured from the crown, but this was quickly found to be quite out of the question: a slight, contemptuous half-promise that they would not be interfered with, being all in this way their friends could, with much difficulty, obtain—a disappointment of little moment, after all, to men who firmly believed themselves to be acting under the direct inspiration of the King of kings. Two vessels, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*—one of 60, the other of 120 tons burden, were taken up and prepared for the emigrants’ reception; and as many of the Rev. John Robinson’s congregation as provision could be made for, eagerly prepared to embark. The minister himself remained behind, but was to follow with the remainder of his people as soon as the first detachment had effected such a lodgment in the American wilderness as would justify their inviting over the feeble remnant left reluctantly at Leyden. They were first to embark at Delft Haven for Southampton; and on arriving at Amsterdam, several Dutch citizens of ample means were desirous of accompanying them. ‘Nay—nay,’ said the English Pilgrims with one voice. ‘We go to found a New England in the Far West; and none but men of English blood, and who speak the English tongue, shall help in that great work.’ Foremost amongst this band of stout-hearted, prejudiced Englishmen, were John Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, Isaac Allerton, Thomas Prince, John Alden, Samuel Fuller, and John Howland, all ‘pious and godly men;’ to which list of memorable names must be added that of Miles Standish, who, though not a member then or afterwards of the congregation, was a valiant soldier, whose military experience and well-tried sword

might, he and others shrewdly suspected, prove of great service in a country where it was well known ‘salvages’ existed in large numbers, and *might* have to be encountered with the arm of flesh.

The embarkation at Delft Haven (July 1620) must have been an affecting one. The Rev. Mr Robinson knelt upon the beach, invoking, with uplifted hands and broken voice, the blessing of the Most High God upon the faithful companions of thirteen years of exile, now departing only to prepare another and more genial home for *all* the brethren beyond the deep waters. These prayers and blessings were echoed back by the Pilgrims, mingled with hurrahs from the more light-hearted and youthful amongst them, and followed by a rattling ‘volley of shot, and three pieces of ordnance’—a significant token that those strongly practical, as well as deeply religious men, had not left themselves without the means of self-defence, should the ‘heathen,’ amongst whom they were about to dwell, unfortunately prove insensible to the milder persuasions of peaceful words and kindly acts.

They were not long in reaching Southampton, where, on the 5th of August 1620 (O. S.), the Pilgrims, in number 101, including women and children, embarked in the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* for their final destination. They were scarcely in the Channel, when it was discovered that the *Mayflower* was greatly in need of repairs, and there was nothing for it but to run into Dartmouth. At the end of eight days, they once more put to sea, only again to suffer temporary check and disappointment. This time it was the captain of the *Speedwell* that obstructed the voyage. He could not, at the last moment, nerve himself to encounter the perils of the Atlantic at such a season of the year, in so slight a vessel as that which he commanded. It was perforce therefore that the indignant emigrants put into Plymouth. There both the *Speedwell* and its captain were abandoned, and all went on board the *Mayflower*, which, on the 6th of September, took its final departure from the shores of England. The Pilgrims experienced much sympathy and kindness at Plymouth from persons of their own views and convictions, many of whom promised to follow as soon as news of the success of this first experiment should reach them. The voyage out lasted sixty-three days. The intention was to settle in the northern parts of Virginia, somewhere in the vicinity of the Hudson River; but the captain of the *Mayflower* ignorantly mistook his course, and effected (Nov. 8th) a landing at Cape Cod, the southern horn of the Bay of Fundy (Massachusetts), and considerably north of the intended place of settlement.

As the adventurers had, as it were, cast themselves loose from all regularly constituted authority, it was obviously necessary that some definite form of civil government should be agreed upon, especially as there were some on board not, it was feared, ‘well affected to peace and concord.’ With this view, the following

document—the first American charter of self-government—was drawn up towards the close of the voyage, and ultimately subscribed by the whole (forty-one) of the male emigrants: ‘In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and the advancement of Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better enduring and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws and measures, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we all promise due obedience.’ Under this constitution, John Carver was elected governor for one year, with five, and subsequently seven, magistrates to assist him. Carver did not live to fulfil his term of office, having died during the first spring; he was succeeded by William Bradford, who held the governorship till his death in 1651, except for three years, during two of which Edward Winslow filled the chair, and one when Thomas Prince was elected. We may also here mention, that the ‘commons’ remained so few in number till 1631, that they *all* met for legislative purposes. In that year, representation of the increasing commonalty was resorted to. But to return from this anticipatory digression to the forlorn band of New Englanders just arrived at Cape Cod.

The geographical blunder of the captain of the *Mayflower* may be esteemed a fortunate one, inasmuch as the vicinity of the Hudson was crowded at the time with warlike savages, whereas the southern shores of the Bay of Fundy had been swept by a pestilence, which had destroyed great numbers of them, and driven the survivors to a considerable distance from the fatal neighbourhood. When Standish, Bradford, and others—impatient of the delay occasioned by the repairs required for the shallop, in which it was proposed to explore the unknown and iron shores of the bay, in search of a secure harbour and a decently eligible location—attempted an excursion inland, they met with nothing in the snow-covered, frozen wilderness but deserted wigwams, Indian graves, and a few ears of maize. Finding it useless to persevere in a land exploration at that season of the year—an unusually severe one, by the by—they returned with somewhat dismal forebodings to their companions. The shallop at length being ready, Carver, Winslow, Bradford, Standish, and others—in all, twenty hands—nothing daunted by a second attempt which led to no result, embarked on the 6th of December upon a third voyage of discovery. The first night they bivouacked at Namskeket, or Great Meadow Creek, and early the next morning continued their westward course along the shores of the bay. The weather was intensely cold,

and they were, moreover, exposed for several hours in the open boat to a fierce storm of wind, hail, and snow. In the afternoon, the shallop's rudder was torn away by the furious sea, and they steered as well as they could with oars. In consequence of carrying more sail than was prudent, in order to reach the harbour they had heard of before nightfall, which was rapidly falling, the mast snapped in halves, and the sails went overboard. Fortunately, the tide was favourable; and after safely sweeping over a dangerous surf, they found themselves ‘in a fair sound,’ and sheltered under the lee of a small island, just within the entrance of what they afterwards named New Plymouth Harbour. The next day was Sunday; but precious as time was to the worn and harassed explorers, and fully conscious as they were of how anxiously their return was expected, the duties of the Sabbath might not be neglected; and the holy day was passed in devotional exercises, just as if they were still assembled in the old meeting-house at Leyden. The return to Cape Cod was effected without accident; the report they brought was deemed satisfactory; and on the 11th of December 1621, the sea-weary passengers of the *Mayflower* leaped exultingly ashore, and took grateful possession of the promised land, albeit that land was a frozen, inhospitable desert, hemmed in on one side by the howling wilderness, and on the other, by the raging sea. Forlorn outcasts upon earth as they might be considered, were they not, in their own firm belief, favoured children of the Heaven whose blue vault clipped them round about there as in the Old World, and whence myriads of radiant eyes were looking down with love and sympathy upon the holy mission to which they had been called—that of planting the pure church of God amidst the savage fastnesses of a but recently revealed and heathen wilderness? To such men, what could there be of terror or dismay in the aspect of difficulty, danger, privation, or even of untimely death?

The spot thus fixed upon was called New Plymouth, in remembrance of the last place in England where they had briefly sojourned, and the kindness experienced there. Tradition relates, that the first to land on the rock at New Plymouth was Mary Chilton, the eldest of two sisters, Mary and Susannah. They came out with their father, Richard Chilton, who died during the first winter. It is added, that Mary Chilton married John Winslow, and Susannah a Mr Latham. The direct descendants of the Winslows are at the present day to be found in Boston, those of the Lathams are citizens of Bridgewater. In 1775, when the people of New England were on the eve of an unequal conflict with the same despotic principle, though assuming another shape, from which their forefathers fled for refuge to the forests of America, and it was judged expedient to reawaken in the minds of the people the heroic memories connected with the landing of the first band of Pilgrim Fathers, the face of the rock was taken off, and carried in procession to a spot beside the New Plymouth

court-house, where it yet remains. The bed of the rock is still pointed out at the head of the longest wharf in the now busy and flourishing city.

The first faint hectic breathings of the infant colony could have indicated to the eye of faith only its after-vigorous youth and manhood. The time of arrival—mid-winter—was unpropitious; and inland folk as they all were, the long voyage, cooped up as they had been in the little *Mayflower*, enfeebled the health of the Pilgrims, and rendered them much less able, in the unhoused and precarious condition in which they found themselves, to contend successfully, as they might otherwise have done, with the rigours of a New England climate. With March, milder weather came, and for the first time ‘the birds sang pleasantly in the woods,’ but very many were by that time in their graves; and with the advance of spring, the mortality greatly increased. At the end of five months from their arrival, *half the emigrants were dead*. This frightful death-havoc did not in the slightest degree dismay the survivors, or dissuade them from their great task. ‘Let it not grieve us,’ they were wont to say to each other, ‘that we have been instruments to break the ice for others: the honour shall be ours to the world’s end.’ Nor was the period of hardship and peril a brief or transitory one. Once during the third year of the settlement, they were so near famine, that only one pint of corn, which allowed just five grains to each individual, remained; and for months together a piece of lobster or other fish, without corn or vegetables of any kind, was the sole, and that often scantily, obtainable food. The system of common property, stipulated for in the agreement with the London capitalists, bred grievous discontents, and it was found necessary to abolish it; after which a much greater alacrity and zeal for labour began immediately to manifest itself. There were other perils and discouragements. Although the pestilence of the previous year had cleared the neighbourhood of Plymouth of the tribe of savages formerly located there, the smoke of numerous fires in the distance testified from the first to the large number of them that skirted the English settlement; and it was not long before a considerable body of Indians was seen hovering at intervals about the colony. One day—this was early in the first spring—an Indian called Squiculo suddenly presented himself before the colonists, exclaiming: ‘Welcome, Englishmen!’ He had been kidnapped some years before by the Portuguese, and taken to Europe. How he reached England, we do not know; but he was met with there by Sir F. Gorges, governor of Plymouth, and sent back by a trading vessel to his own country. He knew a smattering of English, and was of considerable service to the colonists, by introducing them to Massatoit, the sachem of a neighbouring Indian tribe, with whom they made a treaty which endured for fifty years. The New England settlers, there can be no question, treated the Indians, as long as it was possible to do so, with

respect and kindness; and to having done so, the Plymouth Pilgrims owed their escape from a great danger in the early and comparatively defenceless state of the settlement. The Narragansetts, a near and powerful tribe, were from the first disposed to look upon the pale-faced strangers with dislike and suspicion. The aged and ferocious Canonicus was the patriarch and chief ruler of this tribe; Miantonimoh, their prime warrior and leader in battle. The latent enmity of this tribe was once so near kindling into open hostility, that Canonicus, by way of declaration of war in form, sent the English a bundle of arrows enclosed in the skin of a rattlesnake. The governor, William Bradford, quite aware that the only chance of eluding the menaced attack was to appear fearless and disdainful of it, returned the serpent's skin with a stuffing of powder and shot. This significant message had the hoped-for effect. The echoes of the English fowling-pieces in the woods had already warned the Indians, that the new-comers possessed weapons which it might be hazardous to encounter with clubs and bows and arrows; and the powder-and-shot response to their hostile message, would seem to have confirmed and deepened that impression. Friendly intercourse was renewed; and peace with the Indian tribes generally might not for a long time have suffered the slightest interruption, but for occurrences over which the Plymouth colonists had no control. Thomas Weston, a merchant who had taken a share in the outfit of the Pilgrim Fathers solely from commercial considerations, obtained a grant in 1623—from what source we shall presently see—of a tract of land near where Weymouth, New England, now stands, and arrived to take possession, with about sixty companions, in the following year. Weston imagined that a profitable fur-trade might be organised there; but neither he nor his people were made of the stuff necessary to the formation of men who would grapple successfully with the almost incredible obstacles opposed to early colonisation in the wilds of America. After a brief struggle, the attempt was abandoned, but not till after some of his men had quarrelled with and ill-treated a party of Indians, who naturally threatened reprisals. A confederacy was not only contemplated by several tribes, for the purpose of suddenly attacking the Plymouth as well as Mr Weston's settlers, but nearly matured, when the gratitude of a sachem, whom Mr Winslow had succoured during a dangerous sickness, induced him to warn his benefactor of what was likely to occur. There was not a moment to be lost; and Captain Miles Standish, taking with him only eight resolute men, marched at once upon the chief conspirators, attacked them unhesitatingly, obtained a complete victory, and returned in triumph, bearing a sachem's head, in token of 'this capital exploit,' as it was termed. A glowing account of the affair was forwarded to the Rev. John Robinson, who was still at Leyden, anxiously waiting for means of reaching America with the remnant of his congregation—a hope, by the

way, never destined to be realised. His answer, instead of the expected gratulation, was a mild rebuke. 'How happy,' he wrote—'how happy a thing, if you had converted some before you killed any!' The 'exploit,' however, served to intimidate greatly the Indians, and that was an object of paramount importance. There was another abortive attempt at colonisation in Massachusetts Bay—where the town of Quincy has since been built—by Captain Wollaston, and one Merton, a lawyer of doubtful character. The failure was ludicrous. It was not by such hands as theirs that a New England was to arise in the American wilderness.

Spite of the severe trials to which it was exposed, the colony of New Plymouth took deep and permanent root in the unpromising but tenacious soil; and by 1628 there was no longer any doubt entertained, either by the settlers themselves, or by their anxiously observant friends in England, that complete ultimate success was assured. 'Out of small beginnings,' one of them wrote about this time, 'great things have been produced; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, in some sort, to our whole nation.' Yet so slow had been the growth of the settlement, so scanty the emigration up to that period, that it scarcely numbered 300 souls even then; and it was not till that year that the first cattle—three heifers and a bull—were imported into the colony. Now, however, the main body of the Puritan Pilgrims began to prepare actively for following in the track of their courageous and devoted advanced guard. But before more fully adverting to that important movement, and the politico-religious aspect of affairs in England by which it was hastened and confirmed, it will be necessary to say a few words upon the English governmental policy, as far as the king was concerned, relative to the colonisation of North America.

The natural timidity of James's character—its prudential wisdom, writers who display a microscopic vision in the detection of such qualities in rulers, have termed it—prevented him from boldly asserting and enforcing those rights over vast portions of the New World, which, according to the law of nations, he might fairly claim in virtue of the discoveries of his subjects, or of former Englishmen, lest, peradventure, he might thereby come into collision with foreigners: with the Spaniard, who, not satisfied with more than the lion's share of the southern half of the new continent, had begun, after a brief struggle with the French, to settle so far north as Florida, and was building St Augustine, which, by the way, is the oldest town in the United States; with the Dutch, who were talking of a New Netherlands in the vast and fertile tracts drained by the Hudson and Connecticut rivers; or with the French, already busy in South Carolina. Still, his majesty, provided there was no risk, and a probable chance of benefit to the royal coffers, had no objection to encourage, so far as words,

wax, and parchment would serve, the natural anxiety of his people to secure for Great Britain *some* portion at least of the vast countries which the genius of Columbus had opened to the enterprise of Europe. With this view, the Council of Plymouth, Devonshire, consisting of forty noblemen and gentlemen, ‘for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing New England in America,’ was created by a royal patent, dated November 3, 1620, shortly after the departure of the *Mayflower*. By New England—a phrase borrowed of the Pilgrim Fathers—was meant the country extending from 40 to 48 degrees of north latitude—from about New York to the Gulf of St Lawrence—and in westerly direction, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean: a wide domain no doubt, but of slight value to gentlemen disposed ‘to live at home at ease,’ unless they could induce a sufficient number of enterprising individuals to set earnestly about converting a nominal and barren sovereignty into a real and fruitful one. The New Plymouth colony was, for a time, contemptuously ignored, and Weston’s and Wollaston’s patents having resulted in loss and failure only, the Council attempted a bolder game in virtue of their delegated royal prerogative, which, but for the interposition of the parliament, the king’s necessities had obliged him to summon, must have resulted in serious mischief. One Francis West was appointed admiral; Robert Gorges, son of Sir F. Gorges, governor of Plymouth, lieutenant-governor; and James Morrell, an episcopal clergyman, spiritual chief of New England. The admiral’s powers extended from Cape Cod to Newfoundland; the lieutenant-governor and spiritual chief had jurisdiction over the entire surface set forth in the Council’s patent as New England; and those naval, civil, and clerical officers were especially enjoined ‘to drive away all interlopers’ from their delegated dominions. These absurd assumptions were, as might have been expected, resisted by the English ships frequenting the American coasts, and quietly set at nought by the Puritan settlers. When the matter was brought before the House of Commons, it was declared that the king’s patent was an attempt to over-ride Magna Charta; inasmuch as it annulled the natural rights of British subjects, as set forth and consecrated by that celebrated instrument, which, it would seem from the argumentation of Sir Edward Coke and others, had been, with marvellous prevision, framed for the especial purpose of meeting the present exigency. ‘Your patent,’ said Sir Edward, then Speaker of the Commons, addressing himself to ‘Lieutenant-governor Gorges’—‘your patent contains many particulars contrary to the laws and privileges of the subject. It is a monopoly, and the ends of private gain are concealed under colour of planting a colony.’ ‘What!’ exclaimed the indignant Speaker at another sitting, ‘shall none visit the sea-coast for fishing? If you alone are to pack and dry fish, you attempt a monopoly of the wind and the sun.’ James was, of course, terribly wroth, and denounced parliaments and parliamentarians more bitterly than

ever; but his anger availed nothing, and the Council soon comprehended that one course only was open to them, if they wished to render their privileges at all profitably available, which was, to abandon entirely their preposterous claim to vicarious sovereignty, exclusive fishing-rights, &c., and confer on parties really capable of carrying on the work of colonisation—and if in favour with the parliamentary opposition, so much the better—a title to such lands as they might be able to plant and occupy within a reasonable period. An opportunity of acting upon this sensible resolve was not long in presenting itself.

For a long time, the growing ferment and discontents of the English Puritans, and their anxiety to escape from the persecutions to which they were exposed, had been taken advantage of by the Rev. Mr White of Dorsetshire, and other eloquent and enthusiastic men, to urge them on to a mighty effort at founding a great, English, Christian nation, in the dark and idolatrous regions of North America. 'Go out from amongst them, my people,' the apostles of the Puritan denomination everywhere iterated to willing audiences; 'be ye not partakers of their plagues. Carry the pure light of the Gospel to the benighted pagan wilderness, where the faithful few that have gone before are already prospering in the holy work. A change of times in England, predicted by some amongst us, is a vain dream, and, should you be beguiled thereby, will prove a delusive snare. In this reign, it is admitted you have nothing to hope; and what better may with reason be prophesied of that of Prince Charles, espoused to a Catholic wife, and supported, as he will be, by the nobility and gentry of two kingdoms.' Other, besides religious feelings, were appealed to, as the following extract from a publication, entitled *Generall Considerations, in Answer to several Objections, on the Plantation of New England*, curiously testifies:—'The land grows weary of her inhabitants, so that man, which is the most precious of all creatures, is here more vile and base than the earth they tread upon, so as children, neighbours, and friends, especially of the poore, are counted the greatest burdens, which, if things were righte, would be the highest earthly blessings. . . . Hence it comes to passe, that all artes and trades are carried on in that deceitful manner and unrighteous course, as it is almost impossible for a good upright man to maintayne his chardge and live comfortably in any of them.' This declamatory reasoning was generally acquiesced in; and an extensive emigrative association, chiefly from amongst the Puritans of Dorset, Devon, and Somerset, was zealously organised. Finally, an instrument, dated March 19, 1628, and entitled 'The Colony of Massachusetts Bay Patent,' was obtained from the Plymouth Council, by which 'all that part of North America which lies and extends between Merrimac River and Charles's River, in the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, and three miles to the north and south of every part of Charles's River, and three miles south of the southernmost part of the said bay, and three miles to

the north of every part of Merrimac River, and all lands and hereditaments whatsoever lying within the limits aforesaid, north and south in latitude and breadth, and in length and longitude of and within all the breadth aforesaid throughout the main land; thence from the Atlantic Sea, in the east part, to the Pacific Sea, in the west part,' was granted for the purpose of 'planting and settling,' to Sir Henry Rowsell, Sir John Young, Thomas Southcoate, John Humphrey, John Endicot, Simon Whitcomb—all gentlemen of Dorsetshire; and there were soon afterwards added to the list of the directorial committee the names of Winthrop, Dudley, Johnson, Bellingham, and others, all influential and generally wealthy men. This patent was confirmed under the Great Seal on the 4th of March 1629, by Charles I., a short time only before that monarch proclaimed his intention to rule without a parliament.

Neither this nor any other patent of the time conferred political or judicial power on the companies to whom they were granted. They appear to have been merely viewed as trading, joint-stock associations, to whom, for the furtherance of trade and commerce, it was deemed advisable to concede certain territorial rights and privileges; and yet, from the very first, the most exalted attributes, both legislative and judicial, were assumed, not only by the popularly elected governors of New Plymouth, but by the self-nominated magistrates of Massachusetts colony. The thoroughly oligarchical 'constitution' of Massachusetts, as concocted by those gentlemen, was, in its broad and simple outline, this: That the colony should be absolutely ruled by a governor, assisted by thirteen councillors, eight of whom, including the governor, were to be nominated by the Patentee Council, three others by those eight, and two by the general body of the colonists. This burlesque arrangement could not, in the nature of things, be permanent; and as it was not long before the powers of the Home Patent Government were transferred to the stockholders resident in the colony, a satisfactory settlement of the question was speedily and quietly brought about. Much stress continued to be laid upon the desirableness, the duty rather, of propagating the Gospel among the American aborigines. In illustration of this aim and view of the association, the colonial seal was an Indian erect, with arrows in his hand, and the words: 'Come and help me.' It was also over and over again declared, that the corner-stone, the vital principle, the very foundation of the colony of Massachusetts, was, in somewhat tautological phrase, 'The freedom of liberty of conscience.' In what sense this was understood by the leaders, lay and clerical, of the Puritans, we shall presently have to relate. There was quite a rivalry at the time in such high-sounding professions. George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, a recent convert to Roman Catholicism, having obtained a patent from the crown for planting Maryland—the name was chosen by Queen Henrietta-Maria, Charles's wife—

as a refuge principally for his co-religionists, promised the freest toleration to all sects of Christian people. The oath which Lord Baltimore framed to be taken by himself and all succeeding governors of Maryland, was as follows: ‘I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any one professing to believe in Jesus Christ, on account of his religion.’ This, no doubt, excludes Jews and infidels; but, at all events, as far as it went, it was sacredly *kept*, and hence Maryland became the asylum not alone of Catholics driven out of England, but of Puritans escaping from Virginia.

As soon as the necessary means of transport were ready, John Endicot, a man of singular determination, but of far too fierce a zeal in religious matters, was despatched, with about 300 colonists. He owed the honour of this appointment to the unanimous opinion of his colleagues, that ‘John Endicot was a fit instrument to commence this wilderness work.’ He landed with his companions towards the end of June 1629, on the neck of land now called Charlestown—a bleak and dreary wild at that time—where he found an independent English colony of four persons—three brothers of the name of Sprague, and Waldron, a blacksmith, already located in a miserable hovel, the only habitation visible for miles around. John Endicot must have immediately perceived that if, as his friends at home flatteringly suggested, he had an especial aptitude for ‘wilderness work,’ there was unquestionable scope for the exercise of that precious gift before him. The first experience of the new-comers was nearly as disastrous as that of the earlier Pilgrims, notwithstanding that the Plymouth colonists afforded all the help in their power; but that, in a material sense, was of course trifling, poor, needy, and struggling as themselves still were. By the following year, 80 of the 300 had died, yet did not those left behind abate one jot of heart or hope. The work proceeded earnestly, though slowly; Salem, the first town in Massachusetts, and second in New England, was commenced, and no doubt was expressed or entertained of an ultimately successful issue to their high-reaching enterprise. In this spirit John Endicot wrote home, urging, in strong terms, the folly, the unreasonableness, the danger, the guilt of further procrastination.

In the spring of 1630, the main body of the first Puritan emigrants, about 1600 in all, including 180 servants, were ready for embarkation. A fleet of seventeen ships had been prepared, and nothing remained but to go on board, weigh anchor, and make sail for the West. Amongst this large draft from the English middle-classes, there was a slight sprinkling of English female nobility, as well as a goodly proportion of the gentry of the kingdom. Lady Arabella, the wife of Mr Isaac Johnson, the richest of the colonists, was the sister of the Earl of Lincoln; and the wives of John Humphrey, the Rev. Messrs Sharman, Bulkley, and Whiting, were daughters of noblemen: delicately nurtured as these ladies must have been, it was not amongst *them* that doubt,

irresolution, fear of encountering the perils of the great deep—differently estimated now than at that time—began to be manifested as the hour of departure drew near. It was amongst the leading *men* that this faintheartedness appeared, several of whom abandoned the enterprise at the last moment. On the very eve of embarkation, at the last court held at Southampton, it was found necessary to elect three substitutes in the place of the same number of the Council added to the list of defaulters, and, when absolutely on board, they had to choose a new lieutenant-governor in the place of John Humphrey.

All obstacles at length removed or overcome, the emigrants who remained constant to their purpose all safely embarked at different ports. At Southampton, when the looked-for signal from the *Arabella*, enforced by the discharge of ordnance, flew aloft—the anchors were lifted amidst the lusty cheering of the crews, echoed again and again by the crowds which thronged the long line of beach, the platform, quays, and house-tops of Southampton, and, less densely, the shores of Netley and the New Forest; and the gallant ships—their white wings unfolded for the long flight across the Atlantic, glittering in the golden light of a cloudless morning of spring—swept swiftly down the river. During a great part of the previous night, and of the early morning, the self-exiled Puritans had been listening with kindling pulse and flashing eyes to the exhortations of their ministers, and other speech-gifted brethren, in which, as ever, there mingled with diviner teachings fierce denunciations of the state corruptions, the state idolatries (in their vocabulary), the state tyrannies, from which they were about to flee; but as the sympathising shouts of their countrymen rang over the waters, and the English shores receded from their view, the stern aspect of the deck-crowding exiles visibly, rapidly softened, and it was not long before—according to the testimony of one of the most zealous and prejudiced amongst them—the fiery pulse was checked, the angry, flashing glance quenched in the gushing memories of home, kindred, country; and instead of ‘Farewell Rome,’ ‘Farewell Babylon,’ as they had thought to have uttered, the last broken, passionate exclamation of the departing enthusiasts was: ‘Farewell, dear, dear England!’ followed by fervent supplications to the God of Israel, that He would protect and bless and redeem her people! Governor Winthrop embarked at Yarmouth, just previous to which he thus expressed himself: ‘Our hearts shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness!’

On and about the 12th of July, the fleet arrived safely in New England. The new-comers found one house, and some dozens of completed hovels, but of course neither church, nor town, nor street, nor road, either at Charlestown or at Salem. They pitched their tents on Charlestown Hill, and the first place of worship was under a large spreading tree, the Rev. Mr Warham, ‘a famous preacher,’ of Exeter, officiating at the initiatory service. Work,

resolute work, was at once zealously organised, and before long, houses, villages, towns, cities, began to uprear themselves in all directions. Where Boston now stands, one William Blaxton—somewhat of an original and impracticable sort of man—had previously located himself and family: he lost no time in shifting his quarters after Governor Winthrop's arrival, out of the range of the Massachusetts patent. 'I left England,' said Blaxton, 'to escape the tyranny of the Lord Bishops, and I leave Massachusetts to be free of the discipline of the Lord Brethren.' The courage and perseverance of the new settlers were, as with their predecessors, sorely tried. The mortality amongst them, previously terrible, was enormously increased by a famine which commenced in the February following their arrival in America. Very soon there was not a particle of bread left, save in the governor's house, and the sole support of the colonists was clams, mussels, ground-nuts, and acorns. Two hundred died, one hundred were permanently discouraged, and as quickly as possible returned to England. Had it not been for the opportune return of a vessel which the governor had despatched to the nearest port of Ireland for provisions, the consequences must have been irretrievably calamitous. Lady Arabella Johnson was amongst the earliest victims; and her husband soon followed, from grief, it is said, at her loss, aggravated, no doubt, by the gloomy, dispiriting aspect of the enterprise upon which he had lavished both wealth and personal exertion. As a general rule, however, the sufferings and privations endured by the colonists, served only to inflame their zeal and harden their constancy. Even children seem to have caught the enthusiastic spirit of the time, and to have whispered consolation with their dying breath to weeping parents, bidding them be of good heart, 'remembering why they came thither.' There may possibly be some exaggeration in all this; but it is, at all events, abundantly clear, that the unaided colonists bravely wrestled with and triumphantly overcame the apparently insuperable obstacles which beset them at the outset of their gigantic undertaking. So rapid, indeed, was the progress of the New Englanders, and so constant the immigration of the Puritans from Old England, that a wish 'to enlarge their borders' was very early manifested by the citizens of Massachusetts. Towards the close of 1631, an application was made to the authorities by an Indian sachem, entreating them to establish settlements on the Connecticut River (Quonehtacut—*long* river), principally, it seemed, in order to assist him and his tribe against the fierce and conquering 'Pequod' race of savages. There was much to tempt, and something to deter in this project. Otter and bear skins might be obtained in great numbers there: the lands were fertile, and deer, moose, fat bears, turkeys, partridges, quails, pigeons, widgeons, sheldrakes, teal, lobsters, oysters, *etcetera*, abundant beyond belief. On the other hand, the Dutch had begun to found a settlement there, an incipient New Netherlands, and the Indians were numerous and hostile, the Pequods especially.

As to the Dutch, who, our Puritan Fathers coolly alleged, ‘were always mere intruders,’ *they* might, it was believed, be successfully dealt with; and with regard to the hostile savages, that was a danger which *must* sooner or later be confronted and overcome, either by reason or by force—by the former weapon, if possible; but if not, assuredly by the latter.

The proceedings of the Council of Plymouth (England) stimulated the ardour of the colonists. They, the Council, made a grant, on the 19th of March 1631, to the Earl of Warwick, of so much of Connecticut as was comprised within 41° to 42° of north latitude, and 72° to $73^{\circ} 45'$ of west longitude. The earl transferred his patent to Lord Say and Sele, and there was no lack of settlers to convert the dead parchment fiction into a living practical fact. It was all to no purpose that the Dutchmen pleaded the authority of their High Mightinesses of Holland. Their High Mightinesses, it was replied, had no more right to New England—and was not Connecticut indisputably a part of New England, though as yet not formally taken possession of?—than they had to Old England. By way of a practical protest against the intolerable assumption of the Hollanders, the governor of New Plymouth, Mr Winslow, despatched William Holmes in a small merchant-vessel, manned by a picked crew of valiant men of war—if reluctantly driven to the use of carnal weapons—with orders to erect the frame-house which he took with him somewhere upon the fertile banks of the Connecticut. The Dutch fancied they had sufficiently prepared for an attempt of this kind by the erection of a fort, mounted with two pieces of cannon, near the entrance of the river. Stout William Holmes snapped his fingers at the fort, sailed past without material damage, and landed on the west bank of the river, at a place subsequently named Hartford. He next purchased a quantity of land of some Indian sachems, who declared themselves the rightful owners thereof, in equity, at all events, if not in law and fact—the allies of the Dutch, the savage Pequods, having forcibly dispossessed them some time previously. Under such circumstances, it is not, we presume, likely that the purchase-money could have been very heavy; but be that as it may, William Holmes completed his bargain, took the contracting sachems under his protection, and immediately commenced erecting his frame-house upon the newly-acquired property, which he named ‘New Windsor.’ The Dutch governor, Jacob van Curten, protested against the re-transfer of land purchased by Dutch settlers of his good friends the Pequods; but finding the trespassers stolidly indifferent to ‘protests,’ he sent Walter van Twiller, in command of seventy armed men, against them. This force advanced towards New Windsor with ‘banners displayed;’ but when within view of William Holmes’s palisades, and the protruding musket-muzzles from the loopholes of New Windsor, Walter van Twiller and his friends decided, after consultation, upon returning to Jacob van Curten for further instructions, and

did not think proper to reappear. In this simple and practical manner it was that the Puritan settlement of Connecticut became an irreversible fact; and this notwithstanding that, as some assert, other emigrants—amongst whom were Mr Fenwick and the Rev. John Peters—had before successfully located themselves on the disputed territory.

In the same month and year (September 1633), the Rev. Mr Hooker, a renowned preacher from Chelmsford, Essex, arrived in New England. ‘Now,’ exclaimed this exceedingly popular gentleman—‘Son of Thunder’ he was called by his more especial admirers—addressing the people who crowded to welcome him—‘now I live, if ye stand fast in the Lord!’ He soon afterwards threw himself heart and soul into the Connecticut movement, and of course greatly increased the feeling in favour of that settlement. The Council of Massachusetts, sitting at Boston, now the recognised capital of the state, were alarmed at the prospect of so large a defection, and requested the Rev. Cotton Mather to preach against the scheme—the ordinary resource with them in times of difficulty. In this case, however, the expedient did not produce the desired effect: the emigration went on; and the following year, Massachusetts consented to the establishment of Connecticut, on condition that it should remain under, or at least in connection with, the Massachusetts jurisdiction. Shortly after this decision, the Rev. Mr Hooker removed from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Hartford, in Connecticut, accompanied through the intervening swamps and forests by a considerable number of settlers and their families. Driving their cattle before them, the hardy Puritans forced their fearless way through a tangled and pathless wilderness, swarming with savages, rendering the woods vocal as they toiled along with the strains of the Psalmist, and occasionally halting to listen to the fervid declamation of their reverend chief, who, although so ill that he was obliged to be carried on a litter, had still strength enough to thunder forth eloquent exhortations to press forward in the steep and thorny path of duty and holiness, and fierce denunciations of God’s wrath upon backsliders and lukewarm adherents of the great cause intrusted to their zeal. Thus sustained and encouraged, the journey, a painful and exhausting one, was accomplished not only in safety, but much more speedily than had been anticipated.

The Connecticut settlement progressed with giant strides; but it was not long before the Indian danger became more and more palpable and menacing. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, there can be no reasonable doubt in the minds of unprejudiced persons, that the New England Puritans were heartily disposed to treat the natives of North America with kindness, forbearance, and consideration, and were, moreover, for a considerable time, sanguine of converting a goodly number at least of the neighbouring tribes to Christianity. In 1633, when the small-pox broke out with great virulence amongst them, nothing could

exceed the care and attention lavished upon the sufferers by the Puritans of all ranks. But the favour or indifference with which the savages, confiding in their overwhelming numbers, had looked upon the tiny settlement of Plymouth, changed gradually to misgiving and fear as the rapid increase of the Pale-faces warned them, that not a few adventurers merely, as they had at first supposed, but a great nation, was settling upon their sea-board. This inimical and growing feeling was especially observable amongst the Pequods, a turbulent race, who had established themselves, by conquest over weaker tribes, from Nehamtuck to Narraganset Bay. The Narragansets were also very numerous, but as yet friendly; so apparently were the Mohawks, and the tribe of Mohegans—spelt Mohicans by Cooper—commanded by a celebrated sagamore of the name of Uncas. In Connecticut alone there were supposed to be 20,000 Indians! And these were only the near, bordering tribes—the straggling outposts, as it were, of the vast masses which in all probability peopled the interior of the huge American continent. This immeasurable peril—such it literally was—must have constantly pressed with terrible weight upon the councils of New England, well knowing as they did, that their only earthly reliance was—first, on their own prudence; next, on the deadly feuds between the savage tribes themselves; and, in the last extremity, on the superiority of their arms, and the firm resolution of every man in the colony to wield them valiantly whenever the sad necessity for doing so should arise. As to help from England in any extremity, that, it was felt, in the then condition of the kingdom, could not be hoped for. These considerations should in fairness be borne in mind, when we come, as we presently shall, to some startling passages in the first war waged between the Indians and colonists. They will account for, and in some degree palliate, much that otherwise would be without the shadow of excuse. In 1636, that war had become inevitable. The murderous ferocity of the Pequods, inflamed by impunity, must, it had become quite clear, be resolutely checked, or soon no one’s life would be safe. Two merchant captains, Norton and Stone, with their crews, had been treacherously surprised and murdered. An apology had been accepted for this ruthless deed, which was not long afterwards followed by the assassination of a Mr Oldham. Upon this, John Endicot was sent with an armed force against Block Island, in the hope of terrifying the Pequods into respect for the lives of the colonists. The expedition proved a failure; and worse, infinitely worse than that, reliable intelligence reached Boston, to the effect that the chiefs of the principal neighbouring tribes were about to hold a conference, at the instance of the Pequods, with a view to patch up all feuds amongst themselves, and unite as one man to expel or destroy the intruding colonists! As this dark rumour flew from mouth to mouth, the name of the only man who could effectually aid them in such an extremity flashed instantly across the minds, and trembled on the

lips of the startled colonists—that of Roger Williams, of the brave, good man, whom they had weakly, tamely permitted their intolerant rulers to hound forth of the colony but a few months previously. Where could he now be found? And if found, could it be expected that, returning good for evil, he would hasten to the assistance of those by whom he had been so spitefully, cruelly treated? Yes—yes; let him only be sought out, and the fearless and eloquent apostle of toleration, charity, forgiveness, love to all mankind, would, no one for an instant doubted, illustrate by his own practice the divine teachings that had occasioned his barbarous and illegal banishment.

The name of Roger Williams—the greatest, noblest of the emigrant Puritans, a true hero in the highest meaning of that much-abused word—might well at such a crisis strike the minds of the colonists with a sense of grief and shame. He was a young Welsh preacher of singular gifts and remarkable eloquence, who arrived in the colony in 1631, and found, to his infinite surprise and dismay, that the same system of religious persecution—differing only in its shibboleths and watchwords—from which he had fled to the shelter of the wilderness, was established there, in its fullest intensity, under democratic sanction. That this is no exaggeration, a few words will suffice to demonstrate. The actual government of Massachusetts, including Plymouth and Connecticut, was a democratic, spiritual hierarchy. The male adults of the colony who were church-communicants—in actual, not suspended communion—elected the governor, magistrates, and lawgivers annually; and it was a fundamental principle, that all laws should be in accordance with the Scripture, as interpreted by the ministers and elders of the congregations; and any omissions in the settled code were to be supplied from the same source, under the same direction. No other than the Puritan form of worship was on any pretence to be tolerated; and absence from divine service, without good and sufficient excuse—dangerous sickness only, by the by—was punishable by fine and imprisonment. The penalties consequent upon any infringement, by word or deed, of any portion of this fundamental intolerance were, in the first years of the colony, fine, whipping, imprisonment, banishment; but, as the spirit of opposition waxed stronger, more stringent expedients were unsparingly resorted to for the purpose of putting it down; till, at last—it seems almost incredible that truth should compel us to write such things of exiles for conscience' sake—sentence of torture and DEATH was pronounced—ay, and executed too—upon stubborn heretics to the Puritan establishment! In the first year of Governor Winthrop's arrival, two brothers, Samuel and John Browne, attempted to use the *Book of Common Prayer*; but this was at once pronounced to be an atrocious heresy, and Samuel and John Browne were packed off to England without delay. This spirit of intolerance was as yet in its infancy when Roger Williams arrived in the colony; and he quickly discerned and

denounced, with the fervid eloquence of which he was so great a master, not only its inherent wickedness, but the frightful lengths to which, if persisted in, it must necessarily lead. It was soon found that the young Welshman could not be treated in the off-handed manner adopted towards the Brownes; crowds of colonists attended his discourses, and applauded the fierce denunciations which he hurled at the blind and inconsistent men who sought to re-enact in America the very tyranny from which they had fled there to escape. The toleration of Roger Williams embraced all sects, all classes, all nations—the Catholic, Episcopalian, Socinian, Jew, Infidel, all were included; nay, he had patience even with the absurd idolatries of the Indian savages, whose earnest champion in all just claims he soon became. And the worst of it was—in the estimation of the authorities—that it would be quite useless, or worse, to insinuate any charge of infidelity against this Roger Williams, whose influence increased so rapidly, that, in the words of the Rev. Cotton Mather, a quaint historian of the colony, ‘the windmill in the young Welshman’s head seemed likely to turn everything topsy-turvy in the settlement.’ The preaching of this gifted and fervent man seems to have been but a prolonged and varied paraphrase of the first sentence of the eternal words upon the Mount: ‘Judge not, that ye be not judged!’ ‘Enforce attendance at church!’ he on one occasion exclaimed, ‘why, that is to mock God in his very temple by the worship of hypocrites! As well apparel a corpse in new garments, and think you have breathed into it the breath of life, as force an unwilling mind to worship its Creator. No one should be bound to attend—nay, no one be bound to support any form of religion against his own consent.’

‘What!’ cried his opponents, ‘is not the labourer worthy of his hire?’

‘Yes, from those that hire him.’

This would never do; and the Boston authorities, Winthrop and others, who, in consequence of their great services, and high standing in every respect in the colony, were possessed of vast moral, almost despotic authority, determined to finish with Roger Williams. The ministers were assembled, and they declared that ‘whoever denied the authority of the civil magistrate to extirpate heresy, was worthy of banishment.’ This project of law was of course directed against the popular young Welshman, who immediately afterwards was chosen by the people of Salem to be their preacher. This was esteemed a grievous affront to the ruling body; and, as a punishment, a considerable quantity of land to which Salem was entitled, was withheld from it. Severe measures were in contemplation; and Williams took the bold step of writing to the congregations, urging them to ‘admonish’ their representatives as to the folly and wickedness they were about to commit. A cry of ‘treason!’ was immediately raised, and Salem was disfranchised till it should repudiate its preacher, which, after a time, it was

intimidated, morally coerced into doing. More—Williams’s very wife was so wrought upon, as for a time to forsake him; but nothing could shake, much less subdue, the brave man’s constancy, and it was finally resolved to send him by force to England. For this purpose, he was summoned before the Council: he disobeyed the summons, and an armed pinnace was sent to Salem to secure him. The bird had flown—had been gone three days: when the officers arrived, Williams was traversing the wilderness alone on foot, through frost and snow—this occurred in the winter of 1635—towards the Indian settlements, not merely for the purpose of sheltering himself from the vengeance of the New England magistrates, but to procure authority and means for accomplishing the prime object of his life—the establishment of an American colony ‘which should *really* be a shelter for persons distressed for conscience’ sake.’ ‘For fourteen weeks,’ he afterwards wrote, ‘was I tossed in a bitter season, not knowing what bed or bread did mean.’ He was kindly received, and, so far as their means went, hospitably entertained by the Narragansets, and he applied himself diligently, whilst with them, to perfect himself in their dialect. ‘The ravens,’ he exclaims, ‘fed me in the wilderness;’ and so completely did he win upon the favour of his savage entertainers, ‘that the barbarous heart of Canonicus loved him as his own son till his last breath.’ Williams, in pursuance of his cherished purpose, first pitched his tent at Seekonk; but hearing that it was included in the New England jurisdiction, crossed over to Rhode Island, and settled on a spot which he named ‘Providence.’ Soon afterwards, an Indian deed from Canonicus and Miantonimoh transferred to him the entire island—of which now populous and prosperous state, this greatest of the Pilgrim Fathers thus became the founder and lawgiver.

In the following winter (1636), the breathless messenger of the Massachusetts authorities arrived at Providence. ‘Would Mr Williams exert his influence with the Narragansets to prevent the coalition between them and the Pequods, by which the very existence of the colony was menaced?’ ‘Would he?’ Ay, surely so, and that without a moment’s delay. It was blowing hard at the time, but Roger Williams put off at once in a ‘poor canoe’ from the island, reached the opposite shore in safety, and once more speeded through the frost-bound wilderness to the camp of the Narragansets. He arrived but just in time, for the Pequods were already there, and both Canonicus and Miantonimoh had received their advances favourably. For three days did Roger Williams exert every faculty of reasoning and eloquence that he possessed, to dissuade the Narragansets from accepting the proposed alliance—for three nights sleep calmly within reach of the knives of the exasperated Pequods. He succeeded: the Narragansets determined on holding fast by their agreement with the English; the baffled Pequods were dismissed, and Williams returned to Providence.

Notwithstanding this ominous failure, the Pequods, emboldened by their great fame as warriors, determined to make war upon the Pale-faces, though they should stand alone in the contest. With true Indian cunning, they contrived to force the colonists to attack them on their own territory, where, from their necessarily superior acquaintance with the ground, and other advantages, they anticipated a comparatively easy victory. With this view, two more Englishmen, Tilly and Butterfield, were murdered, and war was instantly resolved upon, first by Connecticut, and quickly afterwards by Massachusetts. The 'army' of Connecticut was fixed at 90 men, of whom Hartford was required to furnish 42, New Windsor 30, and Weatherfield 18. The Massachusetts and Plymouth contingent was estimated at about 100 men; but these were not waited for. On the 10th of May 1636, the Rev. Mr Hooker, after a solemn appeal to the Lord of Hosts, placed the staff of command in the hands of Captain Mason; and the expeditionary force, which, when joined by the whole of its Indian allies, reached the respectable number of 350 presumably fighting-men—90 English; 200 Narragansets, under Miantonimoh; and 60 Mohegans, commanded by Uncas—sailed direct for Narraganset Bay, the object being to attack Fort Mystic, a stronghold of the Pequods. As they neared the fort, its formidable reputation, as well as that of the warlike race who occupied it, told sensibly upon the courage of the Indian contingent; and when the push came, the colonists had all the fighting part of the business to themselves. The 'fort' was simply a rude mud-wall, enclosing some hundred Indian wigwams: the assault, two hours before dawn, was vigorous, and thoroughly successful, so far as penetrating into the enclosure went; but the hand-to-hand encounter which ensued amidst the wigwams with 700 or 800 Pequod warriors, was a desperate and unequal one. Captain Mason, with the ready and ruthless decision of a soldier in such a crisis, exclaimed: 'We must burn them!' The order was obeyed, the English, at the same time, spreading themselves in a circle round the devoted enclosure. The weather was sultry, the wigwams dry as tinder, and the flames consequently spread with terrible rapidity. The Pequods, unable to arrest the progress of the flames, burst through them with one only frantic hope—that of escape. A vain one! The dark forms of the Indians, as they sprang out of the smoke and fire, were mercilessly shot down; and when the sun arose, 600 Pequods, according to Captain Mason's report, lay dead around the smouldering embers of their fort and dwellings. The women and children that were taken alive were either, with others subsequently captured, employed as domestic slaves in the colony, or sent for sale to Jamaica. A body of 200 or 300 Pequods that arrived subsequently within view of the terrible scene, tore their hair with grief and rage at the unexpected sight. Their own fate was a similar one. The Massachusetts contingent was equally successful, and still more pitiless. It was commanded by the Rev. Mr Wilson

and a Mr Slaughter, and, by aid of some Narragansets, managed to surprise a large number of Pequods in a swamp—the ‘Battle of the Swamp’ the fight was called—in which all were shot down but eighty prisoners, thirty of whom being males, were, with the exception of two sachems, immediately put to death. The sachems were respited, because they promised to lead the victors to another assured and easy triumph over their own people; but the victors, finding, as they approached Guildford, that this promise was of no value, the sachems were forthwith beheaded. This is the origin of the name of ‘Sachem’s Head,’ by which the spot where the barbarous deed was performed is now called. In fine, the Pequod race was utterly destroyed—annihilated; and the terrific example so dismayed the Indian tribes, that, till Philipp’s formidable war, many years after, not a hand was raised by the aborigines against the English colonists.

In order to have done at once with all transactions that fall within the scope of this paper, between the Indian tribes and the Puritan emigrants, we relate here the circumstances that have given rise to so many comments connected with the death of Miantonimoh. In 1642, Miantonimoh quarrelled with Uncas, the sagamore of the Mohegans, and a battle ensued, in which the Narragansets were defeated. Stung by his discomfiture, Miantonimoh is said to have hired a Pequod to assassinate Uncas. The Pequod failed; confessed who employed him; and Miantonimoh, in order to get rid of his evidence, contrived to murder the Pequod on the road between Boston and Narraganset. All this, be it remembered, Miantonimoh to the last denied, and the main facts rest upon no better authority than that of Uncas, his implacable enemy. In 1643, Uncas applied to the ‘Commissioners of the United Colonies,’ in whose power Miantonimoh then was, to deliver up his enemy, in order that he, Uncas, might put him to death. This application, after much cogitation and delay, was complied with. The reasons of the commissioners for thus acting, and the stipulations they made as to how and where the act of vengeance should be performed, read strangely:—‘That as Uncas could not be safe whilst Miantonimoh lived, he might justly put such a false and blood-thirsty enemy to death, *but* the commissioners *advise* that no torture be used, and *insist* that the execution shall not take place within the English settlements.’ In pursuance of this decree, Miantonimoh, the constant friend and protector of Roger Williams, was delivered into the hands of Uncas, who, the moment he saw his bound and helpless foe, leaped exultingly towards him, ‘split his head with an axe,’ and then ‘cut a large piece out of his shoulder, and ate it with great relish!’ The sanguinary savage merely obeyed his brutal instincts; but the conduct of the commissioners in this matter, spite of all the ingenious excuses that have been suggested in their behalf, will not only remain for ever obnoxious to unqualified censure for its manifest illegality, but the motive by which they were animated

in coming to such a decision, will always appear gravely questionable to every man who carefully ponders *all* the circumstances attendant upon, and inextricably connected with it.

Reverting to our brief outline of the civil progress of the Pilgrim Puritans, we find that the banishment of Roger Williams has not (1636) restored religious peace to New England. The prophetic warning of the eloquent exile seemed likely to be more quickly realised than he himself had probably anticipated. ‘You begin,’ he had said, ‘by reviling the erring brother, you will end by hanging him, for in that path there is no halting-place.’ Anne Hutchinson—a woman of courage, considerable force of intellect and power of language, and impressed with peculiar doctrinal views, of which we have nothing to say—was the next popular exponent of the antagonistic feeling growing up amongst the colonists against the intolerant ‘establishment’ of New England. ‘Like Roger Williams, or worse,’ she was pronounced by the settled ministers of the colony to be. Of course, her strong, and, in a logical point of view, impregnable position, when arraigned for ‘heresy’ before those ‘ushers of persecution,’ as she presumed to call the lay and clerical rulers of the colony, was that furnished by their own example. ‘If what you say of the sin of schism be true,’ exclaimed the fearless woman, ‘why did you not submit to the prelates of the English church?’ ‘We uphold truth,’ it was replied: ‘God forbid we should be so weak as to tolerate error.’ ‘Truth! error!’ rejoined Anne Hutchinson; ‘ah! I see you are already familiar with the devil’s horn-book! That has been the language of persecutors in all ages of the world.’ It was useless arguing. The magistrates were predetermined to put down all heresies by force, since persuasion would not avail; and Anne Hutchinson was ultimately banished, and at the same time warned, that if she dared return, her punishment would probably—so far had they gone already—be death! There is no end to the chameleon colours in which sincere, well-meaning bigotry strives to conceal from the world, and chiefly from itself, its unchangeably hideous front. The excuse offered to themselves and others by the New England inquisition in this instance was, ‘that Anne Hutchinson had weakened the hands and hearts of the people towards their ministers.’ The celebrated Sir Harry Vane was in the colony about this time. He had been received by all classes in a very flattering manner, and invested with chief office; but his popularity continued only with the lower classes and the protesters against religious persecution. He throughout sided with the Anne Hutchinson party; and as to the law of banishment, he denounced it in unmeasured terms. ‘Scribes and Pharisees,’ exclaimed Sir Harry Vane, ‘and all such, are not to be denied cohabitation, but are to be pitied and reformed: Ishmael shall dwell in the presence of his brethren.’ He might as well have reasoned with the winds; and it was not very long before he returned to England, much to the relief of the thorough-going

intolerants of the colony. Mrs Anne Hutchinson, who, I have omitted to mention, was strongly suspected of witchcraft—a satanic propensity just then epidemical in the old as well as the New World—although perfectly decisive proofs thereof could not be obtained, took refuge in Rhode Island, where she for a time laboured with Roger Williams in the founding of that state, the signet-seal of which they agreed should be a sheaf of arrows—the ‘bundle of sticks,’ sharpened—with the motto: *Amor vincet omnia*. One of her sons—she was married, and had a somewhat numerous family—and her son-in-law, Collins, were not so fortunate. They had the audacity to remonstrate with the Boston authorities upon the treatment Mrs Hutchinson had met with, and got rewarded for this filial zeal by a long and rigorous imprisonment.

It will no doubt strike the reader as remarkably strange that if, as we have intimated, the feeling of the Puritan *people* was, in the main, opposed to such outrageous proceedings, they could, under a democratic system of government, have been persisted in. The explanation is an easy one, and will be admitted to be quite sufficient by every man that has had an opportunity of estimating the potency of certain catch-words upon the masses of mankind. From the very first establishment of Massachusetts, a ‘national’ feeling, so to speak, was very apparent amongst the colonists; and the ministers and chief men of Boston, Salem, Plymouth, and other towns, took care to identify themselves intimately and cordially with it. They framed what was called ‘The Freeman’s Oath,’ by which all candidates for office of any kind swore fidelity to the institutions of Massachusetts *only*, all mention of any authority beyond the sea being studiously avoided. The parties punished by the magistrates very naturally threatened an appeal to the English crown, which had delegated no such powers—Roger Williams was the only ‘culprit’ who did *not* dispute the *legal* power of the colonial authorities—and an immediate cry of ‘treason’ against the ‘rights’ of the colony was successfully raised. In the elections which took place not long after Anne Hutchinson’s sentence, the cries of ‘Toleration for ever!’ ‘Let us allow to others what we claim for ourselves!’ were met by ‘Massachusetts and independence for ever!’ ‘No Star-chamber appeals!’ The self-flattering illusions of a blind and senseless nationality induced them, against their better feelings, to take part with the appeal-menaced authorities, who were, though by narrow majorities, confirmed in their functions, which, in consequence of the exasperation sure to be engendered by a powerful and irritating, but unsuccessful opposition, they abused more recklessly than before; and fining, imprisoning, whipping, and banishing, in the names of Truth and Faith, went on at a great rate, with, however, only one visible effect—that of peopling ‘contumacious Rhode Island’ with many of the best citizens of New England. Anne Hutchinson herself did not long remain there. Fearing for her family

much more than for herself, that they were not safe from the ever-menacing clutch of the New England rulers, she removed to the Dutch settlers’ territory. There, one fearful night, her dwelling, with others, was surprised and fired, and herself and family, all but one child, murdered by ruthless savages.

The English votaries of freedom of conscience seemed determined to allow the New England exiles for conscience’ sake no rest or peace. One lady came to them all the way from London, for the sole purpose of remonstrating against the persecuting doings in the colony. This rashly indignant person received twenty stripes for her pains, and an immediate passage home again. Next, Mary Dyar and Anne Burder, two of the sect of Quakers, and overflowing with the fresh liveliness, the young enthusiasm of a newly-inaugurated mission, arrived out with the express design of denouncing the formalism of the Puritan worship, and defying the vengeance of its ministers. Anne Burder, after the infliction of a reasonable quantum of ‘wholesome discipline’—we cannot tell the precise amount, but there is no doubt Anne Burder could and did for some time afterwards—was reconveyed, unmistakably endorsed therewith, to the plague-teeming island she had unwisely quitted. Mary Dyar was fortunately caught and secured by her husband, just in the very nick of time; forcibly borne off in the marital arms, and safely deposited in Rhode Island. In addition to many less notable persons, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, also two of the ‘accursed sect’—we use the Massachusetts statute-phrase applied to ‘Friends’—were reported to have arrived in Boston Roads. There was as yet no law forbidding Quakers to land in the colony, but the ruling powers at once resolved to arrest the growing mischief by any and every means, legal or illegal, within their reach. The fair Friends were forbidden to come on shore; and duly-appointed officers visited the ship, with the view, if possible, to bring them within the iron meshes of the law. Their boxes were broken open, and diligent search made throughout their books and apparel, whilst the same process was going on elsewhere by female hands with their persons, for signs or marks of witchcraft. Witches unquestionably they were, there was no doubt entertained as to that, though, unfortunately, the marks were not quite so discernible as the technicalities of the statutes in such cases made and provided would require. This being the case, the books were burnt, and the persons of the delinquents placed in solitary and rigorous confinement for five weeks, at the expiration of which an opportunity offered of sending them back, with eight others in the same pestilent category, to the prolific source of all heresies—England! Mary Fisher subsequently made a journey to Adrianople, where she publicly rebuked the sultan for his unreasonable and wicked adherence to Mohammedanism. The grave Orientals thought her crazy, and, influenced by the almost reverential awe with which every Mussulman regards persons that the hand of

Allah has so terribly afflicted, treated her with great kindness and respect. Mary Fisher could not have understood the motive of this courteous behaviour, or she would not, one would think, have so constantly dilated, as she did subsequently, upon the painful contrast between Christian-minded Turks and Pagan-minded New England Christians.

To meet and check thoroughly this onslaught of Quakers, a penal code was framed, and resolutely acted upon, of which the brief provisions were—that whoever presumed to entertain any of the ‘accursed sect,’ should be fined and imprisoned at the discretion of the magistrates; any Quaker or Quakeress coming to, or found in the colony, be whipped and banished; and if he or she returned from banishment, hanged. There was also a law passed, authorising the torture and mutilation of the offenders, copied apparently from the code of the English Star-chamber; but this the indignant clamours of the citizens prevented from being put in execution, and it was soon erased from the statute-book.

Under this frightful death-code, Marinaduke Stephenson, John Robinson, and Mary Dyar, who had again escaped from her husband, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. After sentence, Robinson mildly asked the judges if they thought God would be blinded by their wretched sophistries; Stephenson invoked a curse upon their heads; and Mary Dyar gently exclaimed: ‘The will of the Lord be done!’ and ‘returned full of joy to the prison.’ Robinson and Stephenson were executed on Boston Common; Mary Dyar was also led to the scaffold; but the appearance of the young and beautiful enthusiast, and, moreover, a wife and mother, so wrought upon the spectators, let us hope the judges also, that she was reprieved when the halter was round her neck, greatly, as it seemed, to her own disappointment. She had mildly, whilst walking to the gallows, replied to a coarse taunt of the Rev. Mr Wilson’s—the gentleman who commanded at the ‘Battle of the Swamp’—that ‘she had been in Paradise many days.’

Mary Dyar was once more banished; but the coveted crown of martyrdom was hers at last. She again returned; was again condemned. Vainly this time did her husband, seconded by thousands of sympathising voices, entreat the judges to spare her life for this once only. ‘Pity me; I beg it with tears,’ he wrote. The magistrates were inexorable—pitiless; and Boston Common was the scene of another judicial murder. Mary Dyar was hanged there.

The next Quaker sentenced to die was William Leddron. Whilst the solemn mockery was proceeding, Wenlock Churtson, who had been previously banished on pain of death, suddenly entered the court, and confronted the dismayed and astonished judges! Where, with such men to deal with, was this butchering work to end? Leddron was offered his life, if he would promise to leave the colony and not return. He refused to compromise, or

barter away, even for life, his right as an English citizen, and was hanged!

Leddron was the last Quaker victim. The hideous doings of the court had become too monstrous—the contrast between such frightful tyranny and their own high-sounding professions—their glowing apostrophes to freedom! liberty! too glaring to be longer even partially concealed beneath the gloss of a vain and exaggerated nationality, and the whole murderous enginery fell to pieces amidst the soul-felt rejoicing of every genuine and enlightened Puritan in the colony! Let us add, upon an authority which cannot be gainsaid—that of Roger Williams—that the great majority of those merciless magistrates were, in all the private, and with the exception only of their intolerance, public relations of life, the best, kindest, most excellent of men. ‘I know you mean well,’ Williams would frequently say. ‘I am sure you are earnest, sincere, naturally kind-hearted and godly men; that you verily believe you are serving God, whilst doing the work of the devil. And this is why I chiefly tremble for you: the measure and fervency of your zeal will be that of your cruelty and rage.’

The repetition of the high-minded founder of the state of Rhode Island’s name, reminds us that we have not yet stated that Roger Williams proceeded to England in 1643; and, backed by the influence of Sir Harry Vane, readily obtained an independent charter for Rhode Island, with which he returned in triumph to America—in real triumph, for the ship in which he came back had not anchored, when a perfect fleet of boats, crowded with New England citizens, put off to welcome him—another proof, if any were wanting, of the sympathy of the great body of the colonists, dominated by habit and clerical influence as they to a great extent were, with the benign, tolerant, Christian principles of which he was the fearless and eloquent expounder and champion. The constitution of Rhode Island, many years afterwards confirmed by Charles II., was a democracy, with this one proviso, that in matters of conscience the majority should have no power to legislate for the minority. Roger Williams was still a banished man; but armed with the letters of which he was the bearer from the Long Parliament, he had nothing to dread, as he passed through the streets receiving and reciprocating the congratulations of the citizens of Boston! It was in this year that Miantonimoh was delivered up to the tender mercies of Uncas.

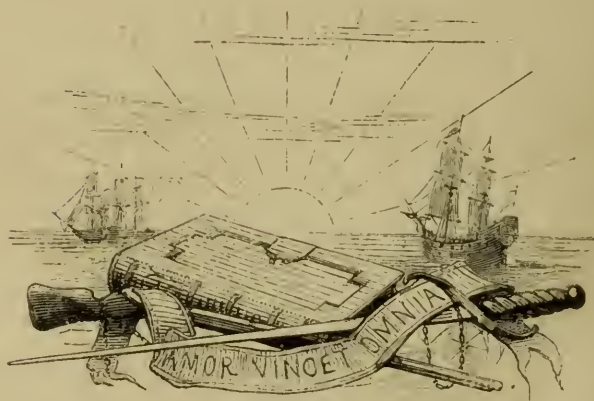
We have no inclination, nor is there any need, to dwell upon the witch-destroying propensity of the Pilgrim Puritans—a cruel and absurd mania they carried with them from Europe, in many parts of which it flourished long after it had died out in New England. We will only quote the lamentation of the last witch-judge, as recorded by Increase Mather—a bitter foe to witches—over the common-sense-compelled cessation of the tragedies that had been enacted in Salem and other towns in New England.

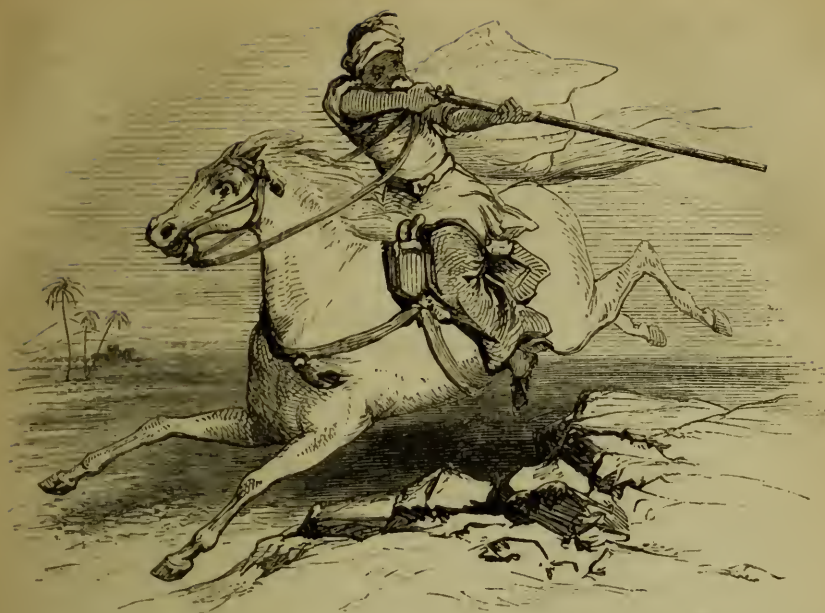
It reminds one very forcibly of the predictions indulged in by a famous English chancellor—that England’s sun would infallibly set on the day that her parliament should decide on doing justice and loving mercy. ‘The last court for the trial of witches sat at Charlestown, February 17, 1693. The judge said: “That who it was obstructed the execution of justice, or hindered those good proceedings, he knew not, but thereby the kingdom of Satan was advanced, and the Lord have mercy upon the country!”’ Increase Mather does not give the name of this indignant justice; but the important part of the business, that all the witches in custody were discharged, and no more prosecutions permitted, is duly and circumstantially set forth in his history of New England witchcraft, compiled at the request of the New England divines.

The material progress of the colony meanwhile was unprecedented—marvellous. New England had attained a giant growth; whilst other settlements on the same continent, with much greater advantages as to climate, soil, and previous organisation, were still in a condition of doubtful vitality. The Puritan emigration amounted from first to last, according to Mr Bancroft, the historian of the United States, to 21,200 individuals, who, says the same authority, by the time the Long Parliament met in England, when the movement, as a peculiar and distinctive one, may be said to have ceased, had marked out and commenced fifty towns, and thirty villages, built between thirty and forty chapels, begun to export furs and timber, carried grain and cured fish to the West Indies, and in 1643, had ships upon the stocks of 400 tons burden! The youth and manhood of New England have, it is well known, amply realised the dazzling promise of its infancy. It was chiefly with reference to the astounding commercial enterprise of this state, that Mr Burke and others in the British House of Commons in 1775, uplifted their hands with astonishment, exclaiming: ‘What in the world was ever equal to it!’ It was in Boston the flame burst forth which, kindling the rifle-flashes of Bunker’s Hill, taught the astounded ministers of George III., that the old spirit which had vindicated English liberties at Marston Moor and Naseby—and in so doing, prepared the way for the yet far-off constitutional and beneficent monarchy under which the people of these islands have now the happiness to live—glowed as brightly as ever in the hearts of Englishmen, wherever upon the earth’s wide surface they might chance to have been born! New England, too, was the first state in America, in the world, to declare the slave-trade piracy—capital felony; and her free schools, set on foot in the early days of the colony, were the type and precursors of the public educational establishments throughout the Union. Neither can there be any question, that although the Virginian city of Washington is the governmental, and New York the commercial capital of the republic, New England is its intellectual metropolis. Above all, the soul and centre of the great moral agitation which will ultimately pull down the huge

‘THE PILGRIM FATHERS.’

enormity that, like the hideous intolerance whose doings we have faintly recited—and inherited, let us never forget to acknowledge, from the same source as that—mocks by revolting contrast the liberty with which it is associated, as well as drowns in its chain-clankings and muttered slave-curses the triumphal hymns to freedom and the natural rights of humanity that resound throughout the vast, and, in so many aspects, glorious republic of the West. Let but New England lead the way to the successful accomplishment of this high and imperious duty, and the sun-bow glory of that great achievement will obliterate, to the eyes of the dazzled world at least, the dark spots that still linger too plainly visible in the great, heroic, humiliating story of the PILGRIM FATHERS.





THE WAR IN ALGERIA.



A SLIGHT blow on M. Deval, the French consul's cheek, in 1829, by the fan of Hussein, Dey of Algiers, afforded Charles X. an unhopd-for chance of breaking the spell of ill-fortune which attached to the transmarine expeditions of France—of crushing, in the general interest of humanity, a nest of pirates that for three centuries had infested the Mediterranean; and chiefly and lastly, of diverting the attention of his volatile subjects from their new fancy—constitutional government—by the regilding of their old and tarnished idol—foreign conquest.

The first-mentioned purposes were easily accomplished. The time chosen was summer, June 1830. Great Britain, to whose hostility previous maritime disasters were chiefly attributable, partially satisfied by a verbal assurance that no permanent occupation of the Algerine territory was contemplated, interposed no obstacle to the enterprise; and a fleet of upwards of a hundred transport-ships, escorted by twenty vessels of war, under the command of Admiral Duperré, safely conveyed General Bourmont, 40,000 choice troops of all arms, and the necessary war-material, from Toulon to Sidi-Feruch, a point of the African coast a few miles westward of the city of Algiers—where the disembarkation, which

occupied three days, was effected without difficulty. Algiers, though strongly fortified to seaward, was incapable of serious resistance to a well-appointed and numerous land-force; and after a brisk cannonade of the Emperor's Fort, to the south-east of the city, the dey offered to capitulate, on condition that private property and the religion of the inhabitants should be respected, and himself and his garrison of Turkish Janizaries, about 7000 in number, permitted to embark unmolested in person and effects. These terms were readily acceded to by General Bourmont; and the white flag of Bourbon France replaced (5th July) the red ensign of the pirates; the victors, moreover, finding themselves in the possession of public spoil to the amount of two millions sterling in gold and silver, besides twelve vessels of war, and more than a hundred bronze cannon. But this brilliant success availed the French king nothing in his conflict with the Paris democracy, if, indeed, it did not precipitate his fall, by inducing a belief in the royal mind, that the clamorous indignation sure to be excited by the famous *ordonnances*, would be drowned and forgotten in the triumphal echoes of the African victory. If so, the rash monarch was ruinously self-deceived; the *coup d'état* aimed at the popular liberties, failed miserably—solely, as we now perceive, because launched some twenty years too soon, and by the wrong hand; and the deposed dey arrived in France just as his dis-crowned conqueror was leaving it for ever. This, we may observe by the way, has not been the only time warlike adventure in North Africa has been associated with disaster to the House of Bourbon. St Louis died in the camp before Tunis; Charles X. in the same month wins Algiers and loses France; and but for the inopportune absence in Algeria at a critical moment of De Joinville and D'Aumale, by far the most popular and energetic of Louis-Philippe's sons, it is more than probable that the feebly-opposed outbreak of February 1848, would have had a very different termination. But it was not to be so written.

There is reason to believe that Charles X., and his minister, Prince Polignac, were quite sincere in the assurances given to Lord Aberdeen—that the only object of the French expedition, was the thorough extinction of Algerine piracy, so long the scourge and terror of feeble commercial states; but it was one of the cruel necessities of Louis-Philippe's precarious position—resting as it did, well-nigh exclusively, upon the timid sympathies of the moneyed and middle classes, instead of upon those far more powerful buttresses of continental thrones, the traditions and instincts of a numerous army, and the passions and prejudices of the great masses of the population—that he was compelled to temporise with every whim and vanity of the popular mind that happened to be in any way associated with the military 'glory' of France. Compelled by this pressure, the citizen-king's government, after the exhibition of much vacillation and infirmity of purpose, finally repudiated the engagement with Great Britain, and admittedly

against their better judgment, prosecuted the war we are about to sketch, sometimes with languid irresolution, at others, with remorseless violence, till French Africa, as it is called, nominally comprised an area of 100,000 square miles, extending from Morocco on the west, to Tunis on the east—a distance of about 500 miles—and from the blue waters of the Mediterranean on the north, to the great Desert of Sahara—the Arab's 'Sea without Water' (*El baher billa maa*)—on the south, an average breadth approaching 200 miles. This country of hill and dale, plain and desert, sand and forest, rock and river, is divided into three provinces—Constantina on the east, Titteri in the centre, and Oran on the west; of which Bona, Algiers, and Oran are respectively the principal maritime towns or sea-gates—Algiers, or *El Jezira* ('the Warlike'), being placed near the centre of the coast-line between Bona and Oran, which are about as distant from each other as both are from France. Other important coast-towns are Mostaganem and Arzew, westward, and Bouteyah and Philippeville—the latter built by the French near Bona for greater facility of access to the interior of Constantina, eastward of the capital of Algeria. The Great Atlas Mountains, which rise on the Atlantic sea-board of Morocco, stretch in broken and irregular masses across the three provinces in a south-easterly direction; whilst the less elevated ridges, known as the Little or Maritime Atlas, extend through the country from about Mostaganem and the mouth of the Shelliff River, in a direction more parallel with the coast than the central and southern ranges—from which the Shelliff, for nearly 300 miles, divides them. The heights of the Lesser or Northern Atlas vary from 200 to 1000 feet, and, together with the loftier chains, and the extensive intervening valleys, occupy the greater portion of the surface of French Africa. Algiers itself is built in the form of an irregular triangle upon the seaward slope of Le Sahal, a magnificent amphitheatre of hills swelling gently up from the Mediterranean. These hills are based and girdled southward by the plain of Metidjah, which extends—a distance of seven leagues only—to the nearest ridge of the Little Atlas, in the midst of which, about forty-five miles south of Algiers, Medeyah, the capital of the province of Titteri, and, moreover, the key of the south country, is situated. To reach this city, and the equally populous, though not, in a military sense, equally important town of Milianah, from Algiers, the Col or Pass of Teneah, a dangerous mountain-defile, of which we shall have to make frequent mention, must be threaded. Two other towns in the vicinity of Algiers are Blidah and Koleah, separated from each other by the width of the Metidjah—the first nestled at the base of the Lesser Atlas, the other charmingly placed on the Mediterranean shore, about four leagues westward of Algiers. The chief inland towns of Oran are Mascara, near which Abd-el-Kader was born, and till his final overthrow, the governmental capital of the province;

and Tlemecen, 100 miles south-west of Oran, near the borders of the Sahara, which there approaches unusually near the coast. Tlemecen is also but a few leagues eastward of the Desert of Angada, a debatable district, famous for its ostriches, on the confines of Morocco. Mascara is on the borders of Titteri, and inland ten leagues of Mostaganem. The only city of importance that breaks in the vast plains of the eastern province, is Constantina itself, fifty leagues from the coast, and perched upon high table-land, the southern boundary of which is the Libyan Desert.

Conquerors and colonists out of number—Phœnicians, Romans, Vandals, Greeks of the lower empire—attempted, with more or less present success, the subjugation and settlement of this part of North Africa, and passed away, leaving few traces of their footsteps, till the Arabian invasion, under Kaled, ‘the Sword of God,’ in the eighth century, which, it is quite manifest, vitally impressed the language, manners, religion, and, in no slight degree, the physical conformation of the natives of this ancient Numidia. The population of Algeria, about two millions, according to General Lamoricière’s estimate, is essentially Asian, not African; and all, with the exception of the Jews and negroes, are devout votaries of Mohammed. This strongly-marked and diversified people consist of Berbers, otherwise Kabyles, Arabs, Moors, Kooloolis, Jews, and negroes from Soudan. The Kabyles (clansmen) are the descendants of the hill-tribes of North Africa, and like their Numidian ancestors, are reputed to be brave and active, as well as cruel, inhospitable, and revengeful. They still occupy the mountain-ranges, and are skilled in agriculture and the ruder mechanical arts. Their dwellings are stone huts, straw-thatched and overgrown with palm-branches, in almost every one of which there is to be seen a copy of the Koran. They are broken into innumerable tribes, constantly at feud with each other, and are governed, like their co-religionists the Arabs, by sheiks and holy men or marabouts—literally, men with rope-girdles—who possess immense influence over them. They understand Arabic, and those near the coast speak that language; and in complexion they differ little from the swarthy Arab, but their heads are rounder, and their noses less prominent and aquiline than the Arabian types. The Arabs of the plains are a nomadic race, chiefly dwelling in tents, who have preserved the manners, faith, and language of their progenitors who immigrated to these countries; and flit hither and thither with their flocks and herds, as fancy, caprice, or the need of water and fresh pasture dictates. Some of these tribes, however, reside in villages near the chief cities, and engage in the cultivation of the soil. They are of courageous temperament, and simple, abstemious habits: in these attributes differing altogether from the servile and luxurious Moors, who constitute the bulk of the town populations—a mixed race, descended from the various nations that have at different periods settled in North Africa,

although the Arabian element undoubtedly predominates, especially since the large addition to their numbers consequent upon the expulsion of the Andalusian Moors from Spain, after the conquest of Granada. The Jews, who also flocked thither in great numbers on being driven out of that country, need not be described—*semper idem*—in Algeria, as elsewhere, the ubiquitous race are the brokers, peddlers, money-changers, jewel-dealers of the community. The Kooloolis are the descendants of the Turkish Janizaries—of whose Algerine rule we shall have presently to speak—who, not being permitted to bring females with them to the Barbary states, intermarried with Moorish women or Christian captives. The negroes are, or rather were, slaves from the interior of Africa.

As might be expected, the French occupation of Algeria shews to greatest advantage in the metropolis of their new possession and its charming environs, so easily accessible from Toulon and Marseille, especially if visited during the month of June, or early in July, when the heat has not yet become intolerable, and the gorgeous vegetation of the country is in its fullest vigour, and coloured by its richest dyes. At this season of the year, the harbour of Algiers, formed by the artificial connection of a small island in front of the city with the mainland, will be found alive with shipping, steamers chiefly, with frequently several crack specimens of the Royal Yacht Squadron intermingled with them. The bustle on the quays, and in the steep and narrow streets which lead from them, the hurrying to and fro, and Babel hubbub of the motley population by which they are crowded, present a scene at once novel, striking, and picturesque; and although the vigorous commercial life everywhere pulsating around is no doubt in a great degree factitious—factitious in the sense applicable to all numerously-garrisoned towns—it is not the less impressive and exhilarating; and you will not have been on shore ten minutes, before feeling quite satisfied that the contest going on between Asia and Europe on North African soil, is already virtually decided so far as the capital of Algeria is concerned. The narrow filthy streets, with their dead walls of whity-brown houses, have been or are in process of being cleared and widened, and the houses *turned round* with their window-faces to the passers-by—to the unspeakable disgust and dismay of the wealthy, luxurious Moors, at thus finding themselves, their harems, servants—the inner, shrouded life, in fact, to which they were accustomed in their walled-in seclusion—exposed, like the faces of Frankish, and, alas! of late, too many Moorish women, to impertinent observation and the common light of day. There has been an extensive emigration of rich Moors to the more congenial atmosphere of Tunis and Morocco, but the poorer classes, both of Moors and Kooloolis, have adapted themselves, with more or less of readiness, to a change by which they have unquestionably been greatly benefited; and as porters—a business they dispute with the emancipated negroes—waiters, clerks, household servants, boatmen, and the inferior

occupations generally, display an energy and teachableness that could hardly have been predicted from their former habits and modes of thought. The Jews also remain, and make money of their new clients the French, with as keen a relish as they did of their old friends the Turks and Moors; and all the more agreeably, no doubt, that no apprehension need now be entertained of a sudden demand of 'your money or your life' from a fierce aga of Janizaries, or other all-potent functionary, as in the days when their elastic shoulders stooped beneath the burden of Turkish rule.

The new buildings—the Prefecture, Cathedral, Theatre, Palace of Justice, handsome structures all of them—contribute greatly to the rapidly-developing European aspect of the city. Then the principal thoroughfares are studded with brilliant cafés, milliners', confectioners', jewellers' shops, almost all kept by a monsieur or madame *de Paris*. Let us walk on to the principal bazaar or market-place, not very far from the Place de Marengo, which has not only a fresh and pleasant look at this season of the year, with its pyramids of delicious fruits—cherries, peaches, pomegranates, oranges, dates, jujubes, melons—but is perhaps the very best place in Algiers for obtaining a good, collective view of its shifting, miscellaneous population. Here we are, and the first glance assures us that officers and soldiers in the blue and red uniforms, gold, silver, and worsted epaulettes, and lace of the French army, are abundantly numerous; Zouaves and Spahis, native troops in the service of France (fighting Arabs and Kabyles—not Moors), in ornamented *bornouse* (cloaks), are scarcely less so. Yonder, a muffled Moorish lady hurries past, followed by a huge negro carrying her marketings, the lady intensely scrutinised by a bevy of elegantly-attired French dames, who, escorted by their smart and lithe, if not very gigantic husbands, that talk much more and louder than their greatly better-halves, are come over to take a peep at the capital of L'Afrique Française—one or more of them possibly to ascertain if an eligibly-situated *magasin-de-modes* is in the market. At a stall near them is a gay *soubrette*, unmistakably a recent importation, with her unexceptionable cap and glittering ear-drops, who wonderfully contrives at one and the same moment to bargain for a fowl with her fingers, dispose of a peach with her teeth, and play off the artillery of laughing lips, bright eyes, and the prettiest feet in the world, at a young sous-lieutenant, in the uniform of a *Chasseur d'Afrique*, who happens to be standing by. Here and there flash past, showily attired, jewelled Jewesses, whose lustrous Eastern eyes are, after all, their brightest ornaments. Those grave-looking swarthy men in white bornouse are Kabyles, who, first leaving their arms at the barrier, are come to ascertain how wheat, maize, millet, which they cultivate on the slopes and in the valleys of the Little Atlas, are ruling in Algiers to-day. There are but few Arabs present, except those in uniform—the free air of the plains doubtless suiting them better than the close atmosphere of towns, Giaour-governed

towns more especially; but there is a large number of Kooloolis and the lower sort of Moors running about in all directions, in the reality or pretence of business, and bawling and gesticulating in a way that greatly adds to the din and confusion of the novel and, to a stranger, burlesque scene. The *gendarmes maures*, who are expected to keep order in this and similar localities, are recruited from the ranks of these noisy, bustling errand-men.

Leaving this market, and passing out of the city by one of the barriers of the upper town, we find ourselves near the plateau-summit of Le Sahal, with one of the most splendid landscapes in the world stretched out before us. Beauty breaks in everywhere, encircles us in all directions. The verdant, slightly-undulating surface of the far east and west extending hills is profusely dotted with white, villa-like country-houses, peeping out from amidst vine-gardens, orange and palm groves, bouquet-like clumps of pomegranate, jujube, cypress, and almond trees; above us is the deep, cloudless blue of Italian skies; and far below, murmuring at the base of Le Sahal, and closing the distant horizon on the north, are the bright and calmly-heaving waters of the Mediterranean—the fresh breeze from whence sensibly moderates the intense heat. Even in the shade of this luxuriant foliage, the thermometer stands at 100 degrees Fahrenheit: a month later in the year, it will be at least ten degrees higher—still higher when the south wind blows and scorches, as with the breath of a blast-furnace, every leaf and blade of verdure in Algeria—baking them as brown as an Arab's face, save it may be the oleander tribe, and one or two similar fire-and-frost defying evergreens; with the exception, also, of the oasis upon which we are now standing, which, at an immense cost, has been completely interlaced with a silver net-work of streams, shielded from the sun's rays by the overarching foliage which they nourish and sustain. Le Sahal was the earthly Mohammedan paradise of the chiefs of the Janizaries and the wealthy Moors, till the cannon of the Franks awoke them from their sensuous dreams of security; and, judging by the numerous epaulettes and silk dresses that glance and flutter through openings in the trees and groves, it is not less the favourite resort of the gallant soldiers and fair dames of France. Other luxurious retreats in the vicinity of Algiers are the renowned gardens of Blidah and Koleah, situated, as previously stated, one at the base of the near Atlas range, the other on the Mediterranean shore, slightly westward of the city. The towns themselves may be called gardens, the narrow streets being roofed in, as it were, with interlacing branches of the palm and vine, partly for shade to the dwellers therein, but chiefly to prevent the drying up during the summer heats of the limpid waters of the *Chissa*, which are made to flow through them. The shop-windows of these leaf-shaded streets, opening like trap-doors, give to view peculiar industries going on within—such as the manufacture and ornamentation of silk bornouse of various

colours, rich saddlery, slippers, sabre-sheaths, &c.; and fruit and sweetmeat shops are well supplied and numerous. Each establishment is watched in front by the proprietor, who, squat upon a mat, and not unfrequently dabbling with his feet in the cool stream, regards the intrusive Franks with the same dull furtive expression of cowed malignity which one sometimes detects in the quickly-withdrawn glance of his richer countryman of Le Sahal; seeming, like him, to be searching his opium or tobacco muddled brains for a solution of the mysterious decree of Allah, which permits the unbeliever to command in places once sacred to the faithful, and trodden by the Christian only as a slave.

These are no doubt exceptional spots, but Algeria, generally speaking, is of considerable average fertility. The slopes of the Atlas—three ranges of which, rising one above the other, can be discerned from the plateau of Le Sahal—are clothed, in most instances, to the summit with wood and verdure; the intervening valleys, watered by innumerable streams, bring forth abundantly; and the plains of Bona and Constantina have a historical reputation for productiveness. The experimental agriculture of France has not yet, however, produced very favourable results. Soon after General Bourmont's conquest, the glowing reports sent home relative to the capabilities of the magnificent expanse of the Metidjah—comprising forty-five square leagues of dead-level ground, in the immediate vicinity of Algiers—induced considerable numbers of French farmers, spite of their generally unenterprising character, to quit *la belle France*, and encounter the perils of the Mediterranean, with a view to locate themselves permanently in a land of such splendid promise. Pestilence and the sword, however, quickly dispelled the sanguine dreams of the unfortunate colonists. The beautiful greensward was found to be a forest of tall reedy grass, in which, without a compass, a man might be lost as easily as in an American wilderness; the fair-seeming plain itself, a pestilential swamp in winter, and in the summer, still more fatal to human life, from the deadly vapours issuing from the cracked surface of the undrained ground. Hundreds of colonists perished miserably; and those whom fever spared, fell by the hands of the Arabs and Kabyles, who, issuing from the Col de Teneah, swept the Metidjah repeatedly with sword and flame. The hapless condition of the scattered colonists, in this last respect, may be estimated from the remark of Baron Pichon, civil intendant of Algeria—‘that the government model-farm, distant only about six miles from Algiers, always required a battalion to guard it, and a half-battalion to inquire every morning after their comrades’ welfare, and the manner in which they had passed the night.’ The incursions of the Arabs have been at length effectually restrained by a wall and chain of block-houses, which completely encircle the Metidjah—a sort of miniature Chinese wall, devised by General Bugeaud in 1845; but the deadly pestilence has been mitigated only by the partial draining that has taken place, and

millions must yet be sunk in the devouring soil ere the rate of mortality can be reduced to a satisfactory average. And it is only in the Metidjah that any serious attempt at agricultural colonisation has been made. The vast plains at the eastern province are still solitudes, broken only by the shifting locations of the nomadic Arabs. In fact, after twenty-two years of unparalleled sacrifices and prodigious exertion, the French are still only encamped in Africa, not settled there. Their dominion, according to Marshal Bugeaud, an unexceptionable authority upon such a point, is limited to the range of their cannon—‘*Nos boulets marquent les limites de notre puissance en Afrique.*’ This is the thrice-told tale of French colonisation, for which that versatile and ingenious people do not indeed appear to possess the slightest aptitude. They colonised Canada during more than two hundred years; and when Wolfe’s victory over Montcalm finally wrested it from them, Canada could boast of 23,000 colonists, men, women, and children; twenty years afterwards, the number reached 113,000. The chief cause of these lamentable failures, seems to be their entire lack of faith in any associative enterprise which is not originated and dominated by the government. They appear to have a downright passion for being regulated—‘organised’ is the favourite term—by authority, whether the purpose be great or small—the mode of waiting at the doors of a theatre, or of founding a great colony; a remarkable idiosyncrasy, which has no doubt its value in a military point of view, but is quite incompatible with the self-relying energy, the individual vehemence and determination which constitute the vital force, the inherent and expansive life of all permanently successful colonies. Still, as the French nation prefer being organised for such enterprises, let us hope that the railways which the *Journal de l’Empire* announced in December last to be contemplated by the government (one from Algiers to Blidah across the Metidjah, the other from Philippeville to Constantina by the Saza Valley), will not only be speedily accomplished, but that the correlative decrees which the emperor may issue, commanding the prompt and permanent colonisation of Algeria, will be as effectual as those of Louis-Philippe were notoriously futile and useless. This, by the way, is not an entirely disinterested aspiration; for if there is one thing clear in the hazy domain of international politics, it is that France, by establishing herself in Algeria, has entered into a bond to keep the peace towards Great Britain to the full value she places upon its retention; and, as earnest friends of peace, we shall rejoice at the success of any measures which may tend to render the pledge of amity more precious in the eyes of the French people. The protests of successive British ministries before alluded to, were from the first solely dictated by anxiety for the independence of Morocco, with which this country has important commercial relations, and whence, moreover, the supplies for Gibraltar are drawn. That point conceded, as it has ultimately been, the French settlement in North Africa is a matter of congratulation for Great Britain, not jealousy.

It will be necessary to introduce our sketch of the war, still unconcluded, that has for so many years desolated the interior of the country, whose more salient physical and moral features we have briefly glanced at, by the shortest possible summary of the origin and character of the Turkish power encamped there, in nearly the same positions as the French now occupy, for three hundred years previous to the capture of Algiers by General Bourmont. And it may be as well in this place to request the reader to bear in mind—especially when his blood flames and his eyes fill with indignation and pity at the bare recital of deeds which outrage the humanities even of war, if such a phrase is permissible—that we transcribe those passages from records furnished by the perpetrators of the deeds themselves, and necessarily so, inasmuch as the adverse parties in the terrific contest—the Kabyles and Arabs—publish no newspapers, indite no bulletins; a circumstance, moreover, which may perhaps in some degree reconcile the apparent contradiction between the confessedly unsatisfactory result of the war and the unusually large number of brilliant military reputations that have been created by it.

Algerine piracy owes its origin, in reality, to a war of proselytism, initiated by Ferdinand, called the Catholic, of Spain. That monarch, not satisfied with expelling the Mohammedan Arabs from Spain, pursued them with relentless zeal to Africa, where they had fled for refuge; and his forces obtained possession, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, of Oran, several minor points on the coast, and the small island in front of Algiers, then unconnected with the mainland. Eutemi, the Saracen chief of Algiers, terrified at the progress of the invaders, applied for assistance to a co-religionist and desperate pirate called Baba Horush (*Father Horush*), corrupted by European sailors into Barbarossa, whose exploits in the Levant had invested his name with a terrible celebrity. He acceded to the request with alacrity, landed his sea-banditti near Bona, and, in concert with the Moors, recovered from the Spaniards all their acquisitions, except Oran and the island before Algiers. He next slew Eutemi, and governed the Moors in his stead with brutal ferocity. At length, on returning from the sack of Tlemecen, he was attacked near Oran by the Spaniards and revolted Moors, defeated, and slain. His brother, Khair-ed-Din, who succeeded to his authority, lost no time in placing himself and his dominions under the protection of the Commander of all the Faithful, Selim I., sultan of Constantinople, who, guided chiefly by religious motives, accepted the charge as affording a valuable maritime counterpoise to the growing power of Spain, and the zeal of the Knights of St John, established at Malta for the avowed purpose of enforcing Christianity in the Mediterranean by fire and sword. Khair-ed-Din was created a bey, subsequently, capudan pacha, or high-admiral, and was furnished with a body of Turkish Janizaries, who assisted him to retake the island in front of his capital from the Spaniards.

The organisation of Algerine piracy dates from this time ; and so vigorous and rapid was its development, that when Charles V. ascended the throne, the corsairs of Barbary were not only the terror of the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas, but insulted the very coasts and harbours of Spain almost with impunity. In 1541, Charles V., the most powerful monarch at that time in Europe, sent a great armament against Algiers, which resulted in disastrous failure. The fleet was shattered by a hurricane, and the army compelled to re-embark in confusion and dismay. The insolence of the Algerines now overtopped all bounds, and indiscriminate war was made upon the vessels of all Christian nations that refused to pay them tribute. Admiral Blake, however, taught them to respect the English flag ; the French, in 1684, bombarded the pirate-city with the like purpose and success ; the Dutch, Swedes, and Danes, purchased forbearance by annual subsidies ; but against the weaker maritime states, the piratical war continued with unabated audacity. The United States, after their separation from Great Britain, were supposed to be in that category—a mistake which the dey, in 1815, had to pay dearly for. The following year, Lord Exmouth battered Algiers, and compelled the liberation of every Christian slave in the dey's dominions—not one of whom, by the by, was a British subject ; and in 1830, as we have seen, the dominion of the Turkish Janizaries, after three centuries of ferocious misrule and oppression, was finally brought to an end.

That turbulent and licentious militia, though always recruited in the Ottoman dominions, had long ceased to owe more than a nominal allegiance to the sultan ; and the deys, whom they elected from their own ranks, held their precarious state upon a throne but one step from a bloody grave, into which, at the caprice of the Janizaries, they might be at any moment hurled. The rule of the deys did not extend beyond the towns and the Arab villages in the immediate vicinity ; and they were accustomed to make war upon the Kabyles and nomadic Arabs precisely after the corsair fashion practised in the Mediterranean—namely, by sudden incursions in quest of booty, the most valuable being the chiefs of principal families, and their wives and children, whom they bore off, not into absolute slavery, for—the prisoners being followers of the Prophet—that was forbidden by the law of the Koran, but into rigorous captivity, from which they were only released upon payment of heavy ransoms by their relatives or tribe. This system, incredible as it may appear, has been continued, and in some respects improved upon, by the generals of France. In the cities, the Turkish sway was ruthless ; and as the arrival of the French brought only a change of masters, they were submitted to by the Moors with the same timid obsequiousness as they manifested when crouching beneath the iron rod of the Janizaries. The Jews and Kooloolis welcomed the newcomers from the first ; so that France has really had to contend

only with the Kabyles and nomadic Arabs, and not with all or nearly all of these, for many of the most warlike tribes have constantly sided with the invaders, and furnished the battalions and squadrons of Zouaves and Spahis, the most effective troops, according to French authority, in the army of Africa. It was the Zouaves who covered their new eagle with glory at the recent storming of Laghouat, and, said General Randon, governor-general of Algeria, inscribed with their victorious swords the first page of the military annals of the new empire. We now commence the narrative of a war, of which we have just quoted the latest triumph.

Soon after the capitulation of Algiers, a considerable number of Arab chiefs met in council at Blidah, to consider whether it might not be politic to continue on the same terms with the new as with the old masters of Algiers, Bona, and Oran, the beys of which latter towns had already transferred their allegiance, whatever that might be worth, to France, and been confirmed in their authority. They, the Arabs, had been accustomed to purchase, by certain fixed payments, the privilege of grazing their flocks and herds within reach of the Turkish garrisons; and the continuance or discontinuance of this species of tribute was the especial matter for discussion. General Bourmont went to assist at the conference with 2000 infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and six pieces of cannon, for the sole purpose, as he stated, of personally assuring the Arabs that France had no other object in sending an expedition to Africa, than to relieve them of the detestable yoke of the Algerine Turks. The Arabs did not wait to receive this friendly message; and when the misunderstood general was returning the next day but one to Algiers from his abortive mission, he was assailed by such a swarm of Arab cavalry, and pressed so fiercely, that spite of the unquestionable bravery and discipline of the troops under his command, it was only with the greatest difficulty, and after severe loss, that they succeeded in regaining the shelter of the city. The prosecution of the Arab war, thus rashly provoked by General Bourmont, was intrusted by Louis-Philippe's government to General Clausel, who succeeded to the chief command in September 1830. This officer's views in Africa embraced from the first a wide horizon; and the preliminary steps for their attainment were entered upon with vigour. He recommended colonisation on a grand scale, commencing with the plain of the Metidjah, and the formation of native battalions, in imitation of the policy of Great Britain in India. These views were to some extent adopted by the French ministry; the immediate colonisation of the Metidjah was decreed and formulised in the *Moniteur Algérien*, and a commencement made towards organising a powerful force of Zouaves and Spahis. A foreign battalion, composed, according to one of them, whose narrative has been translated by Lady Duff Gordon, of adventurers and vagabonds from every nation in Europe, except Great Britain, but commanded

by French officers, was formed and permanently attached to the army of Africa, which, consisting of about 40,000 men when General Clausel assumed the direction of affairs, has been since gradually increased to 100,000, the average force usually maintained in French Africa.

The first military exploit of General Clausel was directed against Medeyah, the capital and residence of the Bey of Titteri, whom it was resolved to depose, says Baron Pichon, because he wrote insulting letters to General Clausel. The troops employed amounted to 10,000 men; the Metidjah was traversed in safety; and first leaving a garrison at Blidah, the French general pushed on through the Col or Pass of Teneah, occupied Medeyah, deposed the refractory bey, and installed Ben Omar, a Moor of Algiers, in his stead. Whilst General Clausel was thus busied, the Sheik, Ben Zamour, descended from the hills at the head of a numerous body of Kabyles, massacred, as he swept through the Metidjah, fifty artillerymen who had lost their way there, and attacked the garrison left at Blidah: General Clausel instantly hurried back to the rescue of his rear-guard, dispersed the assailants, ordered military execution to be done upon a number of native traitors to French rule, '*pour encourager les autres*,' and returned to Algiers. He subsequently entered into negotiation with the Bey of Tunis with reference to a joint expedition against the Turkish Bey of Constantina; and having concluded an arrangement which the French ministry refused to sanction, the mortified general threw up his command, and returned to France. General Berthézene succeeded to the vacated post—a very onerous and difficult one in the then indecisive see-saw state of French African policy—one day veering towards peace, the next yielding to the clamours of the war-party, inclining to vigorous hostilities. General Berthézene, although a distinguished veteran of the imperial school, was a strenuous partisan of peace, chiefly, no doubt, because he had formed a truer estimate of the probable duration and calamities of a death-struggle with a fanatical and hardy population than the *budauds* of Paris. His military measures were, nevertheless, prompt and energetic. On the 1st of July 1831, he forced the Pass of Teneah; relieved the garrison of Medeyah, hotly besieged by a numerous force of Kabyles and Arabs; and fought his dangerous way back again in safety to Algiers, though beset and hemmed in on every side by a multitude of fierce and desperate assailants. This homeward march was a hurried one—occupying fifty hours only, writes Baron Pichon, though the advance to Medeyah had consumed five days.

The efforts of General Berthézene to bring about an accommodation with the Arabs of the plains, which his recent march to Medeyah and back did not induce him to slacken, would perhaps have succeeded, had he not been suddenly superseded by Savary, Duke of Rovigo. On the arrival of this officer in Algiers, the negotiations were peremptorily broken off, and it was ostentatiously

proclaimed, that the new commander-in-chief was in full possession of the confidence of the French king and ministry, and heartily determined to carry out the plan mutually agreed upon for the subjugation of the native population. There can be, we think, no doubt that this was a calumnious misrepresentation; and that the frightful deed which has branded the African command of the Duke of Rovigo with indelible infamy, was that of one ruthless man only, irritated by the vexations incidental to his very difficult position, and not the deliberate counsel of a cabinet of calmly-judging statesmen. The prime object of the Duke of Rovigo was evidently 'to give a lesson' to the Arabs—one that they would not easily forget; a design in which he unquestionably succeeded to admiration, though not in the sense he had anticipated. The tribe of Ben-Ouffias, a friendly and peaceful one, against whom Baron Pichon says no serious, well-founded complaint could be alleged, was selected for the experiment.

On the night of the 6th of April 1833, a battalion of the Foreign Legion and a squadron of Zouaves fell suddenly upon the unsuspecting Ben-Ouffias, and the morning's sun rose upon the mangled bodies of the entire tribe, surprised and slain whilst they slept! Tidings of this atrocious massacre flew, as if on wings of fire, through the land, everywhere kindling into flame the yet smouldering passions of the vast majority of the country population, and lighting up the fierce war of despair which has since cost France so dear alike in men, money, and reputation. So universal was the outbreak, that in the opinion of the Duke of Rovigo himself, his 'great lesson' necessitated immediate and powerful reinforcements. They were granted; and the duke's conduct, in reply to the angry reclamations of several eloquent speakers in the Chamber of Deputies, indignant that such dishonour should be brought on the great name of France, was defended, or rather excused, by the plea of necessity. Marshal Soult, at a subsequent period, defended an act, if possible, of still greater enormity by saying, 'that what would be a crime against civilisation in Europe, might be a justifiable necessity in Africa.' This geographical morality of the invader of Portugal in 1808, may pass for what it is worth; but we must not forget to mention, that many French officers entitled to a share of the spoil obtained by the Ben-Ouffias *razzia*, refused to contaminate themselves by its acceptance, and that Savary, Duke of Rovigo, arrived death-stricken in Paris, and died there in the June following the slaughter of the Ben-Ouffias.

The terrible example he had set survived him: the system of night-razzias—that is, of swooping, during the hours of sleep and darkness, upon unsuspecting villagers, in revenge or reprisal of the hostility of the armed countrymen of the sleepers—became a settled practice of the war. They form the under-play, as it were, of the grand military drama enacted in Algeria; and as the limits of this paper preclude more than an outline of the more important operations, it will be as well to give in this place, and once for all, a

description of the mode of executing a razzia, extracted from the narrative of an actor in one of them, who evidently, from the easy frankness with which he writes, was quite unconscious that he was relating any blameworthy or uncommon exploit. The writer was at the time in the Foreign Legion, under the orders of Lieutenant-colonel Picolon; and the scene of the enterprise was in the neighbourhood of Dschilegu, between Budschia and Philippeville, on the sea-coast of the eastern province. The translation is Lady Duff Gordon's:—

‘The commandant marched up into the mountains one night with the whole garrison, to chastise the Kabyles for their insolence. We started at midnight under the guidance of some Arabs who knew the country, and marched without stopping, and in deep silence, up hill and down dale, until, just before daybreak, the crowing of cocks and the baying of dogs gave us notice that we were close upon a tribe. We were ordered to halt, and two companies, with a few field-pieces, were left behind upon an eminence. After a short time, we started again, and the first glimmer of light shewed us the huts of the tribe straight before us. An old Kabyle was at that moment going out with a pair of oxen to plough; as soon as he saw us, he uttered a fearful howl, and fled, but a few well-directed shots brought him down. In one moment, the grenadiers and voltigeurs, who were in advance, broke through the hedges of prickly pear which generally surround a Kabyle village, and the massacre began. Strict orders had been given to kill all the men, and only take the women and children prisoners. A few men only reeled half awake out of their huts, but most of them still lay fast asleep: not one escaped death. The women and children rushed, howling and screaming, out of their burning huts in time to see their husbands and brothers butchered. One young woman, with an infant at her breast, started back at the sight of strange men, exclaiming: “Mohammed! Mohammed!” and rushed back into her hut. Some soldiers sprang forward to save her, but the roof had already fallen in, and she and her child perished in the flames. . . . We then returned with our booty, and it was high time, for other tribes of Kabyles came flocking together from every side, attracted by the noise. We were forced to retreat in such haste, that we left the greater part of the cattle behind. The fire of the companies we had stationed in our rear and the field-pieces at last gave us time to breathe.’

The narrative goes on to say, that, two or three days afterwards, messengers from the Kabyle tribes came to treat for the ransom of the captive women and children; and that ‘they conscientiously ransomed even the old women, whom we would have given them gratis.’ It is only fair to add, that a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, states that General Cavaignac, when engaged in such enterprises, gave orders ‘only to kill the men in the last extremity.’

The tumultuous uprising of the Arabs consequent upon the

Duke of Rovigo's massacre of the Ben-Ouffias, elevated for the first time an individual into notice whose name has since become famous in the world's ear—the renowned Abd-el-Kader—a brief account of whom, previous to this period, may not be unacceptable.

Abd-el-Kader (Adorer of God) is the son of a saintly and ambitious marabout of the name of Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj. He was one of six children—five boys and one girl—and his place of birth, in 1806, was in the vicinity of Mascara. His mother, Leila Zahara, who still lives, and has shared her son's long captivity in France, is said to have been a beautiful and highly-instructed Arabian woman; and Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj, his father, claimed to be in some way descended from the Prophet of the Mussulmans—a circumstance which, combined with the more positive fact that he had made *two* pilgrimages to Mecca, gave him an immense influence with his countrymen, which he appears to have very skilfully availed himself of, in the hope, it is alleged, of one day founding an Arab dynasty upon the ruins of the Turkish power. He very early discerned, or imagined that he did, indications of the qualities which lead to eminence, in his favourite son, Abd-el-Kader; and it was sedulously given out, that a halo of celestial brightness had encircled his baby-brows at the moment of birth, seen, however, only by his father and mother, who were alone at the time. There could be no doubt that this was not only a special testimony to his descent from the Prophet, but a promise, certain to be fulfilled, of future greatness; and that he might be worthily fitted for the high position thus miraculously proclaimed to await him, the utmost pains were lavished upon his education, by which he so rapidly profited, that at twelve years of age he could repeat the Koran by heart. This solid foundation for more secular teaching accomplished, he was sent to Oran for further instruction, and of course soon distanced every competitor in the race after knowledge. Some suspicion of Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj's perfect loyalty having found a lodgment in the brain of Hassan, bey of Oran, the saintly marabout was requested to attend his highness's divan on a particular day, for the purpose of clearing up the doubts which troubled the bey's mind. This Abd-el-Kader strongly advised his father not to do, and offered to attend himself instead, and give the required explanations. This course was agreed to; and Bey Hassan was so charmed with the son's eloquence, and so entirely convinced thereby that his suspicions had foully wronged the excellent marabout, that he made the youthful orator a handsome present, and charged him, moreover, with a most pressing invitation to his father to pay his highness a friendly visit at the palace of Oran, where he would be received with all the favour and distinction due to his illustrious descent and many virtues. The message was delivered; and the result was, that Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj departed forthwith on a *third* pilgrimage to the holy city, this time accompanied by his counsellor and son, Abd-el-Kader. In passing through Egypt, they

obtained, we are told, an interview with Mohammed Ali, the career of which energetic barbarian had previously excited the enthusiastic admiration of the future emir—an admiration which a nearer view of the great man served to increase. Before returning, the father and son visited the tomb of a celebrated marabout relative, not far from Bagdad—one Mulei-Abd-el-Kader, who had lived exactly a hundred years, precisely half of which he had passed upon the summit of an isolated piece of rock, miraculously fed by a starling. This visit was a fortunate one in many respects. The departed marabout reappeared to the two pilgrims, and presented his youthful relative with an apple of remarkable properties; inasmuch that when Abd-el-Kader, on his return home, commenced eating it in the presence of his family and a few intimate friends, the same halo of azure light which at the moment of birth had lightened round his brows, again encircled them with a prophetic glory! What is certain, however, is, that Abd-el-Kader's reputation for wisdom, sanctity, and as possessing the especial favour of the Prophet, increased rapidly; and it was chiefly in deference to his counsel, that his former dangerous friend, Hassan, bey of Oran, who had incurred the displeasure of his Janizaries, was refused an asylum at Mascara. The future emir's marriage with Leila Kheira, the daughter of an influential sheik, and a very charming maiden—that is, according to the notion of what is charming entertained by Arabs—added considerably to his importance; and it began to be quite evident that, apart from miraculous interposition, a brilliant perspective was disclosing itself to the eager gaze of Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj's aspiring son. The personal appearance of Abd-el-Kader was not of that kind which usually commands the respect of a rude people, nor had he yet shewn any proof of the impetuous courage which, in the absence of the slightest pretension to military ability, properly so called, has since won for him a wide renown. He was under the middle size, but active and robust; and his large, thoughtful black eyes, and abundant beard of the same colour, gave a sombre as well as intelligent expression to his palish-yellow countenance. His hands—his especial vanity—were small and delicately formed, and his voice was soft and musical; so that, altogether, he seemed rather a reflective, meditative man, than one of fiery, impulsive action.

Such was Abd-el-Kader as he appeared in the presence of the large gathering of Kabyle and Arab chiefs assembled at Egris, after the destruction of the Ben-Ouffias, to concert measures for proclaiming a holy war against the French, and deciding as to who should lead them in the desperate contest. The indecision that for some time prevailed as to the choice of a leader, was put an end to by a celebrated marabout called Sidi Al Amich, who announced, amidst a breathless silence, that having been nearly the whole of the previous night engaged in prayer to Mohammed, that he would be pleased to indicate the person most worthy to lead his—the Prophet's—people in the war against the infidel about to

commence, he received an answer just at the rise of sun, when Mulei-Abd-el-Kader suddenly appeared before him, and beckoning, led the way to a magnificent tent, the entrance-curtain to which being self-withdrawn, revealed Abd-el-Kader, the son of Mahli, the Pilgrim (ed Din *Hadj*), seated upon a magnificent throne, with the pale-blue halo, twice before seen, encircling his head as with a celestial diadem. This was quite sufficient—more than enough, in fact. The decision of the Prophet, so unmistakably intimated, was instantly ratified by the loud acclamations and flashing swords of the congregated chiefs. Abd-el-Kader was forthwith proclaimed Emir of Mascara, Prince and Commander of the Faithful, and invested with the violet bournou, the badge and emblem of supreme office and authority.

At once broke the hurricane of war, sweeping the open country to the very walls of Algiers, Bona, and Oran, with terrific violence. Blidah, Medeyah, Koleah, were invested by multitudes of half-frantic cavalry, whose glancing swords and waving banners, however, though terrible and imposing enough in appearance, were of slight avail against stone walls and well-pointed cannon. Lavish reinforcements arrived from Toulon and Marseille, and the French commanders gradually resumed the offensive. General Demischels made a successful *razzia* upon a tribe of nomade Arabs, slew 300 men, and carried off the women and children safely to Oran, though sorely pressed during his retreat by the gathering tribes; who, failing to rescue their unfortunate relatives by the sword, purchased them of the general a few days afterwards. Much desultory fighting ensued, with varied and generally indecisive results; but the French, notwithstanding, persistently extended themselves along the coast-line, both east and west, of Algiers. General, the Count d'Erlon, had succeeded the Duke of Rovigo in the chief command, with the title of Governor-general of the French Possessions in Africa; and under his administration, the maritime state of Arzew, and the important town of Mostaganem, eastward of Oran, were wrested from the Arabs. An expedition direct from Toulon encountered and defeated the Kabyles of the eastern division of the Little Atlas, and captured Bouteyah. In pursuance, however, of the policy announced at this time by Marshal Soult in the Chamber of Deputies, in reply to General Clausel, that France had no intention or wish to seize upon the interior of Algeria, and merely intended keeping possession of a number of strong positions on the sea-board, negotiations were opened with Abd-el-Kader; and ultimately a treaty was concluded with the new Prince of the Faithful, by which he was solemnly recognised as the lawful emir of the province of Mascara, with the exception of Oran, Arzew, and Mostaganem, and the immediately adjacent land. The Shelliff was to be his eastern boundary.

This treaty was much cavilled at in France, as having a direct tendency to swell the prestige and enhance the authority of the emir with his turbulent, fanatical countrymen—a criticism fully

borne out by the result. It was not, however, very long observed. Abd-el-Kader, urged by the impatient clamours of his Arabs, to which his own eager ambition gave willing audience, to renew the holy war against the intrusive infidel, crossed the Shelliff (1835) at the head of a numerous force, burning with fanaticism, and individually brave enough, but withal little formidable in open fighting to French or any other European troops. General Trézel left Oran to encounter the audacious emir, but, after marching and countermarching for several days in vain search of his enemy, was debating whether it might not be advisable to abandon the seemingly hopeless attempt to bring the wary Arab to action, when an unforeseen and tempting chance presented itself. The army was halted on the plain of Frigur, where an Arab presented himself, and offered, for a certain reward, to conduct the French general by a short route direct to the emir's camp. General Trézel yielded to the temptation, the army was immediately put in motion, and the troops pressed forward with alacrity and vigour. Towards the middle of the day, the leading columns found themselves entering upon a spongy morass, and the more desperately they struggled onwards to reach the firm ground, which the guide assured them was only a few yards further on, the deeper both men and horses floundered and sank in the mud, till at last they were up to their bellies in the yielding soil. Suddenly the traitorous Arab disappeared through a coppice (*taillis*), unharmed by the shower of balls sent hastily after him, which, a moment after, were replied to by a tempest of the same missiles from the flanking woods, where Abd-el-Kader had been for some hours impatiently awaiting the French advance. Fortunately, the rear-guard had not yet entered the treacherous bog, and its fire checking that of the ambushed Arabs, the main body of the troops were extricated from their perilous position, though not without considerable loss both in men and material. The French army passed the night on the banks of the Sig, and at earliest dawn General Trézel marched, as he thought, towards Arzew, on the sea-coast. He followed the course of the Makta, a stream which, during a part of its flow, does lead towards Arzew, but by insensible windings turns away for some leagues in a totally different direction. The way seemed long, still the troops marched on undoubtingly, till they came to the entrance of a long narrow defile, shut in on each side by precipitous lofty rocks, where some hesitation was manifested. It appeared, however, of necessity that the ugly pass should be threaded; there was no enemy to be seen, and the march was resumed in the quickest military time. Two-thirds of the distance had been accomplished, when tumultuous cries high overhead, as if a multitude of mocking voices were calling to them from the clouds, caused the soldiers to raise their eyes and see the heights crowded with exultant Arabs. The checked pulse had scarcely time to beat again before huge stones, enormous fragments of rock, came bounding, leaping, thundering down—a granite hail-tempest,

to which no resistance could be opposed, accompanied by the pattering of musketry, not less fatal in its effects, though not so terrifying to the imagination, as huge jagged masses of rock whirling through the air; and in a few minutes the dreadful pass was heaped with the dead and writhing bodies of men and horses. The march of the troops, hurried from the first, fell rapidly into confusion, and presently became an utter rout, the soldiers casting away even their arms in frantic anxiety to escape what seemed almost inevitable destruction. Happily for them, the pursuit of the Arabs was checked by their eagerness for booty, or the loss of 1200 soldiers, besides caissons, cannon, baggage, &c., would have been nothing like the extent of the misfortune. This murderous business is Abd-el-Kader's great battle of Makta: it was a surprise, a massacre, perfectly justified no doubt by the usages of war, but a battle it cannot be called. The exultation of the emir, though quite natural, was absurd in its exaggeration. He had slain French troops, but he had not beaten, as he boasted, a French army, for the simple reason, that he had not encountered one.

The shock of this disaster vibrated painfully through every vein of military France, and signal vengeance, it was promptly agreed, should be taken on the perfidious emir. General Clausel's reasoning upon the folly of attempting to quell the Kabyles and Arabs by a few settlements along the coast, came suddenly into remembrance and favour, and that officer was himself despatched to the scene of action with reinforcements and large discretionary powers. As it was determined that Mascara, the emir's capital, should be stormed, as a set-off against Makta, and there could be no reasonable doubt of success in such an enterprise, the Duke of Orleans, Louis-Philippe's eldest son, was sent over to participate in the glory thereof. Abd-el-Kader, after vainly attempting to arrest the march of the French troops at the Sig, and subsequently at the Habrah, abandoned Mascara to its fate, which was first to be plundered by bands of hostile Arabs, and afterwards fired (December 9, 1836) by the French army; which done, General Clausel returned to Algiers, the Duke of Orleans to France.

The measure of vengeance for Makta was not yet full; and after permitting himself only a few weeks' breathing-time, General Clausel led his army against Tlemecen, the emir's second capital, on the confines of the Sahara, and 100 miles, in a south-westerly direction, from Oran. This city he also found abandoned by the emir and his Arabs, who had withdrawn into the eastern mountains. The Moors received the French with resigned indifference; the Jews and Kooloolis, the latter of whom garrisoned the *Kasibah* or citadel, with acclamations. The citadel was at once surrendered to the French general, who, after making arrangements for the safe-keeping and government of the city, returned to Algiers by the valley of the Shelliff, on the south of the Little Atlas, and consequently through the Pass of Teneah, between which and the

Algerian capital he caused a military road to be constructed. A garrison was left in Tlemecen, under the command of Colonel, now General Cavaignac; and Jussuf, colonel of Spahis, was charged with the collection of 500,000 francs, ordered by General Clausel to be levied upon the inhabitants that had so well received him. A more unscrupulous agent than the colonel of Spahis could not have been selected, and the Moors and Jews of Tlemecen were both numerous and wealthy; yet, spite of all Jussuf could do in the way of ransacking, plundering, and threatening, only the value of 100,000 francs could be obtained, and that chiefly consisting in finger and ear rings, and other female ornaments. The remainder of the tribute was formally remitted.

These successes gave a permanently bolder tone and wider aim to French-African policy. General Clausel was directed to organise a powerful expedition against Constantina, with the avowed object of annexing that city, and the whole of the interior of the province which bears its name, to the French dominions in fact as well as theory. Success was deemed so certain, that Colonel Jussuf was named bey of the menaced city long before the army commenced its march towards it; and in November 1837, the Duc de Nemours came over to share in the fame of an assured conquest. The result signally rebuked these confident boastings. Constantina was numerously garrisoned by Turks and Kabyles, who fought under the red flag of Algiers; and the usually brilliant and impetuous, if not very stubborn, valour of the French troops, would seem to have been chilled and weakened by the terrific hail and snow storm which they encountered upon the high land whereon Constantina is built; for the assaults directed by the general upon the gates El Cantar and El Raba, feeble and ill sustained, were easily repulsed; and so discouraged were the troops, that it was necessary to order an immediate retreat. A confused and hurried one it proved, involving much loss, and affording Algiers the strange spectacle of a numerous French army chased to its very gates by a crowd of undisciplined triumphant Kabyles! The usual penalty of non-success, well or ill deserved, awaited General Clausel: he was recalled, spite of his earnest entreaties to be permitted an opportunity of retrieving his tarnished reputation. 'What,' wrote the indignant general, 'what would be now the fame of the Duke of Wellington, had the British government recalled him after the failure before Burgos?' The angry absurdity of the comparison is very amusing; and as the French ministry were unmoved by his appeal, we may fairly presume that they also demurred to the perfect appositeness of the illustration.

In the meantime, General Bugeaud had been winning his first African laurels. By a rapid march along the sea-coast, he relieved Oran from the Arabs, by whom it was beleaguered; and then turning south-westward, he hastened to the succour of General Cavaignac, who had been for several months cooped up in

Tlemecen, inflicting on his way a heavy defeat upon Abd-el-Kader in person, by whom he was attacked whilst crossing the Sikhah. On this occasion, it should be remembered, to General Bugeaud's honour, the first successful attempt was made to prevent the native auxiliaries of the French, the Zouaves and Spahis, from decapitating the prisoners that fell within their power. General Bugeaud was quick enough to save the lives of thirty of them; and he interdicted, under no less a penalty than death to the offender, such practices in future. General Cavaignac was relieved, and Bugeaud returned to France—a *lieutenant-general*.

General Danrémont obtained the African command; and as it was deemed imperatively necessary to efface the failure before Constantina by the capture of that city, preparations, civil as well as military, were diligently set on foot, which, once matured, would leave no doubt of triumph. The expeditionary army was to be composed of between 20,000 and 30,000 men; but even that amount of force might prove inadequate while Abd-el-Kader's numerous and daring, and though frequently defeated, still formidable forces, ranged the open country. *Divide et impera* is a maxim seldom lost sight of by civilised ministries; and in this crisis of Algerian affairs, it was acted upon with great success by the cabinet of Paris. General Bugeaud, who had already made himself respected by Abd-el-Kader, was despatched to Africa with orders to arrange a truce with the emir—peace was the word used—upon any terms short of the surrender of the seaport cities in the actual possession of France. This was the turning-point in the emir's career, and it argues ill for his patriotism, worse for his sagacity, that he permitted a personal repugnance to the Turkish Bey of Constantina, and a revengeful longing to punish the Arab tribes that had refused him tribute, and defied his authority, to seduce him into making peace with the French invader at the very and only moment his hostility might have been effective. General Bugeaud, escorted by 10,000 men, met the emir on the banks of the Tafna, where a treaty of peace (May 30, 1837) was speedily agreed upon between the high contracting parties. The terms, readily consented to by the French envoy, were such as could only have been dictated by the emir if a conqueror, holding the very existence of France, in Algeria, in his hands. This alone, did he possess the clear intellect imputed to him by generous natures, prone to magnify into greatness the most ordinary qualities of those who, after bravely combating, fail in a just cause, should have sufficed to reveal the artifice employed against him. He was not only reconfirmed Emir of Mascara, but created Emir of Titteri. Tlemecen and Medeyah were surrendered to him, and his boundary was to be the ridge of the Northern Atlas! In fact, France merely affected to retain Algiers, Mostaganem, Oran, Bona, and other sea-stations, whilst preparing to march inland to Constantina! The treaty was signed; General Bugeaud returned in triumph to Paris;

Abd-el-Kader commenced his preparations for the punishment of the refractory Arabs ; and General Danrémont, accompanied by the Duc de Nemours, marched with the assured step of a conqueror upon Constantina. The garrison of Turks and Kabyles again offered a stout resistance, but not with the same good-fortune as before. General Danrémont was killed by a cannon-ball whilst speaking to the Duc de Nemours ; and the direction of the siege devolved upon General Vallée. Finally, the city was stormed, and after a deadly struggle, continued from the breach along the narrow streets, captured ; and the Duc de Nemours took up his residence in the palace of the bey, who had escaped to Tunis.

Abd-el-Kader, on his part, was equally successful. The defection from his authority had been extensive. His uncle, Sidi Aby Ben Taleb, not only disputed his descent from the Prophet, and miraculous gifts, which, considering that he, Sidi Aby Ben Taleb, had been one of the family-council, is not so surprising, but positively refused to pay his nephew tribute, or, as our accustomed tongues would say, taxes. He thus expressed himself in a letter which subsequently fell into the hands of the French : 'Thou wert nothing before the arrival of the army of the French—thou wert nothing before thou madest a peace with those unbelievers. I was greater and holier than thou ; and it was in the hope of usurping my authority, O Abd-el-Kader ! that thou madest a treaty with the Christians. When thou thoughtest thyself great enough, thou brokest the treaty with the French, and now thou wilt that we should acknowledge thee for our sultan. But I have ever been greater and holier than thou, and never will I bow before thee ; neither will I pay the tribute which thy horsemen demand in thy name.'

Bravely as these words sound, Sidi Aby Ben Taleb was compelled to pay his nephew tribute, and was very glad to be let off with no worse punishment for his contumacy ; and after a protracted struggle, the emir succeeded in overcoming all his domestic foes. His chief adversaries were Sidi-el-Aulid, Mustapha Ben Ismaïel, and Moressa Ben Kaoui. The first was early slain, the second perished in battle, and Moressa Ben Kaoui was driven into the Desert. This home-campaign employed the emir upwards of a twelvemonth ; and it was not till January 1839 that the Arab and the Frenchman, disembarassed of other foes, again confronted each other—both with the flush of victory upon their brows, mutually-courteous words upon their lips, and hate and scorn in their hearts, ready to leap forth, like their swords, at the first favourable opportunity, and upon the slightest provocation. The emir sent General Vallée the journal of his recent triumphs, compiled by Léon Roche, a young Frenchman, who had acted as his secretary during the war ; and the French general sent in return some handsome presents to the emir.

The first overt provocation to a renewal of hostilities was no

doubt given on this occasion by the French. In May 1839, the Duke of Orleans arrived in Algeria, visited Constantina surrounded by a brilliant cortège, and after distributing a profusion of decorations amongst the leading Moors, marched with ostentatious triumph through the Biban and the Iron Gates—a remarkable and lofty pass in the central Atlas chain—and, disdainful alike of licence or apology, through the territory of the Emir of Titteri and the Col de Teneah, back to Algiers. Abd-el-Kader's preparations were not yet complete, and he simply protested against the violation of his territory by his highness of Orleans. This was laughed at—not so the second holy war proclaimed by Abd-el-Kader in the following October, the first huge wave of which, as in 1833, swept the open country with resistless violence. The unfortunate cultivators of the Metidjah were sabred, and their dwellings given to the flames, and many isolated detachments of French troops were overwhelmed and destroyed; but as at the former period, steady bravery and discipline gradually prevailed against the fluctuating impulses of fanatical enthusiasm; and the Kabyles and Arabs were driven back to the fastnesses of the Atlas, where, during three years, a war of razzias and guerilla adventure raged with varying fortune but equal ferocity on both sides.

It was soon after the commencement of this second holy war, that the brilliant affair of Mazagran occurred, which, in the language of the Paris papers, flashed like a gleam of lightning (*coup d'éclair*) athwart the deep gloom of the African war, and covered Captain Le Lièvre and his heroic companions with imperishable glory. According to the published reports, to which it almost seemed there would be no end, Captain Le Lièvre, commanding the 10th Company of the Battalion of Africa, numbering 123 young soldiers, was posted on the 1st of February 1840, at the small military post of Mazagran, distant somewhat less than two leagues by the road—much less in a direct line—from the garrison-town of Mostaganem, on the coast. Mazagran mounted one piece of artillery, a 4-pounder; and, besides a barrel of gunpowder in the magazine, the garrison had a supply of 30,000 ball-cartridges. Towards evening, on the 1st of February, the post was suddenly attacked by 15,000 horsemen under Ben Khami; who, moreover, were furnished with two pieces of cannon—8-pounders. At the first shock, fourteen standards were planted on the wall of the devoted fortress, and, but for the close, rapid, murderous fire of the 10th Company, it must have been carried at once. As it was, the fierce billowy sea of Arabs was hurled back, scattered into spray as from a rock; and the same fate attended their efforts, which were incessant during the rest of the night, the following day, and night again. Colonel Dubuessil, who commanded at Mostaganem, continued not only unaccountably blind to the near presence of 15,000 cavalry, but to the incessant roar of the cannon, and the interminable flashes of musketry; whilst the continuity of the attack, as well as how thoroughly the post was encircled, is made

evident by the fact, that it was impossible to send a messenger to Mostaganem, to warn the supine French commander of the peril of his countrymen. One apprehension alone disquieted Captain Le Lièvre—would his ammunition last till either the garrison were relieved, or the Arabs driven off? During a brief interval of quiet, the cartridges that remained were counted, and Captain Le Lièvre addressed his soldiers in the following words:—‘Frenchmen, comrades, friends! there are only ten thousand cartridges left. I propose continuing the defence till they are exhausted. I shall then fire the barrel of gunpowder in the magazine, too happy to die for our country. Vive la France!’

‘Vive la France!’ echoed the excited soldiers, with wild enthusiasm, and, rushing back to the walls, re-opened their terrific fire upon the astounded assailants, scarcely a bullet sent amongst whom, from their crowded numbers, failing of its aim: the slaughter amongst them may therefore be approximately estimated by the number of used-up cartridges. Two more days and nights the desperate contest continued, when, and not an hour too soon, for the cartridges were almost exhausted, Dubuessil heard in some way of what was going on at Mazagran, marched to its relief, and the surviving Arabs fled!

The foregoing is really a cold weak summary of the details of this extraordinary affair, as published in the *Moniteur* and the non-official Paris papers. Captain Le Lièvre was made a commandant, and had the cross of the Legion of Honour conferred upon him. Nothing else was talked of for many weeks: a huge mimic Mazagran was got up in the Champs Elysées—it was stamped upon paper-hangings, pocket-handkerchiefs, painted upon the scenes of theatres, engraved in every variety of style; and Mazagran pantaloons, hats, gloves, shawls, &c., became instantly and universally the vogue. At length it began to be whispered, that the officer commanding at Mostaganem had demanded a court-martial either upon himself or Captain Le Lièvre, nobody knew exactly which, for the Paris papers, like the *Moniteur Algérien* from the first, had suddenly become religiously silent upon the subject. Next it was said, that the subscription raised for the widows and orphans of the fallen heroes was to be returned—not a single soldier of the 10th Battalion of Africa having been either slain or wounded in the terrible defence of Mazagran! Finally, the London *Morning Chronicle* boldly proclaimed and challenged the French government, day after day, to contradict its statement—that the Mazagran story was a sham, an invention from end to end! Only one Paris newspaper, *Le National*, reprinted the *Chronicle’s* exposure, evidently derived from unquestionable authority, and demanded explanation of the government. The government answered not a word—all allusion to the subject was dropped by general consent, and has not since been revived; Captain Le Lièvre the while keeping the step in rank he had acquired, his cross, and a handsome sword

presented to him by the merchants of Marseille. Who the hoax originated in, it would be idle to inquire—possibly the government, desirous of relieving the public anxiety relative to the renewed and formidable outbreak in Algeria by a well got-up if somewhat extravagant popular fiction; but whoever its author may be, it offers only a more flagrant proof than others, of the bold impunity with which African army news has been habitually got up and seasoned to the palate of the French people. Real fighting, however, if not of the super-humanly heroic Mazagran kind, had begun in serious earnest.

General Bugeaud, who had replaced Marshal Vallée, organised a plan of campaign by movable columns, radiating from Algiers, Oran, and Constantina; and having 100,000 excellent soldiers at his disposal, the results, as against the emir, were slowly but surely effective. General Négrier at Constantina, Changarnier amongst the Hadjouts about Medeyah and Milianah, Cavaignac and Lamoricière in Oran, carried out the commander-in-chief's instructions with untiring energy and perseverance; and in the spring of 1843, the Duc d'Aumale, in company with General Changarnier, surprised the emir's camp, in the absence of the greater part of his force, and it was with difficulty that he himself escaped. Not long afterwards, he took refuge in Morocco, excited the fanatical passions of the populace of that empire, and thereby forced its ruler, Mulei-Abd-er-Haman, much against his own inclination, into a war with France—a war very speedily terminated by General Bugeaud's victory of Isly, with some slight assistance from the bombardment of Tangier and Mogador by the Prince de Joinville. Upon this occasion, an understanding was come to with Great Britain, by which the retention of Algeria by France was acquiesced in, upon the agreed condition that the French dominion should not be extended either east or west—in other words, that the independence of Morocco and Tunis should be respected. The governor-general returned to Paris soon after his victory of Isly, which made him a peer and marshal of France, but not till he had taken measures for encircling the plain of the Metidjah with a wall, ditch, and chain of block-houses, for the much-needed protection of its still sparsely scattered cultivators—nearly one-half of whom, by the way, are Spaniards and Germans.

The star of Abd-el-Kader's military life had not yet finally set, though obscured by clouds, and rapidly nearing the western horizon. The struggle amidst the hills was maintained by his partisans with scarcely abated vigour, even whilst he himself still lingered at the half-friendly, half-hostile court of Morocco; and it was nothing doubted, that the emir would make yet another trial of his fortune before abandoning the unequal struggle in despair. There is only one incident in this intermediate, desultory warfare which it is essential to reproduce in these pages, but that one is of so terribly significant a character, that it cannot be omitted in a paper designed to give the reader a true impression of the character of the war in

Algeria. We will endeavour to state it without prejudice or exaggeration. On the night of the 12th June 1845, about three months before Marshal Bugeaud left Algeria, Colonels Pelissier and St Arnaud, at the head of a considerable force, attempted a razzia upon the tribe of Ben-Ouled-Riah, numbering in men, women, and children, about 700 persons. This was in the Dahrah. The Arabs escaped the first clutch of their pursuers, and when hard pressed, as they soon were, took refuge in the cave of Khartani, which had some odour of sanctity about it: some holy man or marabout had lived and died there, we believe. The French troops came up quickly to the entrance, and the Arabs were summoned to surrender. They made no reply; possibly they did not hear the summons, or perhaps the courage of despair had steeled them to await the attack of their foes, however numerous and sure of ultimate victory those foes might be, and endeavour to sell their lives as dearly as possible in the holy and vantage ground they had happily reached. Colonels Pelissier and St Arnaud would certainly not have been justified in sacrificing the lives of the soldiers under their command by attempting to force a passage through windings and intricacies thronged with armed and desperate men; but as there was no other outlet from the cave than that by which the Arabs entered, a few hours' patience must have been rewarded by the unconditional surrender of the imprisoned tribe. Colonels Pelissier and St Arnaud were desirous of a speedier result; and by their order, an immense fire was kindled at the mouth of the cave, and fed sedulously during the summer night with wood, grass, reeds, anything that would help to keep up the volume of smoke and flame which the wind drove in roaring, whirling eddies into the mouth of the cavern. It was too late now for the unfortunate Arabs to offer to surrender. The discharge of a cannon would not have been heard in the roar of that huge blast-furnace, much less smoke-strangled cries of human agony. The fire was kept well up throughout the night; and when the day had fully dawned, the then expiring embers were kicked aside, and as soon as a sufficient time had elapsed to render the air of the silent cave breathable, some soldiers were directed to ascertain how matters were within. They were gone but a few minutes, and they came back, we are told, pale, trembling, terrified, hardly daring, it seemed, to confront the light of day. No wonder they trembled and looked pale. They had found all the Arabs dead—men, women, children, all dead! had beheld them lying just as death had found and left them: the old man grasping his gray beard; the younger one, grim, rigid, stern as iron with fanatic hatred and despair; the dead mother clasping her dead child with the steel gripe of the last struggle, when all gave way but her strong love!

This is no fancy picture; it is the plain record of an indisputable, undisputed fact, justified on the elastic plea of necessity. The French ministry of the day, moreover, in order to mark, it seemed,

their contempt for the indignant clamour which the recital of the dreadful deed excited in France, as well as in other civilised communities, actually rewarded, with an air of courageous defiance of public opinion, which but thinly masked the real pusillanimity of their conduct—the favour of the army being in issue—Messieurs Pelissier and St Arnaud with a step in their profession! It was in reference to this tragedy that Marshal Soult used the words we have before quoted—‘that what would be a crime against civilisation in Europe, might be a justifiable necessity in Africa.’ In a subsequent debate upon the affairs of Algeria, an eminent French statesman observed, amidst the loud cheering of the National Assembly, ‘that he was reconciled to the enormous sacrifices required of France by the exigencies of the African colony, by the value he attached to the warlike experience and habits the French army had acquired there.’ It is seldom that eloquent sentences are so speedily and strikingly illustrated as in this instance, the morning of the 2d of December 1851 having seen both the orator and his applauding audience seized and hurried to prison by soldiers whose habits had been contracted in Algeria, acting under the orders of Colonel, by that time General, St Arnaud, and minister of war! A more luminous commentary upon the dangerous unsoundness of Marshal Soult’s geographical ethics, and the folly of supposing that, to decorate men for outraging humanity in Africa, is to train them to respect law and right in Europe, could hardly be imagined.

We now turn the last page as yet written of Abd-el-Kader’s public life. Driven, at the instance of France, from the cities of Morocco, he still lingered on its half-desert frontiers, and gradually drew together a considerable force. If the emperor of Morocco did not wish to involve himself in another war with France, it was imperatively necessary that he should at once take decisive measures against the obstinate and impracticable emir. He resolved to do so, and without delay. An army, chiefly composed of the Kabyles of Morocco—who, especially if considerable booty, as in this case, was likely to be obtained, were nothing loath to do battle with Arabs—was hastily assembled, and sent against Abd-el-Kader, with orders to drive him out of the Morocco territory, whatever expenditure of life might be necessary to effect that object. The emir, finding he could not avoid the contest, boldly assumed the offensive, and in an attack on the night of the 20th December 1845, obtained a momentary triumph, by an expedient as extraordinary as it was cruel. General Lamoricière thus describes the emir’s strange *ruse*: ‘Abd-el-Kader plastered four camels all over with pitch, loaded them with immense heaps of dried grass, mixed up with pitch, and had them conducted in the dead of night to the edge of the Morocco camp by four soldiers, who had been previously paid 100 douros each for the service, and there set on fire.’ The plunging and tearing about of the maddened, flaming animals, produced, as was expected, much consternation

and confusion amongst the Morocco troops, greatly increased by the impetuous charge of Abd-el-Kader's horsemen, led by the emir in person, and for some time the advantage was greatly on the side of the assailants; but the hour of dawn, shewing the Morocco Kabyles the fewness in number comparatively with themselves of the Arabs, and the camel-meteors having long since burnt themselves out, was that of hopeless, irretrievable defeat. The emir's entire force was either destroyed or dispersed; and the only alternative left him, was either to surrender upon terms to General Lamoricière, who had been anxiously awaiting the issue of the struggle between Abd-el-Kader and Abd-er-Haman, or to endeavour to escape by the eastern mountains. The French general, upon hearing of his defeat, despatched Bou Kraïi with twelve chosen Spahis, to endeavour to intercept him, if, as was likely, he should take the road through the Col de Kerbores. The completeness of the emir's defeat is strikingly shewn by General Lamoricière's letter to the Duc d'Aumale, at this time governor-general of Algeria, announcing the precaution he had taken to prevent Abd-el-Kader's escape, though doubtful that he should be able to do so: 'Bou Kraïi, with twelve Spahis, will be stronger than the entire escort of him whom only yesterday Morocco struggled against with 38,000 men. There was no opening for the services of the Spahis. The fallen emir determined on surrendering himself to General Lamoricière upon certain conditions, which were negotiated through the Cadi of Tlemecen, who, General Lamoricière states, was of great service to him in the affair. The terms were agreed upon, first verbally, but afterwards reduced to writing, and subscribed by both parties. In reality, there was only one essential condition, which was thus stated in a dispatch from General Lamoricière to the Duc d'Aumale, dated 23d December, at nine o'clock in the morning: 'Let it suffice, that I assure you I have only promised and stipulated that the emir and his family shall be conveyed to Alexandria or to St Jean d'Acre: they are the places which he himself indicated in the conditions which I accepted.' The great news of Abd-el-Kader's surrender brought the Duc d'Aumale to the French camp, where General Cavaignac had previously arrived. The governor-general personally assured the emir, that he entirely approved and confirmed the engagement which he, Abd-el-Kader, had entered into with the general to whom, upon the faith of that engagement, he had surrendered himself, and that it would be religiously respected. The Duc d'Aumale, who, there can be no question, acted throughout the transaction with perfect good faith, and within the limits of his official powers, announced the emir's surrender to the French minister of war in the following terms:—'Monsieur le Ministre—A great event has just been accomplished. Abd-el-Kader is in our camp. Beaten by the Kabyles of Morocco, chased from the plains of Moolouïa by the troops of Mulei-Abd-er-Haman,

abandoned by his people, who took refuge in our territory, he has confided himself to the generosity of France, and has surrendered upon condition of being conveyed either to Alexandria or to St Jean d'Acre.' There is a trifling slip here, intended, no doubt, as a rhetorical flourish. Abd-el-Kader had not confided himself to the generosity of France—that is, of the government of France—for he had made a bargain with her representatives, binding them, with all the power that a solemn engagement possesses, to convey him to one of the two places named in the deed of surrender—he undertaking not to return without the permission of France to Algeria. There lingered, it is plain, in the Duc d'Aumale's mind, a harassing doubt of the good faith of his father's government, for he goes on to say: 'The moment I arrived here, I ratified the engagement made by General Lamoricière; and I have the firm hope that the government of the king will sanction it.' And as if resolved that there shall be no excuse for unfair dealing, he insists that the emir's surrender was entirely voluntary on his part: 'The emir had in his favour darkness, a difficult country traversed by paths unknown to our guides. Flight was still easy for him.'

Steam swiftly conveyed the important news to France, and as swiftly returned with the reply of the Paris cabinet: Abd-el-Kader must embark immediately for that country! Accordingly, he, his mother, three children, his cousin and brother-in-law, Hadj Mustapha, and suite, in all ninety-three persons, embarked in the steam-ship *Asmodée*—not an unfitly named vessel—and arrived safely at Toulon, after a stormy passage, on the evening of the 30th December 1845, to find themselves close prisoners, probably for life—at all events, for an indefinite period, the probable termination of which could not be even approximately indicated by the French ministers themselves. Not long afterwards, Abd-el-Kader himself, his family, and such persons of his suite as he chose to name, were transferred to the Castle of Amboise, on the left bank of the Loire, between Blois and Tours.

Strange, unlooked-for events knocked at the gate of the old castle, and glanced in at the captive, with a promise of relief, during the seven weary years which the unfortunate emir lingered through there: the dethronement, exile, and death of the monarch in whose name he had been imprisoned—the setting up of a republic, whose shibboleth was freedom! liberty! Illusive promise-breakers all! The chafed spirit of the emir still hopelessly fretted itself against the unmoving bars of his dungeon, when, like a shift of scene in a theatre, the door flew open, a mass of glittering uniforms floated in with the sudden light-burst, and the bewildered captive felt the chains put on by a king and rivetted by a republic fall off, as if by magic, at the voice of one who but the other day was a prisoner like himself, and in apparently more hopeless bondage! Whatever may have been the motives of Louis Napoleon in freeing Abd-el-Kader—perhaps delight in the

exhibition of supreme power, a wish to obtain a reputation for chivalric generosity at the cost of a cheap unhazardous magnanimity, the desire to contrast his own conduct towards the emir as strikingly as possible with that of the foregoing royal and republican governments—matters very little, after all, to any one but himself. The act itself was a just and honourable one; and the manner in which it was performed added greatly—an important consideration in France—to its dramatic effect. In truth, one can hardly imagine a more effective incident. Consider it for a moment. The place, a royal castle of the elder Bourbons, built by Charles VI., where Louis XI. instituted the order of St Michael, and Charles VIII. was born and died; the captive to be set free, originally a prisoner of the monarch who had usurped the hereditary seat of those ancient kings; and the liberator himself, though his foot was now upon the step of an imperial throne, but a brief space previously having escaped from the custody of Abd-el-Kader's jailer, in the dress of a labourer, a rough heavy plank borne across the shoulder, soon to be graced by the imperial mantle! The dialogue of this showy *pièce de circonstance* was not less *bizarre* and misplaced than its other accessories. 'I believe you,' said Louis Napoleon, addressing the emir, 'to be capable of resigning yourself, as both your religion and mine enjoins us to do, to the circumstances of the position in which you are placed, and thus your word is sacred: I rely upon it confidently, knowing, as I do, that amongst honourable men no other bond is required!' To which the emir replied by commanding one of his suite to read aloud a passage from the Koran, which denounces the breaking of a promise, though made to an unbeliever, as a dishonour and a crime! There, reader, you may travel far and read much before you light upon so amusing and suggestive a scene as this, enacted late in the fall of last year at the royal castle of Amboise.

Abd-el-Kader left France just as the news of the storming of Laghouat by General Pelissier, of Dahrah-Cave memory, arrived in that country; unmistakable evidence, were any required, that the war, of which we have endeavoured to present a faithful, unexaggerated outline, is not yet at an end—a result much, we think, to be regretted for the sake of the native population themselves. They can never hope to expel France from their sea-frontier; they are hemmed in east and west by numerous populations, bitterly hostile—through dread of France, no doubt, but still bitterly hostile—as the sanguinary overthrow of Abd-el-Kader by the Morocco troops clearly shewed; and although even thus crippled, and divided as they are amongst themselves, the fastnesses of the Atlas might perhaps be held for an indefinite time, the prolongation of a conflict without reasonable hope or definite aim, must be chiefly hurtful to the aborigines themselves. A maritime war would no doubt totally change the conditions of the strife; but we doubt whether the compelled evacuation of Algeria by France, supposing no other European nation willing or able to

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supply her place, would not be the greatest misfortune that could befall the natives, now that the smashing, slaying, firing part of the business must be pretty well over. They have been forcibly brought into contact with a more potent civilisation than their own, by which they must ultimately be greatly benefited; railways, the precursors of material progress, are, it is said, about to be constructed on the plains; and the government, by the establishment of schools, evince a laudable anxiety to advance their moral as well as physical condition. The subjugation of Algeria, so far as it has gone, has assuredly added nothing to the reputation of the French armies either for prowess or humanity; but the civilisation of Northern Africa presents an ample field for exertion, success in which will make amends for the past, and cause men to acknowledge, with unalloyed satisfaction, the signal service rendered to mankind by France in putting down the vast and formidable system of piracy which, for three centuries, had been permitted to organise and intrench itself on the shores of the Mediterranean.





THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.



AMONG the records of the ancient world, there are few more full of interest and excitement than the history of the expedition undertaken by the Younger Cyrus, to dethrone his brother Artaxerxes, which resulted in the far-famed retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. In all ages, the court of Persia has been the scene of intrigues and jealousies between brothers, each endeavouring to supplant the others, and to elevate himself to the throne through their ruin. Despotism quenches the natural affections, inspiring men with that fierce and devouring ambition which obliterates the landmarks of relationship, and sacrifices remorselessly all the best feelings of the heart to selfishness.

When Darius, after a long and prosperous reign, lay on his death-bed, the feelings of the king gave way to those of the father, and he desired to behold and embrace his two sons before taking leave of them for ever. As a politician, he might have foreseen that this step would probably lead to disastrous consequences; since it was evidently to prevent a collision of interests between the rival princes that, while he retained Artaxerxes at court, he had sent Cyrus into the distant province of Asia Minor, where, as satrap, he governed all the warlike races who, in times of danger, were accustomed to assemble on the plains of Castolus.

Parysatis, the mother of the young men, with that caprice of

which we have so many examples in life and history, loved exclusively her younger son, while towards the elder she would appear to have been actuated by a feeling akin to hatred. Her policy, accordingly, was to invest Cyrus with all possible power and influence; and it may even be suspected, that she actively encouraged his attempts upon the throne, and therefore on his brother's life. The reason for this conduct may be found in the fact, that Artaxerxes, giving easy credence to accusations, well or ill founded, had determined on putting his brother to death; though he had suffered himself to be deterred from committing this crime by the natural authority of his mother. Escaped from this danger, Cyrus, burning with indignation and the thirst of vengeance, returned to his government, where he immediately began to take measures for dethroning his brother, and making himself king of Persia. The disorganised state of the empire at that period supplied him with the means and the opportunity. It was a common thing for the satraps of different provinces to make war upon each other, in furtherance of their own private views, to enlarge their delegated dominion, to increase their revenues, or to gratify that taste for strife and slaughter which appears to be inherent in the nature of some men. Instead of discouraging these odious contests, the Persian court looked upon them with pleasure, because they exhausted the resources of those powerful vassals, whose ambition might otherwise have led them to aim at imperial authority. On the confines of Cyrus's government, a restless, intriguing, and profligate nobleman, rendered infamous in history under the name of Tissaphernes, cherished a peculiar rancour towards the king's brother, against whose life he had conspired at court; and whom, when he had failed by treachery to cut him off, he sought to destroy by open force. Against this man's attacks it was necessary to be provided, and, therefore, as the Persians had degenerated, and become at once treacherous and effeminate, Cyrus took into his service a number of Greeks, who, addicted to the military profession, and delighting in wild and daring adventures, were always ready to lend their swords to any one who could supply them with subsistence and the chances of glory. Another pretext for raising an army was found in the hostile attitude assumed by the Pisidians, a martial race, inhabiting the mountains lying to the east of Cyrus's satrapy. These it was judged necessary to chastise or to subdue, and none but Greeks were considered equal to so arduous and dangerous a service.

Various circumstances in the condition of the times favoured the development of Cyrus's policy. The rivalry between Athens and Sparta, which had involved all the Grecian states in a long and sanguinary war, had been then, for a short season, extinguished; while along the frontier of Greece wandered numerous exiles, driven into banishment by the peculiar accidents of Hellenic civilisation, which carried the government of states by parties to

its utmost development, and led to the extreme persecution of the vanquished by the victor. Nearly all these exiles were men versed in the arts of war, and burning with the desire to distinguish themselves. When, therefore, through various channels, Cyrus's ostensible views became known in Greece and its northern colonies, numbers of intrepid adventurers crowded to Sardis, the capital of the ancient kings of Lydia, where they were invariably welcomed, and treated hospitably by the Persian prince. Chief among these was Clearchus, a Lacedæmonian exile, whose character history has delineated in striking though harsh colours, but whose fate we are, nevertheless, compelled strongly to lament. His whole life had been passed in the study of war, and in acquiring those arts which enable one man to sway the minds of thousands, bend them to his purposes, and precipitate them irresistibly into the track of good or evil. Next to him in influence was Menon, a Thessalian, who, in any period of the world's history, must have played a conspicuous, if not an honourable part. It would be difficult, in the whole records of the past, to discover traces of any man more thoroughly destitute of principle. Like Cæsar and Borgia, he set at defiance all the laws by which human society is held together, and throughout his short life, aimed exclusively at the single point of self-aggrandisement. Another general, more remarkable for his virtue than for great or shining qualities—Proxenus the Bœotian—was accidentally the cause of nearly all the glory which from age to age has accumulated round the retreat of the Ten Thousand, since it was by his persuasion that Xenophon the Athenian accompanied the expedition as a volunteer. This man, otherwise well known as a disciple of Socrates, had, in the most difficult and dangerous circumstances, the honour to preserve the lives of his countrymen, to lead them through mountainous ranges, in all ages deemed impassable to an army, and to conduct them triumphantly to the shores of the Black Sea, where they found themselves in the midst of Greek colonies, on the confines of the regular civilisation of the ancient world. Other generals also joined Cyrus, whose panegyric the historian includes in the brief but expressive words, that 'they were blameless in war and friendship.'

Having, for the purposes enumerated, brought together at Sardis upwards of 14,000 Greeks, a majority of whom were heavy armed; while about 2000 bearing light shields, and equipped for expedition, were denominated targeteers—Cyrus prepared to march. His Persian army consisted of 100,000 men, including a large proportion of cavalry, in which, it should be observed, the Greeks were wholly wanting. For all such operations, therefore, as devolved on mounted troops, they were dependent on these Asiatics, which will account for many of the events that afterwards befell them. As might naturally be supposed, Cyrus, as long as possible, concealed his policy from all but the principal leaders. Skirmishes

with Tissaphernes, a mountain warfare with the Pisidians, or the siege of hostile cities like Miletus, constituted, in the apprehension of the soldiers, all the services that would be required of them. It never entered into their minds to imagine they should be led against the Great King, or, considering the stupendous range of mountains, inhabited by fierce and savage races, the rugged and dangerous defiles, the wide deserts, and the vast rivers they should have to traverse, they would probably have thrown up the enterprise in disgust, and preferred a life of adventure, with less dazzling prospects, nearer home. However, the army, Greeks and barbarians, at length departed from Sardis, and turning their faces towards the East, marched across the plains of Asia Minor, along the road now used by the caravans between Smyrna and Syria.

At first they encountered no opposition, but afterwards entered upon what might be considered an enemy's country. Even here, owing to peculiar circumstances, little or no obstruction was encountered; though, on arriving at the city of Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, Menon the Thessalian, in revenge for an attack made upon the Greeks in the mountains, sacked and plundered it, while as many of the inhabitants as he could capture, he sold for slaves. This involved Cyrus in some difficulty with Syennesis, king of the country; but when this had been amicably settled, the army continued its march until it arrived at the foot of Mount Taurus, where a narrow passage, lying along the face of cliffs and precipices, leads into Syria. Strong towers with numerous garrisons commanded on both sides the entrance to this formidable pass, for which reason Cyrus had provided a fleet of galleys sufficient, in case he should here encounter protracted resistance, to transport his forces by sea. Abrocomas, however, the satrap of the province, instead of defending the pass, hastily retreated towards the Euphrates, with an army amounting, it was said, to 300,000 men. Cyrus, consequently, soon found himself in the valleys of the Upper Lebanon, where, devastating the parks, and destroying the palaces of the satraps, but offering apparently no injury to the peaceful inhabitants, he rested some time, and refreshed the soldiers. Here an incident happened which enabled Cyrus, who had been endowed by nature with many popular and noble qualities, to recommend himself strongly to the Grecian army. Zenias and Pasion, who had joined the expedition with considerable bodies of troops raised by themselves, having been disgusted by the going over of these soldiers to Clearchus, privately hired a galley, deserted the Persian service, and sailed away by night. When this was made known to the prince, he called the Greeks together, and addressing them through an interpreter, declared that the escape of the two commanders was not concealed from him. He added, that it would be easy, with the number of ships at his command, to overtake the fugitives, bring them back, and punish them: 'But,' said he, feeling or affecting Hellenic sentiments, 'it shall never be said of me, that so long as men are useful, I avail

myself of their services, but as soon as they experience an inclination to resume their independence, I pursue and destroy them. On the contrary, the wives and children of these men, who are now in my power, shall immediately be sent to them, together with whatever property they may have left behind.' Such language could not but fail to produce a powerful effect on men grateful and gallant by nature, and thenceforward it was observed that the Greeks obeyed Cyrus far more cheerfully than before. Every day's march eastward served to confirm the suspicions of the army, that it was to be led against the Great King, as the Persian monarch was then habitually denominated. But all disguise was not laid aside till their arrival on the banks of the Euphrates, a river upwards of half a mile in breadth, which, rising in the mountains of Armenia, drains all the waters of that part of Asia, and flows in one mighty stream towards the Persian Gulf. It would be wholly impossible for us, with our modern ideas and knowledge of history and geography, to place before our minds the strange pictures which crowded on the fancy of the Greeks, as they stood by the waters of the Euphrates, and endeavoured to represent to themselves the wonders of the gorgeous realms lying in fabulous magnificence beyond them. They felt the fascination and spell of the Arabian desert, breathing its invigorating influence. They beheld before them the plains of Mesopotamia; they saw encamped close at hand an immense army of barbarians, ostensibly their allies, but ready, they could not doubt, to become at any moment their enemies, in case of any disaster happening to Cyrus. It was not, therefore, at all unnatural that they should hesitate to traverse the Euphrates, or be angry with their generals for having led them thus far without disclosing to them the nature of the service in which they were to be engaged. Besides, they had experienced the usual effects of serving an Oriental despot, for such, whatever might be the suavity of his manners or the generosity of his mind, Cyrus undoubtedly was. They had been buoyed up with brilliant promises, but their pay had been always in arrear, their commissariat ill supplied, and their prospects obviously uncertain; besides, rumour had brought to them an account of the king's army, exceeding in number 1,200,000 men, supplied amply with pay and provisions, and having in the country behind them an unrivalled base of operations. It required, consequently, no small display of eloquence to induce them to pass over into Mesopotamia, where, unless they proved conquerors, they could look for no other fate than to be cut off to a man. While the other Greeks were by these considerations kept in suspense, Menon called his Thessalians together, and placing before their imagination a seductive picture of the advantages which must accrue to them from obliging Cyrus, persuaded them to cross the Euphrates. After this, there existed no hesitation in the rest of the army. All traversed the river, and that, too, by fording it,

though the inhabitants of Thapsacus affected to regard this as a miracle, pretending that the Euphrates had become shallow out of deference to its future king. The place at which they traversed it, however, was a noted ford—usually very shallow—for the travellers from Palestine, Phœnicia, and Damascus, into Nineveh, Media, Assyria, and Eastern Armenia. The modern name of Thapsacus (Dar) signifies, indeed, a passage.

Being now in Mesopotamia, the chances of encountering the royal forces continually increased, so that the army marched in greater order than previously; but no enemy appearing during many days, they resumed the habitual carelessness of soldiers, and indulged with passionate eagerness in the amusements of the chase. Then, as now, an extensive desert stretched eastward from the Euphrates, in which the soldiers enjoyed the pastime of hunting the ostrich and the wild-ass, both far too fleet to be overtaken in running even by the swiftest horses. Success was only to be obtained by posting numerous relays in the course of the chase; for thus, by a constant succession of fresh horses, the game was run down and taken. Xenophon praises the flesh of the wild-ass for its delicacy and tenderness. He seems to have heard nothing of the lions which, according to Thevenot, were found two centuries ago in the same wilderness, particularly where it borders upon the Tigris, in the neighbourhood of the romantic city of Mosul. To command an inexhaustible supply of fresh water, Cyrus was careful to conduct his army close to the Euphrates, by a track upon which modern research has thrown little light. They crossed two rivers, the Araxes and the Masca—the latter without a name in modern geography, but the former identical with the Kabour. Then, as now, ruined cities were common in Persia, where misgovernment rises sometimes to such a pitch, that the inhabitants of whole districts take to flight, and either seek refuge among the Kurds and Arabs, or disperse and melt into the general population of the country. Here and there, on the banks of the Euphrates, they found large quarries, and the natives engaged in fashioning millstones, which they transported to Babylon, and other great cities of the empire, and thus earned a subsistence. During this part of the march, the army suffered greatly from want of provisions; and the Greeks, at least, were reduced to live entirely on flesh. Their sumpter-animals died from fatigue, and great discouragement prevailed among the soldiers. At length, in descending the river, they arrived opposite a populous city of Arabia, on which Xenophon bestows the name of Carmande. To this the soldiers crossed over on rafts, and purchased such provisions as they needed. These rafts were composed of skins stuffed with hay, and bound carefully together; and the articles of provision supplied by the Arabs consisted chiefly of palm-wine, and a sort of grain called *panic* by some writers, probably the *dhourra sefi* of the present day.

At this place happened a sedition in the Grecian camp, which

threatened destruction to the whole army, though it arose out of a very trivial cause. We learn from it, however, that between Menon and Clearchus there existed a constant rivalry, which, being shared in by their men, was ready at any moment to disturb the peace of the camp. On this occasion, the Spartan general, witnessing an altercation between one of his own soldiers and a follower of Menon, struck the latter, upon which his companions resented it, raised a shout, and drawing together a crowd, one of the men threw an axe at Clearchus, and his example being followed, the rough and rigid disciplinarian escaped with much difficulty to his own quarters. Here, in the rage of the moment, forgetting the policy of the general, and not reflecting that, by indulging his fury, he might bring destruction on the whole force, he commanded his soldiers to arm themselves, and having drawn them up in order of battle, advanced with a small body of Thracian horse towards Menon's quarters. At this moment, Proxenus, the philosophical friend of Xenophon, interposed his good offices, and endeavoured in vain to reason with the fiery Spartan. At length, Cyrus also having heard of the quarrel, rode up in haste and alarm; and representing to Clearchus the destruction that must inevitably follow the indulgence of his anger, brought him to himself. The whole army then resumed its march, and advanced towards the Median Wall, in the rear, as they could not doubt, of a large division of cavalry, which had everywhere left its traces on the face of the country, by burning and destroying everything which might have been of service to the invaders. Treachery now began to shew itself among Cyrus's followers, and it became necessary to make an example of the first traitor, in order to strike terror into others. Orontas, a Persian nobleman of the highest rank, having been detected in the attempt to betray Cyrus to his brother, a court-martial was held upon him in the prince's tent, at which Clearchus was present. His guilt having been clearly proved, and even admitted by himself, he was delivered over to an officer of distinction, to be despatched secretly, and it was never known in what manner he died. He was, in all likelihood, strangled, and his body, with weights attached to it, thrown into the Euphrates.

Continuing to advance for several days, intelligence was at length brought by deserters that the king with an immense army was approaching. Cyrus, therefore, reviewed his own forces in a plain at midnight; and having addressed to them words of promise and encouragement, appointed the order in which they were to engage the king: giving to Clearchus the command of the right wing; to Menon, that of the left; while he himself, with his Persians, occupied the centre. On the break of day, instead of discovering the enemy, they observed everywhere unequivocal tokens of their retreat; but with what intention did not appear. However, it was known to Cyrus that Babylonia was then intersected by numerous broad canals cut from the Tigris to the

Euphrates, and spanned by bridges which had now been all broken down. A trench, besides, had been carried from near the Euphrates to the Median Wall across the whole plain, to embarrass the movements of the cavalry. Nevertheless, a narrow pass had been left, originally, perhaps, with the design of being defended; but no force being found there to dispute his passage, Cyrus entered within the trench, and experiencing no interruption, approached rapidly the very heart of the empire.

At first, the supposed proximity of danger produced a salutary effect, inducing the invaders to keep constantly on their guard and ready for action; but no enemy appearing during three whole days, the reins of discipline were relaxed, Cyrus himself riding forward unarmed in his chariot, while the soldiers either threw their weapons into wagons, or piled them up carelessly on the backs of sumpter-animals. History is full of the disasters which have befallen men through false confidence and relaxation of discipline; but we are so seldom taught by the calamities of others, that similar follies will probably be repeated to the end of the world.

It was now, observes the Greek historian, about the time of day when the market is usually crowded, the army being near the place where they proposed to encamp, when Patagyas, a Persian, one of those whom Cyrus most confided in, was seen riding towards them at full speed, his horse all in a sweat, and he calling to every one he met, both in his own language and in Greek, that the king was at hand with a vast army, marching in order of battle. This occasioned a general confusion among the Greeks, all expecting he would charge them before they had put themselves in order; but Cyrus, leaping from his car, buckled on his corselet, then mounting his horse, seized his javelins in his hand, ordered all the rest to arm, and every man to take his post: in obedience to which command they quickly formed themselves; Clearchus on the right wing, close to the Euphrates; next to him Proxenus; and after him the rest. Menon and his men were posted upon the left of the Greek army. Of the barbarians, 1000 Paphlagonian horse, with the Greek targeteers, stood next to Clearchus on the right. Upon the left, Ariæus, Cyrus's lieutenant-general, was placed with the rest of the barbarians. They had large corselets and cuisses, and all of them helmets; but Cyrus, who placed himself in the centre with 600 horse, stood ready for the charge with his head unarmed—in which manner, they say, it was also customary for the rest of the Persians to expose themselves on a day of action. All the horses in Cyrus's army had both frontlets and breastplates, and the horsemen Greek swords.

It was now the middle of the day, and no enemy was yet to be seen; but in the afternoon there appeared a dust like a white cloud, which not long after spread itself like a darkness over the plain. When they drew nearer, the brazen armour flashed, and their spears and ranks appeared, having on their left a body of

horse, armed in white corselets (said to be commanded by Tissaphernes), and followed by those with Persian bucklers, besides having armed men with wooden shields reaching down to their feet (said to be Egyptians), and other horse and archers; all which marched according to their respective countries, each nation being drawn up in a solid oblong square; and before them were disposed, at a considerable distance from one another, chariots armed with scythes fixed aslant at the axle-trees, with others under the body of the chariot pointing downwards, that so they might cut asunder everything they encountered. Into the details of the battle which followed it would be tedious to enter. The Greeks, under their own generals, remained near the Euphrates, opposed to the left wing of the Persian army; while Cyrus, further out in the plain, sought that portion of the adverse ranks where he believed his brother to be stationed. He had with him 600 picked horsemen, together with all those courtiers and officers who were most attached to his person. The king was defended by 6000 cavalry, and had along with him Ctesias, the Greek physician, who afterwards published an account of what took place. Animated less by ambition than by that fratricidal hatred which stained his noble character, Cyrus, as soon as he knew himself to be in the neighbourhood of his brother, laying aside the prudence of the general, and losing all self-command, charged furiously the 6000 horse, who for the most part dispersed and fled. In the mêlée, he caught a sight of Artaxerxes, and shouting aloud: 'I see the man!' rushed impetuously forward, and wounded his brother through the corselet, according to the testimony of the physician, who was present, and afterwards cured the wound. At this moment, however, a javelin, cast from some unknown hand, pierced the prince a little below the eye, and passing through the brain, he fell back dead at his brother's feet. Here the strong affection with which Cyrus had inspired his intimate friends was strikingly exhibited. Eight of them died upon his body, and Artapates, one of the noblest of his race, is said to have slain himself with his own scimitar on the remains of his beloved chief. Others say, that while he was embracing Cyrus's dead body, Artaxerxes ordered him to be cut to pieces.

The Greeks, meanwhile, had utterly routed that part of the Persian forces which stood opposed to them, and pursuing them in order, soon found themselves completely victorious without the loss of a single man. Their manner of engaging the enemy appears to have inspired the greatest terror in the barbarians. They began by singing the *Pæan*, or hymn to Athena, which, swelling from 14,000 men at once, rolled like thunder over the plain; and to add to the effect, they struck their spears violently against their brazen shields; and in the midst of this terrific noise, extended their flashing weapons, and rushed against the enemy. Unused to such impetuosity and energy, the Persians immediately broke their ranks and fled, the charioteers alighting from their

chariots to escape on foot, the horsemen riding away at full speed, and the infantry following in the greatest disorder. As yet the Greeks were ignorant of the death of Cyrus, and observing with what facility they overcame and dispersed the king's forces, believed that the prince in whose service they had fought might already be regarded as monarch of Persia. Meanwhile, his head and right hand having been cut off, were exposed to his Asiatic followers, who, under the command of Ariæus, retreated from the field, and encamped at a safe distance. The forces of Artaxerxes now broke into Cyrus's camp, which they pillaged. Of two Grecian ladies, who had accompanied the prince—one, a Phocæan, was taken prisoner, and became the mistress of Artaxerxes; the other, a native of Miletus, by name Aspasia, fled to the Grecian camp, where she was received and protected by her countrymen.

Since the time of the Elder Cyrus, the empire of the Medes and Persians had never been so near its dissolution. The slightest accident would at that moment have sufficed to overthrow it, or at least to transfer the crown from the reigning line to any other. A few fierce and indomitable republicans, having broken loose from the social discipline of their own country, and hired their swords to an Oriental prince, had broken into the very sanctuary of dominion, and stood there in their proud courage, ready to confer the most brilliant sceptre of the East on any one who would have the hardihood to accept it. But no new rival to Artaxerxes offered himself; and the Greeks, though victorious, soon began to experience uneasiness for their own fate. No one was left to give them pay; the country where they found themselves had been ravaged far and near by the enemy, and they were consequently at a loss to foresee how they should provide themselves with the necessaries of life. While they remained in this perplexity, messengers came from Artaxerxes, summoning them to lay down their arms, and submit themselves to the justice of the king, whose territories they had invaded, and whose throne they had attempted to overthrow. The policy of the court evidently was either to take the whole body of these foreigners into the king's pay, or to furnish them where they were, or to separate them into small divisions, and cut them off in detail. The Greeks had been taught by their education to be calm and collected in the midst of every danger. To the king's threats, they replied with contemptuous levity; for on being told that he required them to give up their arms, they replied: 'Let him come and take them.' Finding such to be the temper of their minds, the negotiators, among whom was a celebrated Greek adventurer named Phalinus, mentioned the alternative sent by the king, which was, that there should be peace if they remained in their actual position, but if they advanced, war. To this the Spartan Clearchus, accustomed like the rest of his countrymen to treat danger and death with indifference, replied jocularly, that it should be as the king said—namely, peace if they remained, and war if they advanced. Many conferences followed, all intended to

inveigle the Greeks into situations in which they might be cut off with safety. In the midst of armed myriads, however, their intrepidity and discipline preserved them. Several thousand miles from home, in the heart of a hostile empire, with no cavalry to protect their foraging-parties, hemmed in by broad and deep rivers, which they possessed no means of passing, ignorant of the geography of the country, and wholly uncertain about what course it would be best for them to take, they relied calmly on their own valour, supported greatly, besides, by pious confidence in the gods of their native land.

On the other side, the Persian court dreaded their approach towards Babylon, respecting the situation and distance of which they laboured to keep them as much as possible in the dark. It was at length, after much negotiation, agreed that, instead of endeavouring to reach Ionia by the way of Syria and Mount Taurus, the Greeks should cross the Tigris, traverse the plains and deserts of Media, and force their way, as they might best be able, through the mountainous regions constituting the northern boundary of the Persian Empire, to the shores of the Black Sea. Artaxerxes had at that time in his service a satrap of incomparable villainy—able, astute, enterprising, and acquainted, besides, with the character and manners of the Greeks. This person, whom the classical reader will immediately recognise as Tissaphernes, undertook to conduct the Ten Thousand back to Greece; pretending, what was true, that they might be of the greatest service to him in his government, by enabling him to subdue the rebel tribes and hostile satraps in his neighbourhood, and rendering him generally superior to all the dependent chiefs in the empire. As this view of their mutual relations was perfectly correct, the Grecian generals, though persuaded of the treacherous and vicious character of Tissaphernes, readily placed themselves under his guidance, taking, however, some precautions to guard against his treachery. The Persian army was compelled, for example, to encamp at a certain distance from theirs, and it was agreed that whenever a market was not provided for them, they should quarter themselves upon the villages near which they passed, and help themselves. The greatest possible anxiety was felt to draw them out of Mesopotamia, where they were in the midst of rich and flourishing cities, which the slightest provocation might induce them to sack and set on fire. With much caution, therefore, and many fair promises, they were led to the Tigris, which, a little below the site of Bagdad, and above the source of the Diala, they traversed by means of a bridge of boats.

The heart of Artaxerxes became lighter when intelligence was brought him, that the Ten Thousand had passed over into Media, and turned their faces towards the north. On the very first day's march after crossing the river, they passed over the site of the future city of the caliphs, the capital of Haroun el Raschid, celebrated in the *Thousand-and-one-Nights* for innumerable adventures and strange vicissitudes of fortune. The Ten Thousand, true to the character

of their nation, were as full of romantic enthusiasm as any who have since trodden that remarkable spot; but they were marching; they knew not whither, under the guidance of the greatest miscreant in the world: sometimes alarmed into caution, sometimes provoked, even to the very verge of hostilities, but sometimes, also, completely thrown off their guard by his specious professions of friendship and solemn oaths of unalterable fidelity. Modern travellers have done little to throw light on the track now pursued by the Greeks on their way towards the mountains of Kurdistan. They crossed, we know, the greater and the lesser Zab, passed by several large cities—some flourishing, others in ruins, and skirted those plains on which, not long afterwards, the Macedonian phalanxes effected the final overthrow of the Persian monarchy.

One little incident, which occurred during this part of the march, may be mentioned as an illustration of the spirit which animated the court of Artaxerxes. His mother, Parysatis, had a certain number of villages in Media assigned to her for her support. To these the Greeks were led, and commissioned to pillage, probably without being at all informed why this liberty was conceded to them. The object, however, was to afflict the queen-mother, by exposing her to receive this grievous injury from the friends of her favourite son.

New stratagems, meanwhile, were perpetually put in practice to cut off the Greeks in their retreat. It may possibly excite surprise that, with so many troops at his command, the king did not surround them at once, and cut them to pieces, or trample them to death with his redoubtable cavalry. The reason why no such attempt was made, is to be found in the cowardice of the Persians, who looked upon being brought face to face with the Greeks as certain death. No extent of royal authority, therefore, would have sufficed to engage them in such an enterprise, and nothing but fraud and treachery remained. Again, some wonder may be felt that, under these circumstances, the policy was not adopted of hastening and facilitating their retreat as much as possible, in order to be delivered from them; but the Persians knew that if the Ten Thousand returned in safety to their native country, the secret of their weakness would be disclosed, and probably lead to future expeditions utterly subversive of their predominance in Asia. The correctness of this view was afterwards demonstrated by Alexander of Macedon, who, with a handful of hardy mountaineers, encouraged by the example of Xenophon and his companions, penetrated into the heart of Persia, overthrew the monarchy, and advanced without any serious opposition to the furthest shores of the Punjab. Into all the plans of Tissaphernes, history does not supply us with the means of entering; but he thought, it is to be presumed, that if he could succeed in cutting off the generals of the Ten Thousand, the men, deprived of their commanders, would fall an easy prey even to his dastardly troops. As numerous quarrels and misunderstandings had taken place, therefore, he invited Clearchus and the

other leaders to repair to him, and hold a conference in his tent, for the purpose, as he said, of putting an end to these dissensions, by settling upon some plan of proceedings equally for the interest of both armies. This proposal would appear to have awakened suspicion in many, but Clearchus, being above all treachery himself, was unwilling, without good grounds, to attribute so atrocious a design even to Tissaphernes; besides, there existed in the Greek, and especially in the Spartan mind, a singular contempt of death, as if the life which succeeds to it, in the memory and gratitude of mankind, were far more to be coveted than that transitory existence, which philosophy taught them to consider merely as the avenue to a glorious immortality. With unpardonable rashness, five of the principal leaders, accompanied by twenty inferior chiefs and a small escort, repaired, accordingly, to the camp of Tissaphernes, where, on being introduced into his tent, they were immediately murdered, all but Menon the Thessalian, who was reserved to be exposed to the most horrid tortures, and finally put to death about a year afterwards.

As a truce existed between the Greeks and the Persians, numbers of the former had scattered themselves carelessly over the plain lying between the two camps, and, immediately on the slaughter of the generals, a body of Persian horse was sent forth to destroy as many of these stragglers as possible. Some of the leaders who had accompanied Clearchus contrived to effect their escape, many of them dangerously wounded; and the news of the massacre which they brought along with them threw the whole army into consternation. A large body of heavy armed men was sent out, however, to repel the attacks of the Persian horse, a service which they easily accomplished, and then returned to the camp to share, perhaps to augment, the general gloom. The commanders in whom the soldiers had most confidence had now been removed, and all hope of a further continuance of peace with the Persians had departed along with them. It would now be necessary to prepare for the most desperate conflicts, to rely for provisions on force, and to reckon on encountering none but enemies in whatever direction they might march. While the army was in this disposition of mind, night came on, and the soldiers, too depressed and disheartened to kindle fires, went to rest without food. They called to mind, says the historian, their parents, their wives, their children, whom they never expected to see again, and experienced that sickness and yearning of the heart which dejection and deep sorrow engender.

It was now that Xenophon the Athenian came for the first time prominently forward. His writings have since become known throughout the whole civilised world, and few names connected with Grecian history are held in higher respect. But he was then a youth, without fame or influence, who had been led to join the expedition of Cyrus through his personal friendship for the Boeotian Proxenus. He had previously studied philosophy under

Socrates, and associated with Plato, and all the finest and noblest minds of Greece. It may readily be supposed, therefore, that in the perilous situation in which he now found himself, he did not lose his presence of mind. The incident to which he attributes his determination to offer himself as leader to the Ten Thousand is highly characteristic. According to the forms of faith and piety prevalent in his age and country, Xenophon was a religious man, anxious to perform all his duties towards Heaven, and to be possessed by the consciousness that the gods looked with approval on his conduct. He was regular, therefore, in sacrifice, in consulting the entrails of victims, and in every other act connected with the religious system of Greece. On the present occasion, he was encouraged by a dream, and, rising in the middle of the night, he called together the remaining generals and commanders, and by the display of great eloquence and wisdom, reawakened their confidence in themselves, and incited them to take measures for insuring the common safety. ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘I can neither sleep, which I suppose is your case also, nor lie any longer, when I consider the condition to which we are reduced; for it is plain the enemy would not have declared war against us, had they not first made the necessary preparations: while, on our side, none takes any care how we may resist them in the best manner possible. If we are remiss, and fall under the power of the king, what have we to expect from him who cut off the head and hand of his own brother, even after he was dead, and fixed them upon a stake? How, then, will he treat us who have no support, and have made war against him, with a design to reduce him from the condition of a king to that of a subject, and, if it lay in our power, to put him to death? Will he not try the power of every extremity, to the end that, by torturing us in the most ignominious manner, he may deter all men from ever making war against him? We ought, therefore, to do everything rather than fall into his hands. While the peace lasted, I own I never ceased to consider ourselves as extremely miserable; and the king, with those who belonged to him, equally happy. When I cast my eyes around, and beheld how spacious and beautiful a country they were masters of—how they abounded in provisions, slaves, cattle, gold, and rich apparel; and, on the other hand, reflected on the situation of our men, who had no share of all these advantages, without paying for them, which I know few of them were any longer able to do, and that our oaths forbade us to provide ourselves by any other means; when I reflected, I say, on these things, I was more afraid of peace than I now am of war. But since they have put an end to the peace, there seems to be an end also both of their insolence and our jealousy; and these advantages lie now as a prize between us, to be given to the bravest. In this combat, the gods are the umpires, who will, with justice, declare in our favour, for our enemies have provoked them by perjury; while we, surrounded with everything to tempt

us, have with constancy abstained from all, that we might preserve our oaths inviolate: so that, in my opinion, we have reason to engage in this combat with greater confidence than they. Besides, our bodies are more patient of cold, of heat, and of labour, than theirs; and our minds, with the divine assistance, more resolved. And if, as before, the gods vouchsafe to grant us the victory, their men will be more obnoxious to wounds and death. But possibly others may also entertain these thoughts. For Heaven's sake, then, let us not stay till those who do, come and encourage us to glorious actions, but let us take the initiative, and excite them to virtue. Choose yourselves the bravest of all the captains, and the most worthy to command of all the generals. As for me, if you desire to lead the way in this, I will follow you with cheerfulness; and if you appoint me to be your leader, I shall not excuse myself by reason of my years, but think myself of full age to repel an injury.'

It is difficult for us to realise to ourselves the striking and picturesque circumstances of that night. Upwards of 10,000 soldiers from the West, deprived suddenly of their leaders, without a treasury or a commissariat, in the heart of Persia, with large hostile armies around them, with a mountainous region in front, a desert behind, an impassable river on their left, and, to the right, regions then altogether unknown; meeting under the cover of darkness, to consult respecting their next movement. Of their deliberations, we possess a detailed account: it may, however, be sufficient to say, that before morning they elected two generals-in-chief—Xenophon the Athenian, to command the rearguard, always the post of the greatest difficulty and honour in a retreat; and Cheirisophus, a Lacedæmonian, to lead the van.

Next day, they made preparations to resume their march, burned their tents and heavy baggage, and exchanged with each other their superfluities. The remainder of the plunder they had taken they set on fire, and then prepared to move northwards. A second attempt at treachery was now made by Mithridates, who, affecting to be an enemy of Tissaphernes, and to be desirous of coming over to them with all his people, sought to lead them into fresh snares. Very great discouragement prevailed among the Greeks; and during the following night, Nicharchus, an Arcadian, with about twenty men, deserted and went over to the enemy. This determined the generals to permit no further conferences, the object of which was to dishearten the soldiers, and induce them to abandon the hope of forcing back their way to Greece. The exact locality on which the massacre of the generals took place has not been ascertained: it was somewhere on the left or southern bank of the Greater Zab, which flows into the Tigris, at no great distance from the ancient city of Larissa. Under the guidance of their new generals, the Ten Thousand crossed this river, and advanced steadily towards Kurdistan, amid whose mountains they understood they should escape all annoyance from

the Persian horse, whatever might be the obstructions thrown in their way by the inhabitants themselves.

Meanwhile, they found it impracticable to move forward without fighting; and in the mode of warfare adopted by the enemy, the disadvantages were nearly all on the side of the Greeks, who possessed no cavalry to pursue their assailants, and whose archers, chiefly from Crete, made use of bows, the range of which was scarcely half so great as that of the Persians. On one occasion, therefore, Xenophon having been betrayed by his ardour into a rash pursuit, exposed his followers to be wounded without the possibility of inflicting any injury in return. This led to the formation of a corps of slingers, composed of such Rhodians as were found in the army, who, employing leaden balls and stones of smaller dimensions than those used by the Persians, cast their missiles to a much greater distance, and were, consequently, far more formidable. A small body of horse, not exceeding fifty in number, was likewise organised under the command of one Lycius, an Athenian. This improvement had no sooner been made than its value was tested, for, arriving at a deep valley which they had to cross in the face of the enemy, they were enabled, under the protection of their newly-created horse and slingers, to effect it without loss. Passing by the ruined cities of Larissa and Mespila, they at length reached the low range of hills which constitutes what may be termed the outworks to the mountains of Kurdistan. Here the Persians, conscious they must relinquish their harassing system of pursuit, mustered sufficient courage to deal a parting blow. With their fleet horses and light troops, they occupied eminence after eminence, wounding the Greeks from a distance, but flying invariably on the approach of the heavy-armed men. A single expression made use of by Xenophon, may suffice to explain why the vast multitudes brought into the field by the Persians were never able to resist the charge of a small body of disciplined soldiers. The barbarians who, in this hill-fight, cast down stones and darts at the Ten Thousand, did so, he says, under the lash. Nor was this a solitary example of the practice. When Xerxes passed over with his army into Europe, it would appear that numbers of the common soldiers required to be scourged into the enterprise, which will account for the rapidity with which they melted away before the free combatants of Greece.

On arriving at the foot of the mountains, the Greek generals found themselves in great perplexity. It was beyond measure difficult to decide what course to pursue. From attempting to pass over into Mesopotamia, they were deterred by the depth of the Tigris, which could not in that place be fathomed by their longest spears, though a Rhodian, with the characteristic ingenuity of his nation, offered to construct a bridge for the army with inflated skins, fascines, and earth. The appearance of a large body of horse on the opposite bank frustrated this design, and it

became necessary to adopt some other course of proceeding. The enemy's cavalry in large bodies was hovering round to observe their movements, and, wherever practicable, to obstruct them; but fearing the effects which might flow from their despair, they kept at a considerable distance. On this occasion, as much as on any during the retreat, the worth of disciplined valour was made evident. With all the advantages of being in their own country, with a perfect knowledge of localities, with abundant supplies, and a friendly population, the Persians felt like a herd of inferior animals in the vicinity of a troop of lions. Sometimes, on observing a retrograde movement among the Ten Thousand, they were seized with apprehensions lest they might abandon the design of returning to Greece, retrace their steps, and carry fire and sword into Babylonia. Sometimes the fear was, lest they should settle down where they were, build a city, subjugate the neighbouring provinces, and effect, in this manner, the overthrow of the Persian monarchy. But the Greeks themselves contemplated no such magnificent schemes of dominion, but were exclusively solicitous to discover the means of returning in safety to their homes, to their parents, to their wives, to their children, to whom, in the quietude and security of the domestic hearth, they might again and again recount the dangers which they had boldly faced and overcome in the heart of Asia.

While the soldiers, dispersed through the villages, were collecting provisions, the generals had the prisoners brought before them, and made inquiries respecting all the routes leading from the district in which they then found themselves. They were informed that there existed four: one to the south, leading to Babylon and Media, by which they had marched; one to the east, leading to Susa and Ecbatana, where the king was said to pass the summer and the spring; another, to the west, over the Tigris, to Lydia and Ionia; and a fourth, leading over the mountains to the north into the country of the Carduchi or Kurds. These were, at that period, a formidable nation, and have greatly extended themselves there, preserving, in their manners and their modes of life, all the characteristics which marked them in the days of Xenophon. After deliberating carefully on the subject, it was determined to attempt the passage through the mountains whose inhabitants maintained in their fastnesses a complete independence of Persia. To illustrate the difficulty and danger of this route, the generals were informed that the king, having once sent an army of 120,000 men to reduce the mountaineers to subjection, not only suffered defeat, but lost the entire force to a man. However, the Greeks judged it preferable to deal with these fierce barbarians, than to march constantly exposed to the harassing attacks of the Persian cavalry, which, though wholly unequal to a contest with the Greeks, might yet, by constantly inflicting small injuries, cause them very great detriment upon the whole. They learned, besides, that, after passing the mountains, they should emerge

into the lofty plains of Armenia, which, though under the rule of a Persian satrap, they felt persuaded they could traverse with little difficulty. Without declaring, therefore, in what direction they designed to advance, the generals ordered the army to be ready for marching at the first signal; after which, they retired to refresh themselves and take a little rest. In order, however, that the enemy might not be acquainted with their design of penetrating into the country of the Carduchians, and defeat it by possessing themselves of the eminences, they resolved upon immediately attempting the ascent. When, therefore, it was about the last watch, and so much of the night was left as to allow them to traverse the plain while it was yet dark, they broke up their camp, and marching when the order was given, came to the mountain by break of day. Cheirisophus commanded the vanguard, with his own people and all the light-armed men; and Xenophon brought up the rear with the heavy-armed, having none of the light, because there was no fear of the enemy's attacking their rear while they were marching up the mountain. Cheirisophus gained the top before he was perceived by the enemy; then led forward; and the rest of the army, as fast as they passed the summit, followed him into the villages that lay dispersed in the valleys and recesses of the mountains.

The inhabitants having been come upon suddenly, took refuge in their fastnesses without being able to carry anything away with them, so that the Greeks found an abundance of provisions, with numerous utensils of brass. But though compelled to supply themselves with food, they rigidly abstained from plunder, in the hope of thus mitigating the hostility of the natives. Their policy, however, was without result, for the Kurds would not be conciliated, but, hanging on their rear, attacked them fiercely, killing and wounding many of their soldiers. The whole night was passed in mutual watchfulness and distrust. Here an incident occurred which seems to have caused the generals much pain. Having taken several prisoners during the late action, they selected two from among them to be their guides, and questioned them respecting the roads leading through their country. One of them sullenly refusing to afford any information, they put him to death, upon which, terrified by his fate, the other was rendered communicative, and offered to lead the army by a safe route to the borders of Armenia. Whatever road they might select, however, it was always necessary to render it passable by the sword; for the Kurds fought with great gallantry and desperation, shedding their blood lavishly in defence of their hearths and homes, though, had they quietly stood aloof, the intrepid little army from the West, contented with the mere necessities of life, would have passed through their country without inflicting any wanton injury on man or beast.

Having learned from the guide that there lay in advance of them a height commanding the defile through which they must

necessarily pass, it was determined to take possession of it, as the march of the army would otherwise be rendered impracticable. This service it was judged best to intrust to volunteers; and as soon as the desire of the generals had been made known, several of those youthful leaders who had between them a contest of glory, cheerfully offered themselves. The day being now far advanced, the generals ordered the volunteers to refresh themselves and set out, and delivered the guide to them bound. It was agreed, that if they made themselves masters of the summit, they should keep possession of it that night, and as soon as it was morning, announce their success by sound of trumpet. Those above should then charge such of the enemy as were posted in the passage that lay before them, while those below, with all possible celerity, marched up to their assistance. They now set forward, in number about 2000; and in spite of the heavy rain, Xenophon with the rear-guard manœuvred so as to draw off the attention of the enemy from the movements of the volunteers. When he and his division came to a valley which they were to traverse, the Kurds rolled down vast boulders, many of them a ton in weight, which, being dashed to pieces in their fall, sent about such a shower of splinters, that it was found impossible to approach the road. This went on all night, as they were made aware by the constant dashing of the stones against the rocks. Meanwhile, those who had marched round with the guide, surprised the enemy as they were watching round a fire, killed some, drove others down the rocks, and remained masters of the position, supposing they had taken the loftiest summit. In this, however, they were deceived, for another eminence still remained above them, approached by a narrow pass from the spot on which they now stood. Having occupied this position till morning, they put themselves in order of battle, and marched noiselessly towards the enemy, through a thick mist, which enabled them to advance without being discovered, till they stood face to face with them on the height. The trumpet was now sounded; and the Greeks rushed towards the barbarians, who immediately fled in dismay, and with such expedition, that very few were slain. The main body under Cheirisophus, hearing the signal agreed upon, pushed up the pass which opened before them—many of the generals taking bypaths, each where he happened to be, and climbing as well as they could, drew up one another with their pikes.

An intricate series of skirmishes now took place; hill after hill was carried, the barbarians sometimes resisting, sometimes flying, now negotiating, and now breaking the truce. They at length arrived at certain villages, where they were quartered in good houses, and found a great supply of provisions, with wine in plastered cisterns. Here the bodies of those who had been slain were recovered from the enemy, and interred with all the honours due to brave men. In this way they traversed the whole of Kurdistan, until they arrived at the broad valley and river which separate

this country from Armenia. It is remarked by the military historian, that in the seven days occupied among the Kurdish mountains, they suffered more than from all the attempts of the Persian army, from the plains of Cunaxa, where the battle with Artaxerxes was fought, up to their entrance upon this wild range. They now encamped in numerous villages at a short distance from the mountains, where, considering the worst of their toils at an end, they resolved to allow themselves a little leisure for repose. On the day on which they determined to cross the river Centrites, the troops of Persia again made their appearance—drawn up in order, horse and foot, on the opposite bank, ready to oppose their passage. They consisted of Armenians, Mygdonians, and Chaldeans—the last a free and warlike people, armed with long shields and spears. During an unsuccessful attempt to cross, the Greeks found the water came up to their breasts, and that the bed of the stream was rendered uneven by large slippery stones, so that it was impossible for them to stand to their arms; and if they raised their shields above their heads, they were exposed to the missiles of the enemy. Retreat, therefore, became unavoidable. The Kurds, who had followed in their rear, now appeared encamped in great numbers on the lower slopes of the hills; while before them lay an almost impassable river, with large bodies of horse and foot lining its further banks. Great perplexity and dejection fell, consequently, on the army, which, during a whole day and night, was so discouraged, that it attempted nothing. In these circumstances, Xenophon, as usual, had a cheering dream, which he imparted to the other generals, who, upon offering sacrifices, found the victims favourable. They desired the soldiers, therefore, to take their breakfast, being determined to force their way immediately into Armenia, at whatever cost. While they were still eating, two young men came to Xenophon, who was always accessible, and informed him that while they were getting brushwood for fuel, they saw among the rocks at the other side of the river, an old man and a woman with some maid-servants, hiding something that looked like bags full of clothes in a hollow. Seeing this, they said they thought they might safely pass the river, because the spot was inaccessible to the enemy's horse. So they undressed themselves, and taking their naked daggers in their hands, proposed to swim over, but the stream being fordable, they found themselves at the other side before the water came up to their middle. Then having taken the clothes, they returned.

In consequence of this information, it was resolved that the passage of the river should be attempted in the following order: Cheirisophus was to lead the van, and cross with one-half of the army, while the other stayed with Xenophon, and the sumpter-horses, with the camp-followers, should pass in the middle. They at once began their march, guided by the two youths, and keeping the river on their left. A short distance brought them to the ford,

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several bodies of cavalry keeping pace with them on the opposite shore. On reaching the stream, Cheirisophus, with a garland upon his head, undressed, and, taking his arms, commanded all the rest to follow his example. He then drew them up in columns—some on his left hand, some on his right. While these arrangements were making, the priests offered sacrifice, and poured the blood of the victims into the river, the enemy keeping up all the while a volley of arrows and stones, which all fell short of their aim. As the victims appeared favourable, all the men sang the Pæan and shouted, and all the women answered them—for there were many females with the army.

The passage was immediately commenced; while Xenophon, with a picked body of men, descended the stream, as if he would have crossed at the lower ford, and so cut off the enemy, who lay between him and Cheirisophus. Seeing this movement, they all took to flight, never pausing till they reached a mountain at some distance from the stream. By this time, Cheirisophus had passed, and attacked the enemy in front of him, routing them at the first onset, so that the bank of the river was entirely clear on that side. But now came the pinch of the whole affair, which was to enable the rear-guard to effect its passage, for the Kurds were advancing rapidly at the heels of Xenophon's division, singing as they came on. Cheirisophus, now completely free from danger, gave orders to the light-armed troops to return to the assistance of the rear, which Xenophon countermanded, directing them, when they saw him begin to pass the river with his men, to come forward in the water on each side—the darters with their fingers on the loops of their darts, and the archers with their arrows on the string, as if they designed to pass over; but not to advance far into the water. At the same time, he ordered his own men, when they came near enough to the Kurds to reach them with their slings, and the heavy-armed soldiers struck their shields with their pikes, to sing the Pæan, and rush forward; and when the enemy was put to flight, and a trumpet sounded from the river, to face about, so that the hindmost man of every file should lead the way. All were then to make what haste they could towards the river, which they were to pass in their ranks, that they might not hinder one another. But he told them, that he should look upon him as the bravest man who first reached the opposite side. Everything took place according to order; and the passage of the Centrites having been effected in this way, the Ten Thousand found themselves in Armenia, and commenced without obstruction their march over the plain.

Here the Persians reappeared with their cowardice and their policy. Teribazus, one of their generals, to prevent the plunder of the country, entered into a truce with the Greeks, by which it was agreed that they might take what provisions they required, and should be permitted to advance without molestation, provided

they refrained from burning the towns and villages; to which the strangers agreed readily, their only desire being to return without any further contests to Greece. They had now arrived in a country, the climate of which was very different from that which they had left beyond the mountains. Instead of the sultry sun and burning winds of Media and Mesopotamia, they had got among the snows and storms prevalent in the elevated table-lands of Asia. For this change they were ill prepared. The dress of the Greeks at no time fitted them to face cold weather, and now that they found themselves exposed to the rigours of an Armenian winter, they were seized with discouragement and apathy, and lay down disconsolately in the snow to perish. Alarmed by the growth of these feelings, and desirous of putting an end to their lethargy, Xenophon, throwing off his clothes, took an axe and began to cleave some wood for the purpose of kindling a fire. Seeing their youthful general cheerfully performing naked this humble drudgery, one of the soldiers took the axe from him, and did what was necessary himself; and the others, now excited by emulation, followed his example, so that many fires were soon kindled, and their provisions dressed.

In the villages where they next encamped, they took a prisoner, who informed them that Teribazus, who marched a little in advance with a large army, among which were several savage bands of Chalybians and Taochians, intended to fall upon them, and cut them off in the defiles of the mountains. Upon this, it was determined to attack his camp, which without delay they did; and, capturing his own tent, found in it the apparatus of Sybaritish luxury—beds with silver feet, drinking-cups, probably of gold, with a whole host of bakers and wine-bearers. They had now rounded the sources of the Tigris, and, marching through deep snow with many guides, arrived at and passed that mountainous defile where Teribazus had intended to assail them. Soon after, they passed the Euphrates, the water of which reached to their middle, which sufficiently proves the incorrectness of what was told them of their being near its source. Here they suffered greatly from the inclemency of the weather. The wind blowing fiercely from the north, seemed to parch and congeal the men; upon which, having, at the instigation of a priest, sacrificed to Boreas, the sharpness of the blast sensibly abated. The snow was at least a fathom in depth, and the cold so intense that many slaves died, with about thirty soldiers, and numerous sumpter-animals. As wood was, however, plentiful at their place of encampment, they made pits in the snow, and in these kindled fires; at which they who came first would not suffer the others to warm themselves, till they had shared with them a portion of their corn or other booty.

A disease, on which the Greeks bestowed the name of Boulimia, now attacked numbers of the soldiers. It may be described as hunger, accompanied by extreme exhaustion, which would not

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suffer those who were assailed by it to rise, or make any exertion till they had been supplied with food, after which the stomach resumed its tone, and the disease disappeared. Sufferings now crowded thickly upon the army. Many of the men had their toes rotted off by the frost; others lost their sight; while some, incapable of motion, were left behind, and slaughtered by the enemy, who likewise took part of the baggage belonging to the rear-guard. During no part of the retreat did the courage and constancy of the Greeks undergo so severe a trial, having to combat not only with men, but with the elements, which, by undermining the vigour of the body, soon utterly subverted in many the strength of the mind. In one place, when the van-guard had reached and encamped in well-furnished villages, the rear, with Xenophon at its head, found itself under the necessity of passing the night in the open air—the greater part of the men being numbed by the cold, while many refused to make any exertions to preserve themselves from falling into the hands of the enemy. Xenophon, however, commanded the most energetic and able-bodied to march hither and thither during the whole night, striking their spears against their brazen shields, to alarm the Persians, who, when this terrible sound reached their ears, plunged through the snow into the valley, and were heard of no more.

Having passed the night in this way, the army resumed its march, and arrived at certain villages of very extraordinary character. The houses were under ground, the mouth resembling that of a well, but spacious below. There was a sloping entrance dug for the cattle, but the inhabitants descended by ladders. In these houses the Greeks found goats, sheep, cows, and fowls, with their young, all maintained with fodder within this curious shelter. There were also stores of wheat, barley, and legumens, with beer in jars, in which the malt itself floated even with the brims of the vessels; and with it reeds of various sizes, without joints. When any one was thirsty, he put one of these into his mouth, to suck the liquor through it. This beer was very strong in its pure state, and very pleasant to those who were accustomed to drink it. Tavernier, in the seventeenth century, found a similar subterranean village, at no great distance from the site of that described by Xenophon; and, in fact, it appears to be a fashion common in Armenia thus to excavate habitations beneath the earth.

The contrast between the present and the late condition of the army was now very striking. The comarch of Xenophon's village informed him where there was plenty of wine concealed, and undertook to guide the army out of Armenia. The next day, on proceeding to consult with Cheirisophus, Xenophon, accompanied by the comarch, passed through several villages where the soldiers were quartered. He found them everywhere feasting and rejoicing. They would all force him to sit down to dinner with them, and he everywhere found the tables covered with lamb, kid, pork, veal,

and fowls, with plenty of bread, some made of wheat and some of barley. When any one desired to drink with his friend, he took him to a jar, where he was obliged to stoop, and sucking, drink like an ox. When Xenophon came to his fellow-general, he found his men also feasting, crowned with garlands of hay, and waited on by Armenian youths in barbarian costume. It was agreed among the generals, that when they had remained where they were a sufficient time to refresh the army, they should put themselves under the guidance of the comarch till they passed the frontiers, after which he was to be sent back with presents to his family. Cheirisophus, however, with that harshness which would appear to have been inseparable from the Spartan character, growing angry with the guide for not conducting them to villages where none existed, struck the man, who, out of resentment, disappeared on the following night. Fortunately for the Greeks, his sons still remained, and having led them faithfully out of Armenia, continued still with the army until its arrival in Greece. They were yet travelling over the snow, though habit, and the hints they had received from the natives, would appear to have enabled them to do so with less inconvenience than formerly. For example, they learned from the comarch to tie bags on the feet of their horses, without which they sank up to their bellies. After several marches, they arrived on the banks of the Phasis, in that part about 100 feet in breadth, and having passed it, drew near a pass in the mountains, which was defended by the united forces of the Chalybians, Taochians, and Phasians, fierce tribes of barbarians, inhabiting the high ranges in the neighbourhood. Here the Greeks behaved with their usual prudence and resolution. The generals, having met in council, discussed in a somewhat jocular and sprightly manner the plan of attack—the Athenians bantering the Spartans, and the Spartans returning the joke, but without losing sight for a moment of the great object in view. In accordance with the advice of Xenophon, it was determined to wait till night; and as several small ravines and gorges, lying right and left of the pass, had been left unguarded, to send small bodies of light-armed troops to take possession of some height in the enemy's rear, while Cheirisophus, with the remainder of the army, continued to advance through the direct route, as if he designed to carry everything by main force; but when within little more than a mile of the enemy, he halted, and night immediately coming on, they beheld the mountains blazing on all sides with watch-fires. Meanwhile, those who had been sent on that service made good their position on the heights; so that next morning, when the barbarians found themselves hemmed in on every side by the Greeks, after fighting for a short time, they dispersed; and the Ten Thousand, traversing the range, descended into a plain studded with numerous villages, well stored with provisions. Their road lay next through a small province or district inhabited by the Taochians, where,

provisions running very short, it became necessary to storm a rocky eminence, surrounded on all sides but one with precipices, upon which the inhabitants had posted themselves with their wives, children, and cattle. The ascent to this rock was extremely rough and steep, studded here and there with groups of pine-trees, with one open space about fifty feet wide, down which immense stones were rolled or showered the moment any one attempted to ascend. Animated, however, by hunger and the love of glory, several Greeks, creeping between the trees, gained the summit, upon which a fearful tragedy took place. The women, first throwing their children down the precipices, jumped after them, and the men followed, so that very few prisoners were taken. One Grecian officer, observing a barbarian, richly dressed, rushing towards the edge of the cliff, seized him by his garments, and not letting go his hold in time, was dragged over along with him, and dashed to pieces. Having in this way obtained a supply of provisions, they advanced towards the country of the Chalybians, encountering everywhere from these wild people a far more determined resistance than the disciplined troops of Persia had ever offered them. Nor was the prudence of the enemy inferior in this case to their courage. Having conveyed all their property, together with their women and children, to inaccessible fastnesses, they fell upon the rear of the Greeks, and harassed them excessively. Like the rude islanders of the Indian Ocean, they cut off the heads of the persons they slew, and carried them away in triumph. No booty could be taken on these mountains, so that the army was compelled to subsist entirely on the cattle taken from the Taochians. Out of this rough and inhospitable country they emerged by crossing the river Harpasus, 400 feet in breadth, after which they found themselves in a more fertile region, with fewer obstacles, natural or artificial, to encounter. One of the chiefs of the neighbourhood, possessing a superior degree of policy, determined to turn the arrival of the strangers to account. Having in his vicinity enemies whom apparently he could not himself subdue, he sent guides to the Ten Thousand, with instructions to lead them through the territories of those hostile tribes, that, by ravaging and devastating them, they might facilitate his ambitious or patriotic designs. These guides greatly elevated the courage and hopes of the army, by promising in five days to lead them to the summit of a mountain from whence they might discover the Black Sea. If they did not succeed in this undertaking, they were willing to be put to death. The hopes of the Ten Thousand were now greatly raised. They marched forward with redoubled alacrity; all obstacles appeared to dwindle before them; and at the time agreed upon, the first soldiers in the van-guard, upon arriving at the summit of a ridge, beheld with inexpressible joy the long-wished for sight. There, rolling and flashing in the sun, they saw the broad waves of the Euxine, along whose southern shores they knew were numerous Greek

colonies, with beautiful cities, ports, and harbours, and all the appliances of civilisation. In the exultation of the moment, they raised a loud shout, exclaiming: 'The sea—the sea!' and the rest of the soldiers, hearing the noise, but unable to conjecture what occasioned it, imagined they were attacked by the enemy, and rushed up hastily to their assistance. These again, in their turn, when they beheld the glad waters, took up the cry, and repeated: 'The sea—the sea!' till the whole army stood upon the summit of the mountain, embracing each other, and their generals and officers, with tears of delight and joy. In their own estimation, they had now accomplished their glorious retreat—they had vanquished the king of Persia at the gates of his own capital, they had driven before them his innumerable forces, they had marched through his dominions in whatever direction they pleased, they had cut their way through the mountains of Kurdistan, they had traversed the snowy table-land of Armenia, they had advanced victoriously through many unknown and hostile regions, and now at length stood, in armed independence, in sight of what they almost regarded as their native sea. With their glowing and ardent imagination, they could look into futurity, and discover the dawn of that glory which was to gather in after-ages around their expedition, and render them an object of the deepest interest to all civilised nations.

From this point the epic interest of the history may be said to diminish, though another interest, less animating indeed, but scarcely less instructive, springs up to replace it. While danger, and the constant presence of the enemy, acted upon the minds of the daring adventurers, they imparted to them unity and compactness, made them sensible that they were necessary to each other, quenched the tendency to dissension, and imparted something of a fraternal character to generals, officers, and men. Every one seemed exclusively solicitous for the common safety. Mean motives, grovelling selfishness, calculations of gross interest, were banished from the mind, and one mighty feeling, springing from the bosom of circumstances, reigned despotically over their understandings and passions. In the hour of danger and death, the soldiers thought of their homes, of their parents, of their wives and children, of their country, of that great and glorious Greece, of which they were the champions and defenders. There was no room in their hearts for little feelings or little fears. By a sort of moral Genesis, they rose to the level of the situation in which they were placed; and the influence of their nurture, of their institutions, of their religion, imparted heroic dimensions to their sentiments and aspirations. But on emerging out of the circle of danger which had compressed them together, and made them one, they soon descended to the level of ordinary ideas and ordinary motives. Each man now began to think not only of how he should provide himself with the means of defraying his passage to Greece, through a civilised part of the world, where all

entertainment must be paid for, and freight and passage-money were objects of paramount consideration, but began also to reflect on the means of carrying home something to his family. Few, if any of them, had entered the service of Cyrus through mere poverty, though the expectation of enriching themselves greatly had united, with their love of adventure and thirst of military glory, to allure them into the enterprise. But they had now lost everything during their retreat; their enthusiasm had been damped by exhaustion and low living; and, therefore, laying aside this Homeric frame of mind, they passed rapidly down a long line of centuries, and found themselves actually in that iron age which succeeded throughout all Greece to the calamities and sufferings of the Peloponnesian war.

Though the army had, from a lofty eminence, beheld the sea, they knew that many hostile populations still lay between them and its welcome shores. Dismissing their guides, therefore, with rich presents, they descended once more towards the low countries, and entered the territories of the Macronians, whom they found drawn up in order of battle, upon the woody banks of a river, ready to dispute their passage. Here a very touching incident occurred. One of the targeteers coming to Xenophon, said, that though now a soldier, he had formerly been a slave at Athens; and, if he was not mistaken, this was his own country, and the people on the opposite bank his countrymen and relatives. He desired, therefore, leave to speak to them; and this being granted, he went over and conciliated the Macronians, so that they not only permitted the Ten Thousand to march unmolested through their land, but supplied them with a market, and behaved altogether in the most hospitable manner towards them. The man who did this service to the army, proud of having been elevated from barbarism to civilisation, would appear to have no thoughts of remaining in his original home; but having acquired the honour of being accounted a Greek, preferred uniting his future fortunes to the sword, to leading a miserable life among unenlightened savages. Passing into Colchis, the army experienced a peculiar disaster, which greatly perplexed the generals. Arriving at a number of villages abounding with bee-hives, the soldiers ate the honey, upon which they were seized with a disease, which, in some cases, exhibited symptoms like those occasioned by taking poison, while others appeared to be afflicted by madness, and others with intoxication. All these lay helpless on the ground, sick, dispirited, and unable to exert themselves, so that had the enemy come upon them while in that condition, the whole army might have been easily destroyed. The historian, however, observes, that none of them died, but in the course of twenty-four hours recovered their senses, though for three or four days they wore the appearance of persons recovering from a severe fit of illness. Pliny and Tournefort supply the explanation to this phenomenon, by observing, that the honey made in that country

is collected from a species of rhododendron, the flowers of which communicate to it that poisonous quality which Xenophon speaks of; and it is well known to the natives at the present day. In two days more they arrived at Trebisond, a Greek city on the Black Sea, where they were received with friendship and hospitality by the inhabitants, who made them rich presents, and entered into a treaty with them for the purpose of protecting the Colchians, who owned allegiance to the colony. Here, by way of expressing their feelings of triumph, they celebrated gymnastic games, which afforded great pleasure to the spectators. They consisted of foot and horse races, together with all those contests and exercises which were common in the Pelestra of Athens.

Now followed a series of troubles and difficulties which history details with reluctance. The principle of dissension had been introduced into the army of the Ten Thousand. The national jealousies and antipathies which appeared to exist indestructibly among the natives of the small states of Greece, and the conceit and ambition of individuals, assisted to agitate the minds and disturb the movements of the army. Cheirisophus, an honest man, without much ability, went away in search of galleys to transport a portion of the force by sea; several of the remaining commanders, particularly the Arcadians, desired to deprive Xenophon of his authority; while he, with that prudence for which he was still more remarkable than for his genius—though he willingly encountered all the risk and calumny resulting from his anomalous situation, that his comrades in arms might be transported or conducted in safety—declined taking the principal lead to their native land. The sustenance of so large a body of men in a friendly country was soon found to be impossible. It became necessary, therefore, to undertake marauding expeditions among the wild natives, which were frequently attended with great loss of life, and sometimes endangered the existence of the whole army. These conflicts, in fact, were more destructive than those which took place in the heart of Persia, or in those mountainous regions into which the Greeks penetrated after quitting the burning plains and deserts of Media.

From the somewhat obscure details of the *Anabasis* in this part, from hints dropped in speeches, and from the accusations of his rivals, we may very fairly, we think, infer, that Xenophon had really at one time conceived the design of establishing a new state on the southern shores of the Black Sea. With his political knowledge, with his mastery over the passions of men, and, above all, with his distinguished genius for war, he would probably have succeeded, had he been fortunate in the first step in reducing the whole northern division of Asia Minor, and thus organising a state much superior in extent to Greece itself. With such a base of operations, he might have proceeded with the development of his plans, so that the subversion of the Persian monarchy might have been effected by an Athenian citizen, instead of by the son of

Philip. After the battle of Cunaxa, on the death of Cyrus, the generals of the Ten Thousand felt that, with some one whom they could offer to the Persians as their head, a revolution might have been easily effected in the empire; but neither then nor afterwards were the body of the soldiers disposed to sacrifice their home-feelings, and their partiality for free institutions, to the chances of boundless wealth thrown open to them by the conquest of so vast a country. The bare suspicion that Xenophon had entertained such an idea, sufficed for awhile to render him unpopular in the army. On the arrival of the Greeks at Cotyora, being now in comparative safety, they determined to celebrate games, after the immemorial custom of their native land. Ambassadors having reached them from Corylas, governor of Paphlagonia, they gave these men a sumptuous entertainment, which they enjoyed, reclining on beds of brushwood covered with grass and leaves, drinking profusely out of horn-cups, which they found in the country. These libations being over, they sang the Pæan; after which two Thracians rose up, and danced with their arms to the sound of a flute. They capered very high and with great agility, then made use of their swords. At last, one of them struck the other in such a manner that every one thought he had killed him—but the stroke was given with artifice—upon which the Paphlagonians cried out; and the conqueror, having despoiled the vanquished of his arms, went out singing a song of triumph in honour of Sitalces; then other Thracians carried off the man, as if he had been dead, though indeed he was not hurt. After this, some Ænians and Magnesians rose up and danced in their arms what they call the Carpean dance, the manner of which was as follows:—One of them having laid down his weapons, sows, and drives a yoke of oxen, looking often behind him, as if he were afraid. Then a robber approaches, whom the other perceiving, he snatches up his arms, and advancing, fights with him in defence of his oxen—and all this these men performed in time to the flute. At last the robber binds the ploughman, and carries him off with the oxen. Sometimes the ploughman overcomes the robber; and fastening him to the oxen, ties his hands behind him, and so drives him away.

After this, a Mysian entered with a buckler in each hand, and danced sometimes as if he had been engaged with two adversaries; then used his bucklers as if engaged with only one. Sometimes he wheeled round, then threw himself head foremost, and fell upon his feet without parting with the bucklers. This made a fine sight. Last of all, he performed the Persian dance, striking his bucklers one against the other, and in dancing fell upon his knees, then sprang up again, and in all this he kept time to the flute. He was succeeded by some Mantineans and other Arcadians, who, being dressed in the handsomest armour in their power, rose up and advanced in time to a flute that played a point of war. They sang the Pæan, and danced in the same manner that was

practised in solemn processions. The Paphlagonians were amazed to see all these dances performed by men in arms. Upon the Mysian perceiving their astonishment, he prevailed upon one of the Arcadians, who had a woman-dancer, to let him bring her in, which he did accordingly, after he had dressed her in the handsomest manner he was able, and given her a light buckler. She danced the Pyrrhic dance with much agility, upon which there was great clapping of hands, and the Paphlagonians asked whether the women also charged with their troops. The others answered, that it was they who drove the king out of their camp.

Circumstances, however, soon compelled them to emerge from this amusing dream: they were still far from Greece; and without the aid of friendly cities to supply galleys, and furnish them with provisions, they would be compelled to enter once more upon a hostile country, and renew their contests and triumphs. A part of the army did actually return by sea; but the remainder, marching along the northern coast of Asia Minor, had to engage in new perils and perplexities, by which its ranks were thinned daily, while jealousies and dissensions multiplied in proportion. Unfortunately for them, the rule of the Lacedæmonians extended at that time over all Greece and its colonies, which were constrained to submit to the will of that haughty and domineering but impolitic people, who knew not how to conciliate, but invariably sought to establish their dominion by severity and oppression. At Byzantium, a part of the army were seized and sold for slaves. The remainder, allured out of the city, had the gates closed upon them; and thus, after subduing the power of Persia, and marching victoriously over a great portion of the Asiatic continent, these brave but unfortunate men found themselves treated as enemies in their own country. With spirits broken, and exhausted resources, they now sank to the level of mere mercenaries, and were willing to engage in the service of any prince or chief who would give them pay. At one time, they thought of passing over again into Asia, then of seizing some cities on the Hellespont or Propontis; and, after much deliberation, agreed to take service under Seuthes, a Thracian prince, who hoped by their aid to recover possession of large territories once in the hands of his family, but now governed by rivals and usurpers. By these means, the army grew daily smaller and smaller, various officers and men leaving it in little parties and returning to Greece, while others were cut off by the sword. Xenophon, who had become attached to the fortunes of the army, beheld this result with much sorrow. He might easily have returned himself to Greece from Byzantium with considerable wealth and dazzling reputation, but he chose rather to remain with his companions in arms, always, perhaps, hoping they would adopt his favourite idea of founding a new city somewhere in the vicinity of the Black Sea. Whether he entertained this idea or not, he continued in the camp of Seuthes till the spring, when he

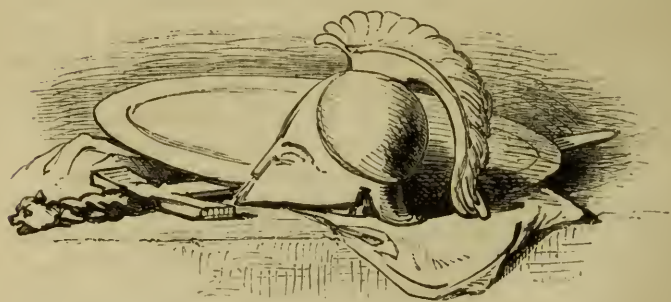
departed and sailed for Greece, after which history loses sight of the Ten Thousand, then so called by a mere figure of speech, since wars, famine, and desertion had reduced them to nearly half that number. While, however, a man of them remained alive in Greece, to which such of them as had homes there would appear to have returned, singly or in small bands, the memory of the expedition of Cyrus was kept alive among the population. Contempt for the Persians, already common, was rendered universal by their narratives. The feeling penetrated into Macedonia, and became a military tradition, which, acting upon the minds of leaders and soldiers, led ultimately to the expedition of Alexander against Darius, and the total subjugation of Western Asia.

We ought not to dismiss the narrative of the expedition of Cyrus, and the retreat of the Grecian army after his death at Cunaxa, without paying a just tribute of praise to that distinguished historian who has transmitted an account of these transactions to posterity. No work bequeathed to us by the Greeks is more interesting or romantic in its details than the *Anabasis* of Xenophon. Singular for its simplicity, it enters upon the subject at once, though probably the reader is supposed to have previously acquainted himself with the *Cyropædia*. The institutions of Persia were familiar to the Greeks through the relations of numerous travellers, and the works of great historians and politicians. But even at this time of day, when that knowledge is rarely possessed, notwithstanding our classical education, the *Anabasis* continues to be a favourite for the elegance and gracefulness of its style, for its rapid narrative, for its brief but graphic descriptions, and for that gallery of remarkable characters which it exhibits to the reader. Of the speeches it has preserved, we have been enabled to give but one specimen. The reader who is anxious to examine the whole, will find them all pervaded by sound good sense, and a thorough knowledge of the circumstances in which they were delivered. No attempts were made at what we call eloquence. The object is to persuade, and every idea and sentiment which would militate against the speaker's design are carefully kept out of view. After the narrative conducts us to the wild tribes in the north of Persia, Xenophon exhibits the greatest acuteness of observation. He describes each separate tribe with great accuracy, and makes each stand out from the others by seizing on its prominent features, and presenting them vividly to the eye. During the latter books, the interest appears sometimes to flag; and the army is abruptly abandoned at last, without our being clearly informed how it melted into the general population of Greece, and lost the integrity of its organisation. The historian seems to have been smitten with melancholy, and to have relinquished this part of his task through sentiments of grief. His own mighty project he had not been able to carry to maturity. The Ten Thousand, on emerging from Asia, lost all unity of purpose; and the relater of their exploits, therefore, felt reluctant

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

to follow each separate section into which they divided. Still, the *Anabasis* will always be thought the finest specimen of military history belonging to ancient literature.

Numerous attempts have been made to illustrate the track followed by the Ten Thousand in their retreat. The industrious Major Rennell has composed a complete work on the subject; Major Kinneir, in his dissertation on the map of Persia, has contributed a considerable amount of information, to which Dr Ainsworth has made some additions. Long before these, Tavernier, Thevenot, and Tournefort had incidentally lent some assistance towards understanding the geography of the countries traversed by the Ten Thousand. But we are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the whole route, to be able to follow Xenophon's narrative with complete satisfaction. The time employed in the expedition and the retreat was one year and three months; the marching-days, 215; and the distance traversed, 1155 Persian leagues, and of 34,650 stadia, or about 3500 English miles.





CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY.



THE WAR IN CAFFRARIA

IN 1650, the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, at the south-west extremity of Africa, was founded by the Dutch government, who located there 100 men, and as many women, selected from the House of Industry at Amsterdam. Cape Town, in Table Bay, was built upon land purchased for a few glittering trifles from the aboriginal Hottentots; large adjacent tracts of territory were subsequently acquired in a like manner, and the nucleus of a flourishing settlement was definitively constituted. The revocation

of the Edict of Nantes greatly helped its prosperity, by inducing a large number of intelligent and industrious individuals to emigrate, and permanently establish themselves in the new African colony, where, amongst other agricultural novelties and improvements, they introduced successfully, in accordance with an apparently inevitable law of progression, the cultivation of the vine. The ordinary result of the collision of the white with the coloured race speedily followed: the Hottentot was driven inland, or reduced to bondage; and the limits of the settlement were gradually extended—in this instance, northward and eastward only—the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans clipping in the colony on the west and south. On the north frontier, but slight difficulty was experienced; and the Orange or Gariep River, which, after traversing two-thirds of this part of Africa, debouches in the South Atlantic at about 27 degrees of south latitude, became the admitted boundary in that quarter, after a trifling opposition from the scattered Bosjesmans, Koraneses, and other Hottentot tribes, who withdrew to the companionship of their congeners beyond it. The extension of the eastern frontier was not so easily effected. Long before the establishment of the Dutch colony, other races of invaders had begun to move in search of fresh and abundant pastures for their numerous herds from the north-east shores of Africa in a south-westerly course, leading directly towards the new European settlement. These nomadic tribes were, mainly, of two nations—the Caffres and the Zoolahs. By far the more numerous of these, and the earlier on their march, from at least as far northward as the Zambega River, were the Caffres—a people differing essentially from the Hottentot and negro races. Some writers affirm them to be of Arab origin; and one ingenious theory suggests, they may be the lineal descendants of the Arabs who refused to conform to the Mohammedan dispensation; who, by skirting round the southern shore of the Isthmus of Suez, and progressing gradually southward, had at length, after a march of some twelve centuries' duration, reached their present very troublesome grazing-grounds. The word Caffre is certainly Arabic, signifying infidel: then the Caffre nose is arched; his hair, though curly, is not so woolly as that of the Hottentot and negro; his colour is not nearly so black as the latter race; and the ladies of Caffraria are undeniably the comeliest of the dark female denizens of Africa. The habits and instincts of the Caffres, moreover, resemble those of the Bedouin Arab in several respects: they build their huts in the shape of tents; are fierce and wily guerilla soldiers, and withal dexterous and unscrupulous cattle-stealers—'a nation of irreclaimable thieves,' in fact, to borrow an exultant expression, used not long since by their celebrated chieftain Sandilli—for theft, on the one indispensable condition of success, is held in as honourable estimation amongst Caffres as it is said to have been in classical and heroic Sparta. The conquering march of this, possibly, semi-Arab people—the more modern portion of it at all

events—has been a murderous and desolating one, the feeble populations that lay in their route towards the South Atlantic having been exterminated, absorbed, or reduced to slavery. As they neared the goal, the Great Kei, the Buffalo, the Keiskamma, the Great Fish Rivers, were successively passed, and the countries watered by them and their numerous tributaries and offshoots, thinly occupied by themselves and their countless herds of cattle. The Great Fish River, which, like the others, reaches the ocean on the south coast of Africa, proved to be the limit of their conquests; for on advancing beyond it, they encountered (1702) the white man, who had already pushed his eastern frontier to the Sunday River, which falls into Algoa Bay, and were driven back over the Great Fish River, which, till a few years since, continued to be the boundary, eastward, of the Cape Colony. The Zoolahs—a name derived from one of their early kings—moved westward from about one or two degrees north of the Tropic of Capricorn, on the east coast of Africa, nearly opposite Madagascar; their terrible incursion concluding in the country about Natal. They could muster 80,000 warriors, and were led by one of the most sanguinary and remorseless ruffians—Chaka by name—that even the annals of African regality reveal for the abhorrence of mankind. One rather numerous nation, located in this wretch's line of march, fled with their flocks and herds to the protection of the Caffres settled eastward of the Kei. Their prayer was granted upon the simple condition—that they forthwith became the slaves of their protectors! These are the people called Fingoes—the Caffre name for slaves—whom we so frequently read of in reports from the Cape.

Such were the neighbours and actual or proximate adversaries of the Dutch settlers when, in 1795, Holland being then little better than a French province, Cape Town, after a slight resistance by the burgher militia and Hottentots, was captured by a British force. The colony remained in the possession of Great Britain till the peace of Amiens, when it was restored to its old masters. On the revival of the war with France, and her unwilling satellite Holland, an expedition landed at the Cape (1806) under Sir David Baird, drove the Dutch troops into the interior, and after some sharp fighting there, compelled the governor to cede the entire colony to Great Britain, under whose sovereignty it has since remained. By this conquest, England acquired a corner of South Africa, partially peopled by about 30,000 hostile Dutch settlers, and about the same number of Hottentots and purchased negroes—the serfs and slaves of those settlers—and the privilege of defending the eastern frontier against the Caffre and Zoolah races, the quarrel with whom had been already well initiated by the Dutch boers' (farmers) forcible expulsion of the Caffres from the territory west of the Great Fish River. When the annexation took place, the principal tribes of Caffraria were classed and divided as follows:—The most advanced who had encountered the Dutch

at the Sunday River, were the Amakosas, and these again mainly formed two divisions: the Gaika tribes—so called by the English after the name of their principal chief, the father of Sandilli—and the T'Slambie tribes, so designated for a like reason. The Gaikas chiefly inhabited the Amatola Mountains, and the country about the Kat, the northern branch of the Great Fish River, and the fastnesses of the Upper Keiskamma; the T'Slambie tribes dwelt nearer the sea, some of them, of whom Pato is now chief, beyond the Buffalo. North-eastward of them all were the Tambookies—governed by the celebrated chief Hintza, and since by his son Kreili—whose territory was bounded westward by the Great Kei. According to a dispatch of Sir Harry Smith's, dated 2d February 1852, the trans-Keian chieftains exercise a paramount authority—*influence* would, we fancy, be a more appropriate word—over all cis-Keian chiefs, Sandilli himself, the lord of the Gaikas, not excepted. There are other minor divisions, and many subordinate chieftains, whose names have acquired notoriety in Caffrarian war—Makanna, Stock, Umkala, Macomo, Tyali, Seyolo, and others. T'Slambie's widow, Nonnube, who possesses considerable influence with her tribe, is the grand-daughter of Miss Campbell, one of the three unfortunate daughters of General Campbell, who were wrecked in the *Grosvenor*, East Indiaman, on the east coast of Africa, during the last century, and compelled, all three of them, to become the wives of Caffres. The country in which these people dwell, is for the most part admirably adapted for a harassing guerilla warfare. The Amatola Mountains, one of its chief fastnesses, which stretch eastward from the frontier of the colony, in a directly parallel direction with the coast, are intersected with deep, narrow, gloomy *kloofs*, or ravines; the steep hills are capped with huge masses of sandstone, resembling and answering the purpose of vast battlements; and both mountains and ravines are covered with the peculiar bush of Africa, more difficult to destroy or penetrate than the densest thickets of the tropics. The vegetation is so succulent, that fire, even in the hottest season, has no effect upon it; and, except by paths made by wild beasts, it is impassable by Europeans, albeit Caffres and Hottentots creep through with snake-like ease and agility. The banks of the rivers—of the Great Fish River especially—are covered with this impenetrable, incombustible bush, to which the Caffre invariably betakes himself when hard pressed, and thence, unseen or unapproachable, shoots down his pursuer. The weapons of the Caffres were formerly a bow and arrows; *assagais*, or iron-headed spears, about four feet long, which they hurled at an adversary with considerable force and dexterity; and a *keerie*, or knobbed club: now, they are plentifully supplied with firearms and other munitions of war of the best British manufacture. As a more than usually ludicrous instance of the fancies sometimes indulged in by enthusiastic travellers, Le Vaillant's estimate of Caffre and Hottentot character may be worth quotation. 'The Caffre,' writes Le

Vaillant, 'always seeks his enemy face to face; he cannot launch his assagai, except when he is himself openly in view. The Hottentot, on the contrary, hidden beneath a rock, or behind a bush, sends death without exposing himself to receive it. The one is the perfidious tiger, who leaps treacherously upon his prey; the other is the generous lion, who announces, shews himself, attacks, and pays the penalty if not successful.' By this it will be seen, that painting Caffres in fancy and inviting colours, is not so modern an art as might have been supposed, although it may be that later limners have displayed more imagination and ingenuity than M. le Vaillant.

Thus much for the physical and moral aspect of South Africa, at the time of Sir David Baird's onerous acquisition; yet spite of the manifest difficulty and hazard of the position rashly assumed by the British authorities, there can be no doubt that if the system of tactics adopted by the Dutch colonists had been persisted in, we should have heard very little of Caffre wars, how frequently soever Caffre massacres might and would have taken place. The Caffres never made the slightest head against the boers, whose mode of dealing with them was a very simple and effective one. The frontier war was carried on by *commandos*; that is, when cattle were stolen, a sufficient number of the nearest boers mounted their horses, and, armed with their long guns, made a foray, under the direction of a leader of resolution and experience, into the nearest and most accessible part of the enemy's territory, shot all the Caffres they encountered, as they would so many four-footed animals of prey, and captured as many head of cattle—no matter to whom belonging—as would replace the number stolen, and a goodly quantity besides, quite sufficient to defray the trouble and risk of enforcing compensation. Whatever may be thought of the justice or humanity of this commando system, there can be no question that it was thoroughly effective and successful, and that a mortal dread of the whites was taking possession of the Caffre mind, till the gradual but thorough change of policy and tactics adopted by the British government revived their courage, and stimulated their audacity. Immediately on the attention of the House of Commons being called to the subject, it was determined that a system of levying private war at anybody's caprice or discretion, and remorselessly slaying such of the Caffre race as happened to be nearest at hand, whether innocent or guilty of the alleged offence, should not be permitted, however effective for its purpose it might be. 'The colonists,' said Lord John Russell in the debate in the House of Commons, 6th April 1852—'the colonists were not permitted to defend themselves by committing injustice against the savage tribes, and destroying them when they were innocent. Questions were asked with regard to the treatment of the savages, and the House declared that, while on the one hand they would not allow the colonists to be murdered, so, on the other, they

would not allow injustice to be done to the aborigines; and that, at the same time, they would take care that the savages did not go to war with and murder one another.' No one can deny the humanity, the almost romantic generosity, of this resolution of the Commons; but it certainly appears extraordinary, that the inauguration of the new policy, which aimed at keeping the peace with a high hand, not only between the Dutch colonists and numerous tribes of warlike savages (who, by the way, are no more the aborigines of South Africa than the boers or English are), but amongst the savages themselves, should not have been accompanied by such an augmentation of the British force in the colony as would render it equal to the lofty mission imposed upon it. The very reverse course was, in fact, pursued; and, *pari passu* with the restriction of the commando system, and its formal abolition in 1833, the English regiments were withdrawn from the Cape; so that when the first serious Caffre war broke out in 1834, Sir B. d'Urban had only 400 infantry and 200 mounted Hottentots to defend a frontier 100 miles in length; and the colony was rescued from the most imminent peril by the mere chance touching at the Cape of the 72d Regiment, on its way to India!

Nothing, however, occurred for some years to excite any very serious alarm for the safety of the colony under the new régime; and early in 1820, an eastern settlement, hundreds of miles from Cape Town, though westward of the admitted Fish River boundary—between that and Bushman's River, in fact—was founded with the help of a government grant of L.50,000; several thousand Scotch and English settlers were located in the Albany District, as it was named; the town of Bathurst, in Lower Albany, was founded; and Port Elizabeth, on the adjacent coast, was commenced. Previous to this, in 1817, Colonel Graham had founded Graham's Town, about twenty-five miles inland, and in the same vicinity. Two years subsequently—that is, in 1819, and but a few months prior to the planting of this new Albany settlement—a Caffre outbreak had devastated this very locality, and narrowly missed effecting the destruction of Graham's Town. This inroad, which it was thought the peopling of the Albany District with a large body of British settlers would prevent a repetition of, owed its origin to the following circumstances:—In 1817, Lord Charles Somerset, then governor at the Cape, had made a treaty with Gaika, negotiating with him alone—from inadvertence, probably—to the great mortification of other cis-Keian chiefs, who, although they acknowledged a superiority in Gaika, were not content to be so unceremoniously overlooked, or to be bound by Gaika's engagements. Ill-blood fermented in consequence between the Caffre tribes; and T'Slambie, Gaika's uncle, aided by Makanna, attacked Gaika, and defeated him at the Debe Flats, on the Upper Keiskamma. The British governor thought it necessary to interpose on behalf of his ally; and Colonel Brereton enforced the restitution of 23,000 head of cattle—the aim and end of almost all Caffre contests—of which he had

been forcibly despoiled. Of course, this high-handed interference of Lord Charles Somerset greatly exasperated Makanna and his confederates; and their smouldering rage kindled into flame at the sight of Graham's Town, a new and menacing settlement, erected at the very threshold, as it were, of Caffreland. A superstition, originating with the wizards, who possess unbounded authority and influence over the Caffres, had long been prevalent amongst them: 'That when the Children of the Foam [the English] should make the resting-place of their sea-wagons at the mouth of the Buffalo, Caffreland would die;' and to Makanna's distempered mind, this planting of Graham's Town seemed to foreshadow visibly the dreaded consummation. By the aid of one or two friendly wizards, he got up a counter prophecy, investing himself with the divine mission of driving the Children of the Foam into their native element. He set about it resolutely too; burst at the head of 5000 or 6000 Caffres into the colony; and after murdering, plundering, and firing everybody and everything that came in his way in the open country, as far as Algoa Bay, attacked Graham's Town in great force. The Dutch sobriquet for Makanna was 'The Lynx,' and Lynx Kop Station was the spot from which the furious Caffre chief directed the assault upon the town. It was saved by the unflinching hardihood of the military, under the command of Colonel Willshire, and of the armed citizens, by whom he was zealously supported. Upwards of 500 Caffres were slain in this desperate attack; and Makanna himself was soon afterwards captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to conclude his divine mission at the penal settlement of Robben Island, in Table Bay—a judgment which is to this day strongly inveighed against by certain writers, as setting at nought the indefeasible regal right of an independent Caffre chieftain to declare and levy war upon whomsoever and whensoever he pleases, without incurring any other penalty in the event of failure, than being compelled to subscribe a more or less disadvantageous treaty of peace.

The vigorous repression of this outbreak was followed by comparative peace for about fifteen years; during which period of treacherous calm, however, the seeds of future troubles were sown broadcast upon a genial and tenacious soil. About 1830, Gaika exhibited unmistakable symptoms of premature and rapid decay. The fire-water of the whites was swiftly drying up his springs of life; and it was evident that, before long, the lord-paramountship of the Gaika tribes would devolve upon Sandilli, his son by his chief wife Sutu, and consequently, according to Caffrarian usage, his true heir, although he had two other sons much older—Macomo and Tyali—by other but inferior wives. Sandilli at this time (1830) was only in his twelfth year, and, moreover, a weak, deformed lad, his right foot and ankle being completely withered. Macomo and Tyali had been residing by the Kat River with one of the chief Gaika tribes, on land forming part of the ceded or neutral territory, where it had been agreed that neither Caffre

nor colonist should be located. Macomo and his brother remained there, upon sufferance, till 1829, when they were ordered to remove eastward, to make room for a colony of Hottentots, whom, for reasons to be presently stated, the British government had determined to settle there. The Gaika brothers sullenly removed to the neighbourhood of the Chumnie, a tributary of the Keiskamma; but the old complaints of cattle-stealing continuing, they were directed, in 1833, to retire beyond the Chumnie. They did so with rage and hate festering at their hearts; and the death of Gaika the following year, placed at Macomo's disposal the means of giving vengeful scope to his roused passions. By the death of his father, Sandilli became as of course the lord-paramount, the 'Inkoso Eukuli' of the cis-Keian Caffres; but wanting yet several years of his majority, his half-brothers, Macomo and Tyali, became the *de facto* chiefs of the Gaika tribes, the principal authority resting with Macomo, the elder of the two. From this time, an aggressive movement against the colonists was quietly determined upon; and very soon increased audacity in cattle-stealing, the deliberate murder of Purcell, a peaceful trader, when the conspiracy had extended to the trans-Keian tribes under Hintza and his relative Boctoo, plainly intimated that the meditated blow would not be long withheld.

The hostile demonstrations of the Caffres would have been without importance in a military point of view, but for certain measures of the British government, which, prompted as they unquestionably were by considerations of both humanity and justice, had, nevertheless, the effect of materially weakening the defence of the colony at the crisis of its greatest peril.

The first of these measures, conceived in the spirit which Lord John Russell truly said had always animated the councils of Great Britain when legislating for the Cape Colony, was the emancipation of the Hottentots from the degrading serfdom to which they had been reduced by their Dutch masters. By the 50th Ordinance of the Amended Charter of Justice, issued by Governor Sir Richard Bourke, with the sanction of Mr Huskisson, the Hottentot was made equal before the law with the white man, to the infinite amazement and disgust of the boers, whose rooted conviction, it seems to have been, that if one of the dark-skinned race refused to work for the benefit of his pale-faced superior, the only and proper remedy was to flog him till he did; and that failing, knock him on the head as so much worthless carrion. There is little doubt, moreover, that the indolent, vagabond, pilfering habits and propensities of the aboriginals of South Africa, occasioned the Cape farmers much loss and annoyance. Then a black chattel, as he used to be deemed, would perhaps be so impertinent as to summon his master or mistress before a magistrate, to answer for some real or supposed offence against his person, dignity, or rights—an intolerable grievance to a white African farmer, as a Dutch agricultural colonist usually styles himself, and awakening in his mind

the first glimmerings of a desire to *trêk* away from the colony he had helped to plant, to the far wilderness, swarming though it might be with savages: he would know how to deal with *them* when once beyond British supremacy and control! No immediate result followed these bitter musings; and the plan devised by the British authorities for raising the down-trodden Hottentot in the scale of humanity, was pursued with vigour and apparent success. Macomo and his Caffres, as we have previously stated, were ordered away from the Kat River, and a numerous settlement of free Hottentots was planted in the vacated territory. A considerable number of the same race were enrolled, disciplined, and armed under the designation of Cape Mounted Rifles; and being officered by Englishmen, would, it was thought, do good service against the Caffres, especially in bush-fighting, should those restless savages again disturb the peace of the colony—an expectation which, for a time at least, was amply fulfilled.

The work of innovation went bravely on. Commandos were at length formally prohibited under severe penalties—a regulation hastened probably by the death of Seko, one of Gaika's relatives, who had been slain in one of those reckless forays of reprisal. It is quite possible, however, that these comparatively minor causes of discontent might have been borne with by the Dutch farmer, had it not been for the monster grievance of the Slave Emancipation Act. The cup of bitterness now ran over, and all moral bonds between him and the English government were at once dissolved, and for ever. He was no longer permitted to do as he pleased with his own purchased negroes—with slaves bought and paid for with his own honest moneys! These were to become apprentices, forsooth, hedged about with law, and in a few years to be their own masters—positively to possess the use of their own limbs! This was past all bearing; and to render matters worse, a portion only of the miserable solatium awarded to the lawful proprietors for the loss of the indispensable services of their slaves reached the said proprietors' pockets—chiefly, it would appear, on account of the drafts being made payable in London, instead of at Cape Town; a chance cleverly speculated upon by some English capitalists, who, foreseeing the probable difficulty, despatched an agent to the Cape, and he, taking advantage of the financial ignorance of the boers, bought up their claims, in many instances, it is said, at less than half their value! The enraged farmers hesitated no longer; they would pack up their household stuff, and *trêk* away to the north-east frontier, beyond the Orange River—to the fertile country about Natal—no matter where, or through what difficulty and danger—their rifles would make a road, and enable them, too, to keep their own against all comers, save, perhaps, the English, who would scarcely, however, be induced by their new-fangled notions of black equality, to follow them into the distant wilderness. This was a natural, although it proved to be a mistaken calculation; and preparations for the Dutch exodus were carried on with

eagerness and vigour. But before any effective arrangement or combination could be agreed upon, the Caffre war of 1834-5 burst upon the unprepared colony, swept the eastern frontier, from the Winterberg to the sea, devastating all before it, and surging onwards considerably further westward than Graham's Town and Bathurst. Every dwelling, every farmstead in the route of the yelling savages, was given to the flames; and such of the inhabitants as failed to escape, either to Graham's Town or one of the eastern forts, were ruthlessly murdered. Purcell, the trader before spoken of, had been assassinated at Hintza's own *kraal* (village) across the Kei; and that unavenged crime was now, at the close of December in the same year that it befell, followed by scores of similar deeds; whilst the material losses suffered from this unprovoked attack were afterwards officially ascertained to have been 5438 horses, 111,418 cattle, 156,878 sheep, and 455 houses; reducing 7000 colonists to absolute destitution.

To meet this invasion, Colonel Somerset, the commandant on the frontier, had of disposable troops 400 infantry and 200 mounted Hottentots! These were quickly concentrated in defence of Graham's Town, already crowded with panic-stricken fugitives, not from the open country only, but also from Bathurst, which, enclosed by an immense thicket on the banks of the Kowsie, could not be defended. Dispatch after dispatch was hurried off to the governor, Sir B. d'Urban, at Cape Town; though whether he would be able, with the mere handful of troops he had there, to render effective aid, was a matter of grave doubt and concernment with those who knew how affairs really stood. The terrified fugitives in Graham's Town—a by no means secure place of refuge—beheld, as they looked forth upon the night, the entire horizon lit redly up with the flames of their blazing homesteads—a circle of devouring fire, in which were being consumed the fruits of fifteen years of peaceful industry! St George's Church, on the first Sunday that occurred during these miserable and anxious days, was crowded all day long with an agitated multitude eager to take part in the services; and the one celebrated late at night, has been described as a peculiarly affecting and impressive one; the galleries being filled with weeping women and children, who had just with difficulty escaped from their ruined homes. The chapter read on this occasion, Isaiah 37th, was singularly appropriate; and never, perhaps, has the prophet's sublime supplications to the Lord God of Hosts for help against the heathen, excited profounder echoes than arose from the troubled hearts of the pale worshippers assembled in that rude temple of a naked city, founded but the other day in the very midst of a wilderness swarming with African savages.

Help was not far off, and the bold countenance maintained by Colonel Somerset gave time for its arrival. The answer from Sir B. d'Urban was brought by Colonel, now General Sir Harry Smith, who, with four companies of infantry and a troop of

cavalry, had performed the journey from Cape Town in six almost unrelaxing days and nights. He brought great news. The 72d Regiment, on its way to India, had touched at the Cape in the very crisis of this peril, and was now on the way to Port Elizabeth, accompanied by Sir B. d'Urban himself. Great news, indeed! It was a special Providence, everybody said; and confidence, soon swelling into audacity, succeeded to the consternation felt during the previous fortnight. It was soon ascertained, too, that the boers, satisfied—by positive assurances from high quarters they afterwards declared—that the Caffres were to be effectually dealt with this time, after the old commando style, with an improvement thereon, were turning out in large numbers; and when the 72d Regiment, which, with Sir B. d'Urban, arrived at Port Elizabeth on the 11th of January 1835, actually marched into the town, there was an immediate cry for an impetuous, wide, sweeping, unsparing advance, which should not only drive the whole of the murdering Caffres over the Kei, once for all, but teach them such a lesson as would prevent them from recrossing it in a hurry again. So far as a prompt advance went, the wishes of the colonists were fulfilled, and a vigorous and dashing one it was. The Regulars, the Graham's Town Volunteers, the boers, the Hottentots, vied with each other in zeal and alacrity. The Fish River Bush was cleared in an incredibly short space of time, and the fierce, retributive march of the British force was only stayed on the eastern side of the Kei, and after the full submission of Hintza, who, with his son Kreili and relative Boctoo, came with a retinue of some 150 persons into the British camp, to arrange the conditions of peace. The conditions finally agreed to by Sir B. d'Urban, though much lighter, in a pecuniary sense, than the justice of the case required, went no doubt to the extent of Hintza's ability to comply with. They were: the condign punishment of the murderer of Purcell, and 300 head of cattle, as some compensation to his widow; 50,000 head of cattle, and 1000 horses, in part replacement of the losses sustained by the colonists; and, finally, the liberation of the nation of Fingoes, who were to be allowed to depart into the British territory, and to carry with them such domestic requirements and stock as would be necessary for their location in their new homes. This last condition was to Hintza and his trans-Keians a very bitter one, but Sir B. d'Urban was inexorable upon this point. The Fingoes had taken part with the British as soon as they heard of the advance, supplied useful information and other aid, and could not therefore be abandoned. So exasperated were the Caffres generally when they heard of this stipulation, that they began massacring a number of the unfortunate Fingoes in the vicinity of the British camp. Hintza, upon being remonstrated with upon his people's atrocious doings, exclaimed: 'What! may we not do as we please with our own dogs?' He, however, pretended to send orders to stop the massacre, which not being obeyed, Colonel Smith bluntly assured him,

that if he were not instantly more successful with other messengers, he would hang him, his son Kreili, and Boctoo, up to the nearest tree, without delay or hesitation. This produced the desired effect; the butchery still going on was stopped; and, soon afterwards, the treaty upon the precited conditions was consented to on both sides.

We now turn over a brilliant page in the grimed and spotted annals of these wars—that which records the passing of the Kei, on the 7th of May 1835, of the liberated Fingoe nation, under the protection of the British forces. Their muster was 4000 men, 6600 women, and 11,700 children: they had with them 27,000 head of cattle, which were driven forward by the men; the women were loaded with baskets of corn, sleeping-mats, milking-buckets, and cooking-pots, and on their backs sometimes more than one child. This rescued people, as they marched on exultingly towards the British territory, broke into snatches of rejoicing and triumphant song, of a wild pleasing character, it is said, interspersed with continued exclamations to each other, as if the repetition was necessary to assure themselves of the almost incredible fact: *Siyaya-Ebul-Ung-Weni*—‘We go to the place of the right [good?] people.’ It is pleasant to be able to add, that these people have since approved themselves the faithful and efficient auxiliaries of the power by which they were liberated from the cruel thralldom of the Caffre.

This important matter achieved, difficulties arose with respect to the delivery of the cattle agreed for, although Sir B. d’Urban consented to be satisfied with half the number for the present; the other moiety to be delivered at a future period. Hintza pretended that the reason the cattle were not brought in was, that he himself was not present with his people to enforce his orders; and he at last proposed that Colonel Smith and ‘a small party’ should accompany him to the Caffre kraals; in which case, all difficulty would be at once removed. Colonel Smith communicated this proposition to Sir B. d’Urban, who at the time was at King William’s Town, a new settlement on the Buffalo River, and he, after some hesitation, consented to it; but instead of ‘a small party,’ he sent orders that 500 men should accompany Colonel Smith, and the important hostages, Hintza, Kreili, and Boctoo. Hintza had been staying at Colonel Smith’s quarters during the whole of the negotiations; and that officer, before setting out, plainly told him, that if he attempted to escape, he would shoot him without a moment’s hesitation. With this distinct understanding, the party set out; and nothing of moment occurred till they arrived at a narrow cattle-track in the face of some hills rising from the east bank of the Xabecca stream, and presently opening into narrow kloofs, covered with the impenetrable bush of South Africa. Not far beyond these hills was a large Caffre kraal. Hintza, who was mounted on a strong horse, which, it was noticed, he had spared during the day, rode foremost, close by Colonel Smith.

Suddenly, Hintza darted off at full speed, instantly followed by the colonel, shouting to him to stop, and threatening, if he did not, to shoot him through the head. Hintza for all reply half-turned in his saddle, and hurled an assagai at his pursuer, which missed its mark by a few inches only. Colonel Smith, still galloping at speed, then drew a pistol, aimed, and fired: it flashed in the pan; and having no better luck with another, he threw it at Hintza's head, which it struck pretty smartly. The Caffre huts were by this time in sight; and Colonel Smith, aware that not a moment must be lost, buried his spur-rowels in his horse's flanks, and the animal by springing madly forward enabled him to grapple Hintza by the collar of his *haross* (cloak), and pull him to the ground. The colonel, so far successful, could not, however, check his horse, which carried him on to a considerable distance, thereby liberating Hintza, who immediately took to his heels, and endeavoured to gain the shelter of the bush. Close up by this time was Mr G. Southey, a mounted officer in command of the guides, who presently fired, and wounded the Caffre chief in the leg. Hintza uttered a cry of pain, but limped on, and succeeded in reaching, and for a time concealing himself in the bush. By and by, Mr Southey sighted him, fired again, and Hintza's head was almost literally blown off. Thus miserably perished this redoubtable trans-Keian chief, one of the prime instigators, and certainly the most powerful member of the confederacy engaged in this first serious Caffre war.

We need not dwell further upon the details of this thoroughly successful campaign—successful, that is, in a military sense. The uncompensated losses of the colonists had, however, been enormous; and Sir B. d'Urban resolved upon taking effective precautions against the recurrence of such calamities. The Kei was to be the new boundary; and Sir Benjamin proposed that it should be made a real, not a nominal one, by driving the Caffres over it, and the erection of a number of forts along the frontier-line. Above all, he was determined that so wily and unscrupulous an enemy should not be permitted to hold possession of the Amatola Mountains, from which they could, at any favourable moment, swoop upon the open, richly-cultivated district of Albany, and their murderous and marauding purposes accomplished, reshelter themselves in its fastnesses from the pursuit of any force less than an army.

The Caffrarian chiefs were profoundly dismayed, there is no doubt of that, by the proclaimed determination of the British general. The predicted time when Caffreland should die by the hands of the Children of the Foam had, they feared, arrived, when deliverance reached them from an unexpected quarter. Lord Glenelg, then colonial secretary, happily for them, dissented altogether from Sir B. d'Urban's estimate of the Caffre character, and the means of securing the peace of the colony. His lordship mildly rebuked Sir Benjamin for calling the Caffres 'wolves;'

hinted, upon anonymous authority, at the general's extreme severity towards those worthy people; and peremptorily ordered that all the newly-acquired territory should be given up, and the British forces withdrawn within the old boundary of the Fish River, which, in its lower course, was to be the limit of the eastern frontier; only, as the Hottentot settlement on the Kat could not be given up, the northern part of the frontier-line was to be carried along the hills between that river and the Chummie. Fort Willshire, moreover, on the Keiskamma, which had cost England an enormous sum—L.50,000, it is said—was to be abandoned; and that nothing might be omitted likely to insure the success of a pacific policy, and to obviate any future cattle-collisions, agents were appointed at different stations, clothed with diplomatic functions of a certain sort, to whom the aggrieved person or persons must first make complaint, and not by any means dare to follow the *spoor* or tracks of his or their abstracted animals, till that functionary gave them leave to do so. To Lord Glenelg, also, is due the suggestion, afterwards carried out by Sir H. Pottinger, of a Caffre police to put down cattle-stealing, and secure the quiet of the frontier.

Sir B. d'Urban refused to incur the responsibility of attempting to govern the colony in accordance with this policy, and forthwith sent in his resignation. The treaty was, notwithstanding, concluded in 1836 by Andries Strockenstrom—a highly respectable colonist, of Dutch parentage, who had rendered good service during the war. For achieving this treaty, he was created lieutenant-governor of the eastern province, received the honour of knighthood, and presented with a pension of L.700 a year, payable by the people of Great Britain, which he still enjoys.

Notwithstanding the outcry instantly raised against this treaty by the colonists, no one for a moment doubted that Lord Glenelg's intentions in thus returning good for evil, were of the purest, most amiable kind; and it is unfortunate that his well-meant policy should, in its practical results, have proved just the reverse of what he had anticipated. The English colonists were, however, from the first amazed and indignant at the treaty; the boers were rendered more furious than ever; whilst the Caffre chiefs attributed the favour shewn them to some unsuspected weakness on the part of their adversaries—and quite naturally; for how should men who respect no authority but that of force, comprehend no reason but that of necessity, be able to appreciate rightly the benevolent motives governing the conduct of the English colonial secretary? The mode of action adopted by the three parties, in circumstances so entirely unexpected, was characteristic and instructive. The British colonists, having first burned Sir Andries Strockenstrom in effigy, commenced a vigorous agitation for representative government, as the only means of emancipating themselves from the control of the colonial office; the Dutch boers finished packing their wagons, determined to be off without

further delay, and leave the colony to sink or swim as good or evil fortune might determine, though they had little doubt of what all this coaxing of Caffres and dandling of blacks would come to; and the Caffre, quietly resettling himself in the fastnesses from which he had been expelled, organised at his leisure the sanguinary outbreak of 1844.

Sir George Napier was prevailed upon to accept the command vacated by the resignation of Sir B. d'Urban. The chief incidents which marked his otherwise uneventful administration, was the emigration of the disaffected boers. Some of these people trêked off to the north-east, under the guidance of an Albany farmer of the name of Louis Treichard, and spread themselves (June 1836) along the banks of the Vaal, beyond the Orange River, in a fertile tract between the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh parallel of south latitude; spite of the resistance of Moseklate, a neighbouring Caffre chief, whom they soon taught reason, after their peculiar manner of giving such lessons. Others, under the guidance of Peter Retief, forced their way into the rich country about Natal, thereby coming into hostile contact with Dingaan, the successor of Chaka in the sovereignty of the Zoolahs. Only one serious battle took place between the Zoolahs and the emigrant boers. The Dutch farmers' line of battle was a peculiar one. They formed an enclosure with their wagons, firmly lashed together, placing the women and children in the centre, the horses next them, and the farmers themselves, with their long rifles, immediately within the line of wagons. Hundreds of Zoolahs—thousands, by some accounts—were slain in the attempt to force this formidable barricade; and when put to flight, the survivors were pursued by the remounted farmers for miles, and shot down without pity or remorse. These emigrants, finally settled at about fifty miles from Port Natal, immediately commenced building Pietermaritzburg; and under the inspection of one Andries Pretorius, proclaimed themselves an independent republic, under the protection of the king of Holland.

This absurd proceeding was taken no notice of by the colonial government till they attempted, in 1841, to make practical application of their independence by attacking the Griquas, a half-breed between Caffre and Hottentot. This the colonial office could not for a moment tolerate; and Captain Smith, of the 27th Regiment, was sent against them from Graham's Town, at the head of 250 men and five guns. After a march of 600 miles through a rugged country, intersected by a hundred streams, he arrived at Port Natal in the early part of May 1842; upon hearing which, President Pretorius ordered him to quit the territory of the republic of Pietermaritzburg without delay. This message the English officer replied to by an immediate attack upon the capital, in which his force got roughly handled; and after three hours' fighting, Captain Smith was compelled to retreat with the loss of two of his guns. A fierce skirmish two days afterwards resulted

in the loss of another gun; and Captain Smith had no resource but to intrench himself in the best manner he could, and patiently await the succour which he despatched an active runner of the name of King, to Graham's Town, to tell his pressing need of. Captain Smith's defence of his hastily improvised encampment was a brave and successful one; for although more than half of his horses had been consumed for food, he still held his post on the 26th of June, when Lieutenant-colonel Cloete arrived at Port Natal, in the *Southampton* frigate. Some resistance, easily brushed aside, was offered to the landing of the troops from the frigate; but on Colonel Cloete preparing to attack Pietermaritzburg, the republic yielded without further contest, and was formally abolished by proclamation. Captain Smith remained in command of the posts about Natal with a force of 350 men.

Meanwhile, another Caffre conspiracy was hatching in the recesses of the Amatolas. Sandilli, whilst eagerly looking forward to the day when he should attain his majority (1841), and the unshared, unchallenged command of the Gaika tribes, had been feeding his natural vanity and presumption with wizard predictions, which, in direct opposition to earlier and equally respectable prophecy, announced that he was the victorious leader destined to resume the conquering march of his nation towards the southern seas, and sweep away the intrusive white man, that had so long barred its progress. Sandilli felt or affected implicit faith in these breath-bubbles; but his lips kept the secret of his heart, young as he was, and it was only from the less cautious tongue of Macomo that expressions were sometimes heard to fall which might have put the colonists on their guard. Macomo had several times been heard to say, that he would never build himself a dwelling till he could erect it on the territory from which he had been expelled to make room for the Hottentot settlement—in itself a great offence to Caffre ideas, quite as much as the affairs of the Fingoes; and the annihilation of both settlements, or the reduction of the individuals composing them to bondage, was a settled point with the Caffres—when they had once rid themselves of the whites. With all this, the mask of an affected resignation to the defeat of 1835 continued to be successfully worn by the conspirators, when, as occasionally happened, they came in contact with the colonial authorities. Sir G. Napier had a conference with the Gaika chiefs in 1839, at a missionary station on the Chummie, when Tyali, Sandilli's half-brother, spoke with a charming ingenuousness as follows:—‘You are our father, we are your children; and if after this, anything goes wrong, do with Sandilli as you would with your own son. Be patient and long-suffering: give him your advice, and refer him to his father's laws. We cannot entirely put an end to the stealing, because we do not know of it. Perhaps, while we are speaking, the thieves are out and moving about. You are like a parent to us: be patient with us, as we are your children.’

Such speeches as these, of which there was an abundance during the next few years, must have entirely disabused the Colonial Office of any suspicion previously entertained there of the good faith and loyal intentions of the Caffre tribes; for Sir P. Maitland, a distinguished soldier, but much too aged for active campaigning, was sent out, on the retirement of Sir G. Napier, to pass a few quiet years in the evening of his life as governor of the 'now thoroughly tranquillised Cape Colony.' The new governor was not long left in doubt as to the delusion under which his patrons at home were labouring with regard to Cape affairs; for almost simultaneously with his arrival out, overt preliminaries of the long-contemplated outbreak, by the stealthy assassination of a number of frontier Hottentot herdsmen, commenced. It was suggested by the intercessory or diplomatic agents we have spoken of, that the cattle-keepers, being armed, not only irritated the Caffres by a needless display of precautionary force, but supplied an almost irresistible inducement to slay them, in order to obtain possession of their arms; and whether it might not, therefore, be advisable, with a view to make things pleasant, that the herdsmen should follow their vocation in the peaceful guise that naturally beseeemed it. This politic suggestion, quite seriously offered, did not avert the storm—perhaps it was made too late—no more than did the comforting declaration of Sandilli himself, who, at the head of 2000 warriors, well mounted upon stolen horses, and accoutred with arms manufactured at Birmingham, visited the lieutenant-governor, Colonel Hare, at Block Drift, now Fort Hare, and assured him that the colonists had nothing whatever to fear, 'upon the word of a Caffre!'

The value of the word of a Caffre was speedily and strikingly illustrated by the repetition, in the beginning of 1846, of the audacious attack made on the colony in Sir B. d'Urban's time, but now on a much better combined and more extensive scale. Sir P. Maitland very narrowly escaped being slain or captured at the very outset of the war; and the struggle in the Fish River Bush, in the Waterkloof, in the Amatolas, was a desperate, bloody, yet indecisive one. On the 17th April 1846, the baggage-wagons of the 7th Dragoon Guards and the 91st Regiment, fell into the hands of the Caffres at Burn's Hill; a misfortune which an immense fuss was made about, both in the colony and in England, although it could have no possible military result, and would not have occurred, if unflinching gallantry and devotion on the part of the troops could have prevented it. Fort Hare, defended by Major Lindsay, was attacked by Sandilli in person, fruitlessly of course; and many affairs of posts and detachments took place in contiguous localities, all more or less harassing, sanguinary, and indecisive. One only opportunity of striking an effective blow at the stealthy Caffre presented itself to the angry impatience of the soldiers. Major Somerset, with the Dragoon Guards, and some mounted Hottentots, had halted for a brief space near the Gwanga,

when an officer, who had been riding alone at some distance from the troops, galloped up with the intelligence, that a large body of Caffres were only a short distance off, in an open flat, concealed from view by some rising-ground. The soldiers vaulted in a moment to their saddles; and before the Caffres, whom the sudden appearance of the mounted officer had greatly alarmed, could near the bush, towards which they instinctively hastened, the polished helmets of the dragoons crowned the intervening ridge—one fierce hurrah burst from their ranks, and the next minute they were charging through and through the panic-stricken savages, who were cut down by hundreds, and without mercy; for the recollection of Burn's Hill, and other bitter fights, where they could not reach, and seldom see their adversaries, nerved the arms and steeled the hearts of the soldiers. This affair had a favourable influence on the struggle; the Caffres found that even 'civilised' warfare, which they had been almost disposed to laugh at, had its terrible aspects; a manifest lowering of their tone was the almost immediate consequence; and several of the chiefs intimated a very decided opinion, 'that the land had been troubled long enough.' Peace, however, involving future impunity, was not quite to be had just yet, at least, for the asking: reinforcements from England were arriving. One of the great sea-wagons of the Children of the Foam, 'that spit forth red men,' had arrived on the eastern coast, and spit forth the Rifle Brigade of green men, a most valuable force in such a war; the aged veteran, Sir P. Maitland,* was relieved of the command by the end of February 1847; Sir Henry Pottinger, the new governor, and Sir G. Berkeley, the new commander-in-chief, had reached Cape Town, and a vigorous campaign would no question be initiated without delay. It so proved. The Amatolas were simultaneously attacked from the north, east, and west approaches, by Major Salter, Colonel Somerset, and Colonel Campbell. They encountered no effective resistance; and it was soon apparent that the contest was verging to a close. Macomo was the first considerable chief to give up the desperate game; he surrendered at Fort Hare, and solaced his captivity with copious libations of strong waters, which kept him in a state of constant intoxication from morning till night. Sutú, Sandilli's mother, an extremely plethoric lady, whom her amiable boy had once with some difficulty been dissuaded from burning alive, came in to offer terms for her son, and was told that unconditional submission alone remained for him. Nonnube, General Campbell's grand-daughter, also protested her anxiety for peace, 'but that Seyolo had his hand

* The frequent change of governors of the Cape Colony is a remarkable feature in its history; nearly all of those important functionaries having resigned, or been deprived of office, just when experience had fitted them, one would suppose, to discharge its duties efficiently. Since 1806, there have been fifteen. Here are their names in the order of succession: Sir D. Baird, Honourable H. Grey, Earl Caledon, Sir J. Cradock, Honourable R. Meade, Sir Rufane Donkin, Lord Charles Somerset, Sir R. Bourke, Sir G. L. Cole, Sir B. d'Urban, Sir G. Napier, Sir P. Maitland, Sir H. Pottinger, Sir Harry Smith, and the Honourable George Cathcart.

upon her shoulder, and kept her down.' At last Sandilli himself, unable longer to evade the pursuit of the Rifles and mounted Hottentots, gave himself up, and was marched a prisoner into Graham's Town, on Sunday the 25th of October 1847. With Sandilli's surrender terminated the second general Caffre war, during which the Hottentots and Fingoes had rendered efficient services. The burghers and remaining boers had turned out in small numbers, and reluctantly, except when immediate danger pressed, mainly in consequence of their firm persuasion, that the temporising system pursued towards the savages would render Caffre wars the chronic plague of the colony; and that peace with such a people on the heretofore accorded conditions, was only another name for breathing-time, to enable the Caffres to organise fresh aggressions upon the lives and properties of the whites.

Sir Henry Pottinger would seem to have been of a very different opinion, and must have been convinced in his own mind, that the insurrectionary spirit of the Caffres was completely broken by the issue of the recent contest, and their once savage instincts changed to a taste for the peaceful avocations of civilised life. He unhesitatingly admitted all Caffres in the rebellious districts to the privileges of British citizens, upon merely surrendering, or pretending to surrender, their arms—a few assagais sufficed—and taking out a kind of ticket of registration, by which acts they were held to have become the dutiful subjects of Queen Victoria. Sir Henry, furthermore, intrusted to Lieutenant Davis, formerly adjutant of the 90th Light Infantry, the organisation of a Caffre frontier police, who were to be well armed and drilled after the manner of English soldiers. Sir Henry, however, did not conclude any arrangement as to the line or limit of the eastern frontier, he being aware that Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, would shortly arrive to assume the chief command. Sir Harry's coming was impatiently looked for by the colonists generally, not so much on account of his high military reputation, as that he had formerly been a warm partisan of Sir B. d'Urban's policy, and it was hoped he would pursue the same course now. Another pressing affair rendered Sir Harry Smith's presence desirable. Pretorius and the boers north of the Orange River, with whom the expected governor was also a great favourite, had passed from legal remonstrances and petitions for redress of grievances to open revolt—a mischief which required prompt dealing with in the actual state of the colony, and the more pressingly, that the Dutch settlers in the Natal country were again shewing signs of a kindred insubordination. Pretorius sought an interview with Sir Henry Pottinger, with a view to settle the dispute by negotiation. But Sir Henry, not wishing to fetter the actions of General Smith in the matter, declined seeing Pretorius. Sir Henry was also especially careful that the two important prisoners, Sandilli and Macomo, should be kept in safe custody till his successor's arrival; and that they might be so kept, he directed Macomo to be sent under escort to a station

at Algoa Bay, greatly to the discontent and dismay of that personage, who passionately entreated permission to reside on *parole* in his own country. This was, as a matter of course, bluntly refused; and as a last resource, his daughter Anakeya, a youthful Caffrarian belle, of very high pretensions as an African beauty, presented herself before Colonel Campbell of the 91st Regiment, and offered, with heroic self-sacrifice, to become that officer's wife—not, perhaps, his 'great' wife, as he might already have one—on condition that her father, Macomo, was permitted to dwell in peace with his own people. That request granted, she was quite resigned 'to accept the colonel's country for her country, and his home for her home.' Colonel Campbell was a good deal startled by this sacrificial proposal, and with much kindness and delicacy explained to the damsel, that although two Mrs Campbells would, in Caffraria, be quite orthodox and proper, such an arrangement would, in Scotland, be regarded in a very different light; and he must therefore, even if he had the power of granting her request with regard to Macomo, which he had not—the governor's orders being clear and peremptory upon the matter—decline her very handsome offer; an answer which the young lady, after much pouting and entreaty, was fain to return with to her father, who, shortly afterwards, was sent off to Algoa Bay.

In December 1847, the batteries of Cape Town announced the arrival of Sir Harry Smith, and the departure of Sir Henry Pottinger. The new governor and his lady were received with enthusiasm; and Sir Harry addressed himself to business without delay, although in a mode that, but for the reliance placed upon his knowledge of the Caffre mind and temperament, must have appeared not surprising only, but altogether unaccountable. At his first meeting with Macomo, Sir Harry ordered him to kneel down, and then placing his foot on his neck—not figuratively, but in downright boot-and-spur reality—said: 'This is to let you know that I am come hither to teach Caffreland that I am chief and master here, and this is the way I shall treat the enemies of the Queen of England.' To Sandilli he addressed the sarcastic question: 'Who is *now* the great chief of Caffreland?' to which that ingenuous young Caffre meekly replied: 'Kreili' (Hintza, the trans-Keian chief's son and successor). 'No,' replied Sir Harry Smith; 'I am the chief of Caffreland—the Inkoso Eukuli. From me, as the representative of the Queen of England, you all hold your land. My word shall be your law, else I will sweep you from the face of the earth.' On the 23d January, the active governor was at King William's Town, where he made a number of Caffre chiefs, in the presence of some 2000 of their countrymen, kiss his boot in token of submission; after which, he tore a sheet of paper to shreds, to emblemise that not paper stipulations, but his *will*, should be the future rule of law. 'There go your treaties!' exclaimed the triumphant governor as the paper shreds flew away. The action was no doubt a significant one, and

had, we daresay, a good dramatic effect; but we see by the Cape papers, that such unusual vagaries shook considerably the confidence previously reposed in his wisdom—much more so when it was found that the boot-kissing chiefs were to be made justices of the peace; that Sandilli and Macomo were not only liberated, but presented with brass-mounted batons, symbolic of their new dignity, to be placed beside the cow-tails, which, streaming from short poles stuck in the ground before a chief's tent or hut, is the ancient Caffrarian emblem of authority. Sir Harry next decided that the Keiskamma should be the eastern limit of the colony proper; and that East London should be the name of the port at the mouth of the Buffalo.

Having thus summarily disposed of the Caffre troubles, Sir Harry Smith directed his attention to the state of affairs beyond the Orange River. After some time spent in fruitless negotiation, he published, on the 17th of August, a last warning to the contumacious Dutch colonists upon the folly and wickedness of their proceedings, which, not producing the hoped for effect, Sir Harry crossed the Orange River in force—an operation greatly facilitated by the inflated pontoons (an American invention) he had brought from England; and, finally, inflicted a heavy defeat on the boers at Bloem Fountain, where he found them strongly posted, and in large numbers. The general, writing of this affair, says: 'A more rapid, fierce, and well-directed fire I have never seen maintained; and for some time they held their ground, when a rush of the Rifle Brigade upon their left flank, of the 45th upon the left centre, and the 91st upon the right centre, carried all before it.' The ultimate result of this decisive blow, was the formal assumption by the British crown of the responsibilities and duties of the Orange River sovereignty.

The insurrection of the Caffres and boers having been thus put down, the extra regiments returned to Great Britain; and except amongst the colonists themselves, an opinion prevailed that we had seen the last of Caffre and all other Cape wars. As a slight measure of precaution, however, as well as to reward a number of well-deserving veterans, many soldiers discharged from the 27th and 91st Regiments, and 7th Dragoon Guards, were presented with small grants of land, and located at Alice, Auckland, Woburn—military villages near the frontier.

The progress made by the British Cape colonists towards the obtainment of *their* panacea for all existing or prospective evils, Caffre wars inclusive—namely, self-government by means of a representative assembly—being a subject apart from the scope of this narrative, has been merely incidentally glanced at; but we now come to an event in Cape constitutional agitation which had so marked an effect in bringing about and envenoming the war—now, it may be feared, only temporarily extinguished—as to oblige us to touch slightly upon it. In September 1849, the *Neptune* convict ship cast anchor in Table Bay, and the colonists of Cape

Town—joined subsequently by their more distant fellow-citizens—instantly and vehemently opposed themselves to the landing of the convicts on their shores. Not content, however, with a legal agitation and remonstrance against Lord Grey's penal project, they forthwith placed her Majesty's forces in a state of moral siege or blockade, by peremptorily forbidding any one to furnish them with provisions; and Sir Harry Smith, thinking himself obliged to acquiesce in this strange proceeding, sent for supplies to Madagascar and the Mauritius, and kept the wretched outcasts in the *Neptune* tossing in the bay till fresh instructions were received from England. The violent conduct of the colonists had of course an accompaniment of violent speeches, very loudly echoed and applauded, upon the facility with which, if need be, the independence of the colony could be vindicated against Great Britain—speeches taken quite seriously by the eagerly-listening, armed, and disciplined Hottentots and their countrymen, who saw in all this imbroghio the beginning of the end of white rule in South Africa. 'Many of them,' writes Sir Harry Smith in his dispatch, dated 7th April 1852—'many of them, possessing just sufficient education to make them mischievous and capable of observing what occurred at public meetings held within the colony to resist and oppose the measures of government, which the colonists regarded as the exercise of constitutional rights, though, in point of fact, such proceedings approached the brink of anarchy and confusion, could not discriminate between national remonstrance and open resistance.' The distinction between blockading the Queen's troops and 'open resistance' is so very fine a one, that its non-perception might be excused in persons of the most educated vision. Other influences were at work to mislead the unfortunate Hottentots. We again quote Sir Harry Smith's dispatch:—'The Hottentots had been taught, or had imbibed the marked impression, that they were "an oppressed and ill-used race;" and that Holy Writ, which they are very fond of quoting, taught them they were justified in fighting to regain the country of which they regarded themselves as deprived.' Finally, on the 21st of February 1850, the *Neptune* sailed with her living freight for Van Dieman's Land; and bonfires, illuminations, discharges of cannon, proclaimed the triumph of the colonists. From this moment, the rebellion of the Hottentots was irrevocably decided upon; and they proceeded, writes Sir Harry Smith, 'covertly to concoct with the Caffres those hostile schemes which soon approached maturity.' In reality, the reasoning of the Hottentots, up to a certain point, was quite logical according to the assumed premises. There were very few troops at the Cape; England, defied by her colonists, would certainly send no additional ones to their aid in any extremity; the armed boers were many hundred miles away: when, then, could they hope for a fairer opportunity, in conjunction with their smooth-speaking friends the Caffres, of ridding the colony of the whites, and dividing it, as proposed, between themselves and their

allies? That the Hottentots could not see beyond that consummation, if attained, their own certain resubjugation by the more powerful Caffres to a worse bondage than that from which the British government released them, must of course be attributed to the but partially developed intellect Sir Harry Smith speaks of. The Fingoes alone, of all the black tribes, kept aloof from this confederacy, which, before the year was out, had thoroughly matured its plan of action.

Sir Harry Smith held his last conference with 'the restless Gaika chiefs' at Fort Cox, on the 19th of December 1850, before which the colonists of Albany, from Bathurst to the Tarka, were in a state of feverish agitation in consequence of the now openly-menaced attack. It burst upon the colony on the 24th, when tumultuous hordes of Caffres and Hottentots threw themselves upon the military villages, as they were absurdly designated, of Alice, Auckland, Woburn, and others, massacred every man, woman, and child they could lay hands on, and fired the entire district. The defection amongst the regimental Hottentots shewed itself immediately afterwards; and the Caffre police, well armed and disciplined, in readiness for such a chance, joined the rebel ranks in a body. Colonel Eyre, of the 27th, after a fruitless attempt to capture Sandilli in the fastnesses of the Upper Keiskamma, was compelled to fall hastily back upon King William's Town; Colonel Somerset, checked in the Amatolas, retreated to Fort Hare; and Sir Harry Smith himself was enabled to reach King William's Town only by a lucky and rapid dash from Fort Cox, at the head of 200 Cape Mounted Rifles, who fortunately remained faithful. The eastern province was both figuratively and literally on fire; and Sir Harry Smith's resources for extinguishing the conflagration were, for months, altogether inadequate to such a task, 'consisting only of 1800 British troops, the greater part of whom occupied twelve unavoidable garrisons, leaving only 800 disposable for general purposes,' to control thousands of as yet but passively rebellious Hottentots, 'and to meet hordes of well-armed, athletic, and intrepid barbarians in the field.' This desperate and utterly unequal conflict was maintained by the British soldiery with a fierce hardihood and resolution which the magnitude of the peril served but to augment and inflame. And well it was so; for, surrounded as they were by masses of savage warriors, drawn from the eastern as well as western districts of Caffraria, one sign of hesitation, one but apparent failure, would have thrown, according to Sir Harry Smith, the whole country into a chaos of tumult and rebellion—the troops must have fallen back from their advanced positions, the T'Slambie tribes would have risen at once with every curly-headed black from Cape Town to Natal. Everywhere an iron front was shewn by that 'astonishing infantry;' the rebel Hottentots were shelled out of Fort Alexander on the Kat by Colonel Somerset; Hermanes, formerly a friendly Caffre chief, was slain in an unsuccessful attack upon Fort Beaufort; and

ultimately, as reinforcements arrived from England, a deadly and protracted struggle, lasting many months, beneath a burning sun, during night-marches, amid torrents of rain, with Sandilli and Seyolo in the fastnesses of the Keiskamma and the Amatolas, with Macomo strongly intrenched in the Waterkloof—a natural and numerous garrisoned fortress—with Stock in the lurking-places of the Fish River Bush, eventuated, wrote Sir Harry Smith in his last dispatch, in the ferocious * Caffres ‘being driven from all their strongholds with a loss, by their own account, of 6000 warriors, and the destruction of the whole of the Gaika crops, as well as of those eastward of the Kei.’ Sir William Molesworth, the leader of the colonial reform party, spoke as follows of the heroic endurance and achievements of the British troops in these terrible African wars:—‘I must say, that when I consider the position of our gallant troops in South Africa, in the midst of a population, one-half of whom are hostile, and the other half are in about equal proportions discontented, disaffected, and doubtful—when I consider that those troops have not suffered one positive defeat—have not lost one single convoy, but have accomplished many gallant feats of arms, I think they deserve great credit for themselves, and reflect honour upon their veteran commander, whose health has been worn out in the service.’ A yet more valuable and quite as disinterested appreciation of the veteran commander’s services in the field, where, at all events, he was thoroughly at home, however he might have now and then stumbled and lost his way amidst the pitfalls and mazes of the council-chamber, was afforded by the colonists, who, notwithstanding they had very liberally availed themselves of their constitutional privilege of criticising and condemning every measure, civil or military, that had been adopted, heartily recognised the general’s merits when he was about to leave them. ‘Sir Harry Smith,’ says a local paper, ‘left King William’s Town for New London, to embark in the *Styx*, at three o’clock in the morning. Although it was quite dark, a large number of the inhabitants turned out in token of respect, and cheered him loudly as he passed. At Cape Town, a triumphal arch was erected at the landing-place, decorated with banners, flowers, evergreens, and bearing the motto “Gratitude” on one side, and “Farewell” on the other. He was met at the landing-stairs by the chief-justice, and many other of the principal functionaries of the place; and a numerous body of merchants and gentlemen of all shades of politics accompanied the carriage of the harshly-superseded general.’ After all, there is nothing in which Englishmen so entirely differ from nations it is needless to name, as in their

* To give quarter is unknown in Caffre wars, and those of our men who have chanced to fall into their hands, have been invariably put to death with torture. Sergeant Laing of the 91st, it has been ascertained, was roasted alive; and the band-master of the 74th, Mr Hans Hartung, a most amiable man, and favourite with everybody, was for three days subjected to every imaginable mode of torture before death put an end to their fiendish cruelty and his sufferings.

doubtful, growling, half-recognition of successful greatness, and their instant and large appreciation thereof, when death or misfortune tumbles the idol from its pedestal.

Besides the evidences already enumerated of Sir Harry's military successes in his last campaign, it is certain that Sandilli and Macomo had both, before his departure, become suppliants for peace; 'which wise step was retracted,' said the ex-governor, because 'the fickle nature of the Caffre delights in change, which he ever believes will turn in some way to his advantage. Peace having been made by me in 1847 on my arrival in Caffraria, Sandilli is fully impressed with the idea that a similar course will be now pursued on the arrival of my successor.' If this were so, Sandilli and his friends must have been very unpleasantly surprised by the proclamation issued by the Honourable George Cathcart, Lieutenant-governor, High Commissioner, &c., on the 12th day of April 1852, from King William's Town, a few days only after his arrival at the Cape, in which, addressing the chiefs and people who dwell between the rivers Kei and Keiskamma, he says: 'Our great and good Queen Victoria, has sent me, George Cathcart, to be your great chief and governor. I am come among you to do good to all those who are true and faithful to their word; therefore Pato, Siwani, Unkai, and all those chiefs and men of the T'Slambie tribes who have been faithful during this war, I am your good friend as long as you will allow me to be so. But as for Sandilli, and all the Gaika chiefs and people, and the T'Slambies, Seyolo, and Umfundisi, and their followers, they have rebelled against their sovereign, Queen Victoria, and have suffered rebel Hottentots and others to join them in fighting against her soldiers. This is a great crime, and cannot be forgotten; therefore, though I wish for peace, and that all bloodshed should cease, Sandilli and all those who have taken part in this most wicked rebellion, must go beyond the Kei, and none of them will ever be suffered to return and live in peace in the country they occupied before the war.' This manifesto, though partially approved of, did not go far enough for the colonists, who, as ever, contended that no permanent tranquillity could be hoped for till every Caffre, whether man, boy, woman, or child, to whatever tribe belonging, was driven across the Kei, with an intimation, that any attempt to return would be visited upon the offender 'capitally.' They were much better pleased with General Cathcart's determination to hang the councillors of Seyolo and Stock, who were made prisoners whilst endeavouring to excite Pato and other half-friendly Caffres to join against the whites; and the erection of the gallows at King William's Town for that purpose, was received with loud demonstrations of approval; whilst to the Caffre chiefs it appears to have suggested, in a very intelligible way, that for the future, murder, though accompanied by insurrection, would scarcely be so easily atoned for as it had been. General Cathcart also directed the Sappers and Miners to construct a fort which, commanding the more important passes of

the Amatolas, would prevent the Caffres from reoccupying those fastnesses. In fact, the general tenor of the dispatches received from the Cape since Sir Harry Smith's return, fully bear out that officer's assertion, that the war, so far as military operations were involved, was substantially concluded when he came away, and that the sole question remaining for General Cathcart's solution, was the prevention of its recurrence. Sandilli and Macomo, soon after the new governor's arrival, renewed their proposals for peace; and for all reply were told, that the preliminary to any negotiation was their and their people's retirement beyond the Kei. It could not be expected that this bitter condition would be acquiesced in by the chiefs of the Gaika tribes, save in the last and most desperate extremity, it being well known to be Sandilli and Macomo's long since formed opinion, that their enforced residence beyond the Kei must render cattle-stealing from the English utterly unprofitable, if not impossible, by interposing the whole width of British Caffraria between them and the well-stocked pastures of the colony proper; and a sullen, impotent, but harassing guerilla sort of contest, chiefly in the Amatolas, was for some time maintained. It was clear, however, from the first moment of General Cathcart's arrival, that the war, so far as the Gaika tribes and their allies were concerned, was reduced to a mere system of isolated brigandage, which could have but one termination, and that a not very distant one. The Caffres, however, in the vicinage of the Vaal River, emboldened by the compelled inaction of the Dutch colonists, had become troublesome; and as the British general had forbidden the boers to take the matter into their own hands, he marched in November 1852 at the head of a considerable force, and inflicted a severe chastisement upon them on the 20th of the next month, at what has been dignified with the name of 'the Battle of Berea.' The British, at all events, attacked the Caffres, who as certainly ran away, and sustained considerable loss, not in the 'battle,' but the flight; a result acknowledged by their commander and principal chief, Moshesh, in the following characteristic letter:—'*BORREJO, midnight, 20th December 1852.*—YOUR EXCELLENCY—This day you have fought against my people, and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have a compensation for boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you; you have shewn your power; you have chastised; let it be enough, I pray you, and let me no longer be considered an enemy of the Queen. I will do all I can to keep my people in order. Yours dutifully—*MOSHESH.*' General Cathcart was not, however, quite so easily satisfied; much additional cattle was required, and ultimately obtained; and terrible vengeance was threatened in her Majesty's name should the Caffres ever again presume to molest her Dutch subjects; the gist and essence of which menaces were, in the opinion of the boers themselves, as well as of the Caffres, contained in the significant paragraph of the official manifesto which announced the general's

'intention of giving to commandants and field-cornets *power to make commandos* in a regular manner; and with the consent of the Resident, to enter your country in search of plundered horses and cattle that may be stolen after this time.' This cautiously-worded threat seems to corroborate an intimation made in the newspapers a short time ago, that the British government have been anxiously meditating some scheme of South African defensive policy, which might combine the efficiency of the old commando system with the humanity of civilised warfare. The boers, however, interpret the announcement according to their own wishes, and see in it a reluctant acknowledgment, that the system pursued since the disavowal of Sir B. d'Urban, has irretrievably broken down, and that at no distant day the mass of the British army will be withdrawn, and they, the boers, permitted to fight their battles with the ferocious Caffres in their own way, and, as they believe, the only effective mode in which they can be so fought. Concede to them that privilege, and we are told the Queen would have no more loyal subjects in South Africa than the hitherto malcontent Dutch boers.

Peace being concluded with Moshesh, General Cathcart returned to his head-quarters, King William's Town, and was busy with the organisation of the frontier-line of permanent defence, when intelligence reached him in February last, that Sandilli and Macomo, who had been for some months expelled the Amatolas and other mountain fastnesses, were without followers, and almost without food, had again bethought themselves, as in 1847, 'that the land had been troubled long enough,' and were at length willing to listen to terms of accommodation. Kreili also was pleased to inform Colonel Maclean, 'that he had no more strength to fight the English,' and was therefore equally anxious with his friends, the Gaika chiefs, for renewed amity with Queen Victoria. These overtures appear to have been received with a somewhat inexplicable eagerness; and Mr Brownlee was appointed to meet Sandilli and Macomo, to assure them of forgiveness and protection, but at the same time to intimate, that peace could not be made till they and their tribes were beyond the Kei. This condition was, however, subsequently modified; and the Gaika tribes—Sandilli being guarantee for their future good behaviour—are to be permitted to reside in British Caffraria, 'within the territory of Umhala, situate west of the Kei, between that river and the great north road, bounded on the north by the River Thomas;' capital punishment, by process of court-martial, to overtake any Caffre, chief or otherwise, caught westward of these limits. This concession—one of very doubtful policy, according to the unanimous opinion of the frontier press, and only reluctantly acquiesced in because 'it will hasten the time when a less costly mode of colonial defence than the continued presence of a numerous British army, must be had recourse to'—led naturally to fresh and more audacious demands from Sandilli and his half-brother

Macomo. Sandilli declared that the assigned territory was much too small. Caffres were already so numerous there, that the intrusion of the Gaika tribes 'would oblige them to go to war with each other for grass;' whereas the only desire of himself and friends for the future, 'was to fight for the Queen of the English'—a loyal solicitude which he, moreover, represented ought in justice to insure the reversal of General Cathcart's order to surrender his own and followers' arms—'100 guns at least, in addition to the arms carried off by the Caffre police.' Sandilli's keen moral perception, however, compelled him to admit that the Caffre police, having obtained their arms in a dishonourable manner, they, the arms, ought, in strict justice, to be given up, and should be, if they could be found—a contingency which, he candidly admitted, he entirely despaired of. These objections were urged at great length at a subsequent interview of Sandilli, Macomo, and other repentant chiefs, with the governor, Sir George Cathcart, himself. The following extract from the published record of that interview, reads strangely by the light thrown upon it by previous Caffre and governor conferences, protestations, and promises. His Excellency having said: 'Now you are forgiven, and it is peace with you;' Sandilli's half-brother thus replied:—

Macomo. We have but one word to say and to thank. We thank the governor for taking us out of the bush, and for giving us a home to live in, only that it is too small. When a chief errs, he is punished and forgiven. This young man [Sandilli] erred, and has been punished, and is now forgiven; but the country you have given him is small. Toisi, who formerly occupied it, had but a small tribe. Sandilli has a large one, which will not find room there.

The Governor. These are things you should have thought of before you went to war. It is too late now. I know, besides, that Toisi had but a small tribe, and that it never half filled the country allotted him.

Macomo. We look to you to speak for us, and represent our case to the Queen. We are her subjects for ever. When settled in the country your excellency has allotted us, Kreili, Umhala, and Toisi will affect to be satisfied, but will all the while regard us as intruders; and this will cause constant heart-burnings between us.

The Governor. I will send your words to the Queen; but I will give you no hope of ever again occupying the Anatolas, as, when you were there, you were constantly plotting mischief, and cannot be trusted there again.

The high contracting parties then separated, and the final ratification of the terms of peace between her Majesty Queen Victoria and Sandilli and Kreili was immediately proclaimed. Equally droll as this strange scene, was a proclamation, directed at the same time by his Excellency against certain British traders, who had been long suspected of furnishing the Caffres with

munitions of war, and dissuading them from making peace with the English. The Hon. George Cathcart, the war being now over, thought it his duty no longer to delay solemnly warning the suspected delinquents, that the offence alleged against them was nothing less than high treason; and that, if detected in the commission thereof, they would certainly have to undergo the penalty attached to that crime. Certain burghers of King William's Town took great offence at this sort of post-obit proclamation; and, in an address to the governor, warmly protested their loyalty to the British crown; to which his Excellency replied, that that being the case, the proclamation could not possibly apply to them. It is evident, however, spite of Sir John Pakington's eulogy in April last of Lord Glenelg's dispatch, dated December 1835, in which his lordship said: 'The claim of sovereignty over the new province bounded by the Kei must be renounced,' that the policy of Sir B. d'Urban—to whom that dispatch was addressed, after seventeen years of fruitless efforts to persuade the Caffres into permitting our people to dwell in peace within the old boundary—is about, willingly or unwillingly, to be acted upon, though with some slight, and, we may be quite sure, temporary modification. The immense addition of territory involved in the contemplated extension of the eastern frontier, has been always forcibly dwelt upon by gentlemen of high position and large influence. 'In 1842,' exclaimed Sir W. Molesworth, 'the British Empire in South Africa covered an area of 110,000 square miles, now it will extend to 260,000 square miles, about the same as that of the Austrian Empire.' Another honourable member, Mr Hume, insisted that there is safety only in returning to the Fish River boundary, and that the large acquisition of territory has been effected against the wishes of the colonists. With all deference to the opinions of these gentlemen, we cannot but demur to the inferences attempted to be conveyed by such statements. It is altogether incorrect to infer that the cost and difficulty of defending South Africa increases, or has increased, proportionately with the extension of the eastern frontier. The line of the Kei is not more extensive, and is certainly easier of defence—the sea-communication from Cape Town being always open and facile—than the bush-encumbered line of the Fish River; and as to withdrawing within the boundary of the Fish River, which, in plain terms, means replacing the colony in the position it held when it was attacked in 1835—is to fortress an implacable and savage enemy within easy spring of the cultivated district of Albany, and the thousands of industrious settlers located there. We know by experience what that means.

But the matter has, in reality, passed, or at all events, is about to pass, from the control of the home government into that of the colonists themselves. Self-government, soon to be practically enjoyed by the Cape settlers, both English and Dutch, will settle the Caffre, as well as many other colonial difficulties—and *this not by contracting the Cape territory, nor by amicable arrangements*

with the Caffres and Hottentots. The connection which ought to subsist between a great monarchy like that of England and her colonies, is beginning to be generally and clearly understood. It is this : that the only union should be an offensive and defensive federation, for the maintenance of the independence and just rights of every member thereof against foreign aggression, cemented by the golden link of the crown, and harmonised by the freest possible commercial and kindly intercourse—the Houses of parliament at Westminster having no more power to make laws for the internal government of a colony, than a colonial assembly would have to impose a tax upon Middlesex. This union—an adamantine one, foreshadowed by the prescience of the late Sir Robert Peel, and urged onward to a speedy consummation by the rapid march of events which his hand so powerfully directed—must be frankly accepted with all its consequences ; and at the Cape—unless history is *not* philosophy teaching by examples—unless the earlier American frontier settlers were *not* men of like passions with ourselves—those consequences will be the extirpation, or, at least, the banishment, the driving away of the coloured races from the colony of South Africa. And, indulging for once in prophecy, we venture to predict that, twenty years hence, the eastern frontier will *not* be the Kei, nor westward of that river.

All this is very well understood—although, for certain reasons, not very plainly stated—by all persons who have looked with calm and thoughtful eyes at the struggle, the rough outline of which has been traced in the foregoing pages. ‘The abolition of the old and cheap system of self-protection by the colonists,’ exclaimed Sir W. Molesworth, addressing the assenting Commons, ‘has been in a large degree the cause of the great increase of our South African military expenditure. . . . The commando system, abolished in 1833, worked well in protecting the lives and properties of the frontier farmers. For this old, cheap, and effectual system, the colonial office has substituted the system of protecting the frontiers by treaties made with savages, and enforced by British troops.’ Again : ‘The boer classed the prowling and marauding savage with the beast of prey.’ No question that they did, and do ; and like beasts of prey will the prowling and marauding savages be hunted—it is vain to disguise from ourselves—as soon as the colonists conduct and control their own wars, and the British army is withdrawn, as it will and ought to be, from South Africa. Mr Roebuck very frankly accepts this result of the legislative independence of the colony, and at the same time suggests consolatory considerations : ‘If they gave power to the colonists of England to maintain their own dominions, they would exterminate the aborigines. He was merely stating a fact, over which they had no control : the black man would disappear before the white man. There was, however, a compensating circumstance. In peopling South Africa, the first

steps might be painful; there might be much cruelty, great unfairness and immorality, but the result would be the planting in that country of a population far more moral, and more capable of happiness, spreading Christianity, civilisation, and science, over that great territory. Let the colonists be defended by the home government against outward aggression from Europe or elsewhere, but let them have the power of defending themselves from the population within.' This is plain-speaking, at all events, and true as it is distinct and outspoken. There is, perhaps, no popular delusion more gross, than that which represents the British army in South Africa as employed in carrying out the ambitious views of the home government in opposition to the wishes and interests of the colonists themselves. The lives of the British soldiery have been sacrificed; millions of money, raised by the taxation of the British people, have been expended—we will not say squandered—to prevent the coloured race from being unjustly dealt with by the white; to substitute regular, responsible, 'honest' war, to borrow the expression of a celebrated military historian, for private war and indiscriminate massacre. The emancipation of the Hottentots and negroes caused the emigration of the boers; and we then made war upon the boers, to prevent them doing so upon the neighbouring blacks! The colonists of South Africa do not require, have never required, the assistance of British troops to deal effectively with the savage tribes there, if permitted to manage the business in their own way. They did not, when there were only about 20,000 Dutch settlers in the colony; and they will scarcely do so now, that the number of the whites there exceed 100,000, chiefly of British blood. How lamentable is it, then—how vivid a proof does it afford of the sad ignorance which pervades the public mind upon this subject, to hear a distinguished member of parliament rise in his place and say, with exultant veracity, that 'he heard a public assembly led by the teachers of religion, and standing in the presence of the Deity, pray that He would send defeat upon this country's arms, because they thought that this country's armies were employed in felony!'

In sooth, there is not a brighter, more stainless chapter in the great annals of the British army, than that which records its toils, combats, sacrifices in South Africa; and one passage, episodic to the fierce consuming struggle, reflects a glory which will shine with undimmed splendour even in that, we fear, far-distant time when the sword shall have ceased to be the last argument of kings and nations. We of course allude to the foundering of the *Birkenhead*, off Point Danger, in Simon's Bay, on the night of the 26th of February 1852, when 500 gallant men, young soldiers principally, 'chiefly recruits' drafted from various regiments, calmly accepted death for themselves, in order that the lives of the women and children with them might be saved. What bulletin of merely vulgar victory, penned by the conqueror of the proudest field that ever drank the blood of the children of men, has power to kindle

the pulse, or appeal with such a trumpet-call to the sympathy and admiration of mankind, as the simple narrative lines of Captain Wright of the 91st, himself saved, after the final catastrophe, by floating to shore on a piece of the wreck?—‘Major Seaton [of the 74th Highlanders] called all the officers about him, and impressed on them the necessity of keeping order and silence amongst the men. . . . Every one did as he was directed, and there was not a murmur or a cry among them until the vessel made her final plunge. I could not name any individual officer who did more than another. All received their orders, and had them carried out, as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom: there was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise or confusion.’ At the last moment, the commander of the frigate, disdainful of his own life, called out to the soldiers, that if they would save theirs, they must jump overboard at once. ‘We begged them,’ the narrative goes on to say, ‘not to do as the commander said, or the boats with the women and children would be swamped—three only attempted to do so—and they all, officers and men, went down together!’

Not vainly did those gallant men calmly confront that silent, hideous Death, and look him sternly in the face, though only the silent stars were witnesses of the heroic sacrifice, which, not untimely, reassured the world that the conquests of civilisation—other than merely material ones—the prerogatives of genius, the sanctity of conscience, the sacred right of thought and speech, are still safe beneath the only guardianship remaining to them in Europe—that of the Island-men, who can face death with tranquil resolution, in order that the women and the children may be saved.





THE TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

DAVID HUME, in his narrative of the trial of Charles I., observes: 'The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of human kind;' and he describes the spectacle presented as that of 'the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust.' The actual manner of the proceedings, however, is but indifferently reflected in Hume's History; and, indeed, the same remark applies to all the popular histories in the language. They necessarily represent the transaction in a summary and condensed form, stating only the general terms of the impeachment, the bearing and defence of the accused, and the sentence finally pronounced

by the High Court of Justice. To obtain anything like a clear and distinct notion of the court itself, and of the manner in which its memorable business was conducted, it is needful to consult the representations of contemporary writers. Various historical memorials might be referred to, as containing a more or less authentic account of the solemnity; but there is one in particular, entitled *England's Black Tribunal*, which professes to give a formal and express report of it, with all its attendant circumstances. The substance of this report it is intended to reproduce in the present paper, abstracting and compressing only such portions as are unimportant, and so rendering the form and spirit of the whole as to present a complete description and relation of this striking and renowned proceeding.

We shall assume that the reader is acquainted with the general history of the Civil Wars, and start with the fact, sufficiently well-known, that Charles, being conquered by his parliament, was eventually brought to trial before an appointed national tribunal, called the High Court of Justice. The court consisted of upwards of 130 persons, specially nominated by the House of Commons; though, according to some statements, there were not more than seventy that actually sat upon the trial. Among these were the chief officers of the army, including Cromwell, Harrison, and Ireton, some of the leading men of the House of Commons, and a number of London citizens. The president selected was John Bradshaw, a barrister, whom Milton describes as a man of such native dignity of character, that he appeared 'like a consul, from whom the fasces are not to depart with the year; so that not on the tribunal only, but throughout his life, you would regard him as sitting in judgment upon kings.' The other officers of the court were Mr Isaac Dorislaus and Mr Aske, the counsellors who drew up the charge and assisted in sustaining it; Mr Cook, or Coke, the solicitor-general for the Commonwealth; Mr Broughton and Mr Phelps, clerks of the court; Mr Dandy, serjeant-at-arms, as mace-bearer; Colonel Humphreys, sword-bearer; and a suitable number of tip-staffs and messengers.

The proceedings opened on Saturday the 20th day of January 1648-9, in the great hall at Westminster. The Lord President Bradshaw, with about seventy members of the court, preceded by Colonel Fox and sixteen other gentlemen with 'partizans,' Colonel Humphreys, bearing the sword of state, Serjeant Dandy with the mace, and a variety of other officers, went in order to the place prepared for the sitting, at the west end of the hall; where the president took his seat in a crimson velvet chair prepared for him, having a desk with a crimson velvet cushion fixed before him; the rest of the members taking their places on each side of the chair, on benches prepared and hung with scarlet for the purpose; and the partisans dividing themselves on the two sides of the court before them.

The court being seated, and silence ordered, the great gate of

TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

the hall was opened, to admit all persons without exception who might be desirous to see and hear; and in a short time the whole space allotted for the purpose was filled up to the entrance. Silence being again ordered, Colonel Tomlinson, who had charge of the king as prisoner, was commanded to bring him into court; and, accordingly, within a quarter of an hour, his majesty was brought in, under the escort of about twenty officers, with partisans marching before him, and Colonel Hacker and other gentlemen following in the rear.

Being thus brought within the court, the serjeant-at-arms advanced with his mace, and conducted his majesty to the bar, where a crimson velvet chair was set for him. 'After a stern looking upon the court, and the people in the galleries on each side of him,' the royal prisoner took his seat, 'not at all moving his hat, or otherwise shewing the least respect to the court;' but presently rising up again, he turned about, looking downwards upon the guards placed on the left side, and on the multitude of spectators on the right side of the hall. The crier of the court meanwhile once more commanded silence, and this being immediately obtained, the act of parliament 'for the trying of Charles Stuart, king of England,' was ordered to be read. This done, the several names of the commissioners were called over, every one who was present rising up and answering to the call. The *Black Tribunal* contains no record of the circumstance, but it is elsewhere related, that when the name of Fairfax was called over, a voice among the spectators exclaimed: 'He has more wit than to be here;' and it was afterwards discovered, that the bold expression proceeded from no less a personage than Lady Fairfax, who, though she had long seconded her husband's zeal against the royal cause, was now filled with indignation and abhorrence at the unexpected consequences of the contest in which she had been so earnestly engaged.

All preliminaries having been gone through in proper form and order, the Lord President, in the name of the court, addressed himself to the prisoner, acquainting him to the effect: that the Commons of England, assembled in parliament, being duly sensible of the calamities that had been brought upon the nation, and regarding him, the said Charles Stuart, as the principal author of them all, had 'resolved to make inquisition for blood;' and according to that debt and duty which they owed 'to justice, to God, the kingdom, and themselves,' and according, likewise, to the fundamental power that rested in them as the representatives of the nation, they had resolved to bring him, Charles Stuart, to trial and judgment; and for that express purpose they had constituted the present High Court of Justice, before which he had been brought, to hear the charge which was then and there to be preferred against him, and upon which the court would proceed to act according to the principles of justice.

Thereupon the solicitor-general for the Commonwealth—'stand-

ing within a bar on the right hand of the king'—prepared himself to speak, but was interrupted by his majesty, who, having a staff in his hand, held it up, and laid it two or three times on Mr Cook's shoulder, bidding him to hold. 'Nevertheless, the Lord President ordering him to go on, Mr Cook did, by order of the court to him directed, in the name and on the behalf of the people of England, exhibit a charge of high treason and other crimes, and did therewith accuse the said Charles Stuart, king of England, praying it might be read; which the king interrupting, the court notwithstanding commanded the clerk to read it, acquainting the prisoner that if he had anything to say after, the court would hear him.'

The accusation read was entitled, 'A Charge of High Treason, and other High Crimes, exhibited to the High Court of Justice, by John Cook, Esq., appointed by the said Court, for and on behalf of the People of England, against Charles Stuart, King of England.' It stated and set forth: 'That he, the said Charles Stuart, being admitted king of England, and therein trusted with a limited power to govern by and according to the laws of the land, and not otherwise; and by his trust, oath, and office, being obliged [that is, under obligation] to use the power committed to him for the good and benefit of the people, and for the preservation of their rights and liberties; yet, nevertheless, out of a wicked design to erect and uphold in himself an unlimited and tyrannical power, to rule according to his will, and to overthrow the rights and liberties of the people; yea, to take away and make void the foundations thereof, and of all redress and remedy of misgovernment, which, by the fundamental constitutions of this kingdom, were reserved on the people's behalf, in the right and power of frequent and successive parliaments, or national meetings in council; he, the said Charles Stuart, for accomplishment of such his designs, and for the protecting of himself and his adherents, in his and their wicked practices, to the same end, hath traitorously and maliciously levied war against the Parliament and the people therein represented.'

Then follows a long enumeration of the specific acts of war and injury for which the said Charles Stuart was held accountable, and whereby he had 'caused and procured many thousands of the free people of the nation to be slain;' and that from time to time, both within the land and by invasion from foreign parts, he had renewed and maintained the war against the Parliament and people, notwithstanding solemn treaties and engagements to terminate hostilities; and that, as a consequence, 'many families had been undone, the public treasury wasted and exhausted, trade obstructed and miserably decayed, vast expense and damage to the land incurred, and many parts of the land spoiled, some of them even to desolation. . . . All which wicked designs, wars, and evil practices of him, the said Charles Stuart, have been, and are carried on, for the advancing and upholding of a personal interest of will and power, and pretended prerogative to himself and his family, against the public interest, common right, liberty, justice,

and peace of the people of this nation, by and for whom he was intrusted.' The charge concludes by pronouncing the said Charles Stuart to be 'the occasioner, author, and contriver of the said unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars,' and declaring him to be 'therein guilty of all the treasons, murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damage, and mischiefs,' in the said wars acted or committed; and it accordingly impeached 'the said Charles Stuart as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the Commonwealth of England;' and prayed that he might 'be put to answer all and every the premises,' that such proceedings, examinations, and judgment might be thereupon had and taken, as should be 'agreeable to justice.'

His majesty, with his wonted patience, says our authority, 'heard all these slanders and reproaches, sitting in his chair, and looking sometimes on the pretended court, sometimes up to the galleries, and rising again, turned about to behold the guards and spectators; then he sat down with a majestic and unmoved countenance, and sometimes smiling, especially at the words "tyrant," "traitor," and the like.' At this point, the silver head of his staff happened to fall off, occasioning his majesty some surprise; and as no one was near him to take it up, he stooped to do so for himself.

The charge being read, President Bradshaw addressed the prisoner in these terms 'Sir, you have now heard your charge read, containing such matters as appear in it. You find that, in the close of it, it is prayed to the court, in behalf of the Commons of England, that you answer to your charge: the court expects your answer.'

To this his majesty replied: 'I would know by what power I am called hither. I was, not long ago, in the Isle of Wight: how I came there, is a longer story than I think is fit at this time for me to speak of; but there I entered into a treaty with both Houses of Parliament, with as much public faith as 'tis possible to be had of any people in the world. I treated there with a number of honourable lords and gentlemen, and treated honestly and uprightly. I cannot say but they did very nobly with me. We were upon a conclusion of the treaty [about to bring it to a close]. Now, I would know by what authority (I mean lawful: there are many unlawful authorities in the world—thieves and robbers by the highways; but I would know by what authority) I was brought from thence, and carried from place to place, and I know not what; and when I know by what lawful authority, I shall answer. Remember I am your king, your lawful king, and what sins you bring upon your heads, and the judgment of God upon this land. Think well upon it, I say—think well upon it, before you go further from one sin to a greater. Therefore let me know by what authority I am seated here, and I shall not be unwilling to answer. In the meantime, I shall not betray my trust. I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent:

I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority; therefore resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me.'

Bradshaw. If you had been pleased to have observed what was hinted to you by the court at your first coming hither, you would have known by what authority; which authority requires you, in the name of the people of England, of which you are elected king, to answer.

King. No, sir; I deny that [that England was an elective kingdom].

B. If you acknowledge not the authority of the court, they must proceed.

K. I do tell them so. England was never an elective kingdom, but an hereditary kingdom for near these thousand years; therefore let me know by what authority I am called hither. I do stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges; and therefore let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here, and I will answer it; otherwise I will not answer it.

B. Sir, how you have really managed your trust is known. Your way of answer is to interrogate the court, which beseems not you in this condition. You have been told of it twice or thrice.

K. Here is a gentleman [pointing to Lieutenant-colonel Cobbet]; ask him if he did not bring me from the Isle of Wight by force. I do not come here as submitting to the court. I will stand as much for the privilege of the House of Commons, rightly understood, as any man here whatsoever. I see no House of Lords here that may constitute a parliament, and the king, too, should have been. Is this the bringing the king to his parliament? Is this the bringing an end to the treaty in the public faith of the world? Let me see a legal authority warranted by the Word of God, the Scripture, or warranted by the constitution of the kingdom, and I will answer.

The Lord President here observed, that inasmuch as the king declined to answer, the court would consider how to proceed, and that, in the meantime, his majesty was to be taken back in charge of those who had guard over him. 'The court desires to know,' said he, 'whether this be all the answer you will give or no?'

K. Sir, I desire you would give me, and all the world, satisfaction in this. Let me tell you, it is not a slight thing you are about. I am sworn to keep the peace, by that duty I owe to God and my country, and I will do it to the last breath of my body; and therefore you shall do well to satisfy, first God, and then the country, by what authority you do it. If you do it by an usurped authority, that will not last long; there is a God in heaven that will call you, and all that give you power, to account. Satisfy me in that, and I will answer; otherwise I betray my trust, and the liberties of the people; and therefore think of that, and then I shall be willing. For I do avow, that it is as great a sin to

withstand lawful authority, as it is to submit to a tyrannical or any other unlawful authority; and therefore satisfy God and me, and all the world, in that, and you shall receive my answer: I am not afraid of the bill.

Thus, it will be seen his majesty takes his stand upon the letter of legality; not having, apparently, any notion of the abstract and essential rights and laws of government, anterior to use and wont. The Lord President explains to him, that the court expects a final answer; but that, as he chooses to refuse one, it is their purpose to adjourn till Monday next; adding, that they are perfectly satisfied in regard to the 'authority' which the king denies; that 'it is upon God's authority and the kingdom's;' and that as to the 'peace' about which his majesty expresses so much concern, they think it will best 'be kept in the doing of justice;' 'and *that*,' said his lordship, 'is our present work.' So, after a little further altercation between his majesty and the president, the guard was commanded to take the prisoner away; and thus the proceedings of the first day terminated. At his going down, his majesty pointed with his staff to the charge as it lay upon the table, and said he did not fear it; and as he went down the stairs, the people in the hall, or some of them, cried: 'God save the king!' 'notwithstanding,' says our royalist informant, 'some were set there by the faction to head the clamour for justice.'

The next day being Sunday, Bradshaw, Cromwell, and the rest of the Commissioners, kept a solemn fast at Whitehall, and heard successively three sermons from approved and popular Puritan divines. First came Mr Sprigge, with his gloomy text: 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed:' pretty significantly intimating what the saints intended to do with Charles. Next followed Mr Foxley, with a milder verse, and one which might serve as much for one party as the other: 'Judge not, lest ye be judged.' And last came Mr Hugh Peters, with a text particularly acceptable to a puritanic congregation, and of pointed application to the work in hand: 'I will bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in fetters of iron.' One hopes the Commissioners were edified; but, as Carlyle observes, the reading faculty of the nineteenth century is quite incapable of appreciating the charm of such discourses.

On Monday the 22d of January, the court sat again at Westminster. Silence being commanded upon pain of imprisonment, and the captain of the guard enjoined to apprehend all such as should make disturbance, the king was brought up to the bar, and the solicitor-general for the Commonwealth rose up to address the court.

'My Lord President,' said he, 'I did at the last sitting of the court, in the behalf of the Commons of England, exhibit and give in a charge of high treason, and other crimes, against the prisoner at the bar, whereof I do accuse him in the name of the people of England. The charge was read to him, and his answer required;

but instead of answering, he did there dispute the authority of this court. My humble motion to this high court, in behalf of the people of England, is, that the prisoner may be directed to make a positive answer, either by way of confession or negation; which if he shall refuse to do, that then the matter of charge may be taken *pro confesso*, and the court proceed according to justice.'

Thereupon the Lord President, in compliance with the motion, thus addressed the king: 'Sir, you may remember at the last court you were told the occasion of your being brought hither, and you heard a charge against you, containing a charge of high treason, and other high crimes, against this realm of England. You heard, likewise, that it was prayed in behalf of the people that you should give an answer to that charge, that thereupon such proceedings might be had as should be agreeable to justice. You were then pleased to make some scruples concerning the authority of this court, and knew not by what authority you were brought hither. You did divers times propound your questions, and you were as often answered, that it was by authority of the Commons of England, assembled in parliament, that did think fit to call you to account for those high and capital misdemeanours wherewith you were then charged. Since that, the court hath taken into consideration what you then said. They are fully satisfied with their own authority, and they hold it fit you should stand satisfied with it too; and they do require it, that you do give a positive and particular answer to this charge that is exhibited against you. They do expect you should either confess or deny it: if you deny, it is offered, in the behalf of the nation, to be made good against you. Their authority they do avow to the whole world: *that* the whole kingdom are to rest satisfied in, and you are to rest satisfied with it; and therefore you are to lose no more time, but to give a positive answer thereunto.'

K. When I was here last, 'tis true, I made that question; and truly, if it were only my own particular case, I should have satisfied myself with the protestation I made the last time I was here against the legality of this court, and that a king cannot be tried by any superior jurisdiction on earth; but it is not my case alone—it is the freedom and liberty of the people of England; and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties. For if power without law may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or anything that he calls his own; therefore, when that I came here, I did expect particular reasons, to know by what law, what authority, you did proceed against me here; and therefore I am a little to seek what to say to you in this particular, because the affirmative is to be proved—the negative often is very hard to do; but since I cannot persuade you to do it, I shall tell you my reasons as short as I can. My reasons why, in conscience, and the duty I owe to God first, and my

people next, for the preservation of their lives, liberties, and estates, I conceive I cannot answer this till I be satisfied of the legality of it. All proceedings against any man whatsoever—

Here the Lord President interrupted his majesty, stating that he would rather not have done so, but that the course the king was taking was 'not agreeable to the proceedings of any court of justice.' What the court required was—not any further disputing of its authority, but a direct answer from the prisoner, whether he would answer to the charge or not, and what his answer was. His majesty objects to answer, and goes on again as follows :

K. Sir, by your favour, though I do not know the forms of law, I do know law and reason; though I am no lawyer professed, yet I know as much law as any gentleman in England; and therefore (under favour) I do plead for the liberties of the people of England more than you do; and therefore if I should impose a belief upon any man without reason given for it, it were unreasonable; but I must tell you, that [using] that reason which I have, as thus informed, I cannot yield unto it.

B. Sir, I must interrupt you. You speak of law and reason: it is fit there should be law and reason, and there is both against you. Sir, the vote of the Commons of England assembled in parliament, *it* is the reason of the kingdom; and they are these, too, that have given that law according to which you should have ruled and reigned. Sir, you are not to dispute our authority: you are told it again by the court. It will be taken notice of, that you stand in contempt of the court, and your contempt will be recorded accordingly.

K. All men, let me tell you, may put in demurrers against any proceedings as legal; and I do demand that, and demand to be heard with my reasons: if you deny that, you deny reason.

B. Sir, neither you nor any man are permitted to dispute that point. . . . You may not demur the jurisdiction of the court. If you do, I must let you know that they overrule your demurrer. They sit here by the authority of the Commons of England; and all your predecessors and you are responsible to them—

K. I deny that; shew me one precedent.

B. Sir, you ought not to interrupt while the court is speaking to you. This point is not to be debated by you; neither will the court permit you to do it. If you offer it by way of demurrer to the jurisdiction of the court [you are to be answered that], they have considered of their jurisdiction—they do affirm their own jurisdiction.

K. I say, sir, by your favour, that the Commons of England was never a court of judicature. I would know how they came to be so.

B. You are not to be permitted to go on in that speech and these discourses.

The clerk of the court then formally read the charge, and demanded of the king his answer. His majesty replied by saying:

'I will answer the same as soon as I know by what authority you do this.'

B. If this be all that you will say, then, gentlemen, you that brought the prisoner hither, take charge of him back again.

K. I do require that I may give in my reasons why I don't answer; and that you give me time for that.

B. Sir, 'tis not for prisoners to require.

K. Prisoners, sir! I am not an ordinary prisoner.

B. The court hath considered of their jurisdiction, and they have already affirmed their jurisdiction: if you will not answer, we shall give order to record your default.

K. You never heard my reasons yet.

B. Sir, your reasons are not to be heard against the highest jurisdiction.

K. Shew me that jurisdiction where reason is not to be heard.

B. Sir, we shew it you here*—the Commons of England; and the next time you are brought, you will know more of the pleasure of the court, and, it may be, their final determination.

K. Shew me wherever the House of Commons was a court of judicature of that kind.

B. Serjeant, take the prisoner away.

K. Well, sir, remember that the king is not suffered to give his reasons for the liberty and freedom of his subjects.

B. Sir, you are not to have liberty to use this language. How great a friend you have been to the laws and liberties of the people, let all England and the world judge.

K. Sir, under favour, it was the liberty, freedom, and laws of the subject that ever I took—defended myself with arms: I never took up arms against the people but for the laws.

B. The command of the court must be obeyed. No answer will be given to the charge.

K. Well, sir.

The Lord President ordered the default to be recorded, and the contempt of the court, and that no answer would be given to the charge; and the king being guarded forth to the house of Sir Robert Cotton, the court rose, and adjourned until Tuesday at twelve o'clock.

The 'reasons' which his majesty was so anxious to deliver against the jurisdiction of the court are reported to have been left by him in writing, for the 'more impartial judgment of posterity.' As they supply us with such defence and vindication as he may be supposed to have deemed sufficient, and as, under that view, they form an important element in the trial, it will be proper to insert them here. Whether his majesty actually wrote them, we cannot pretend to say, but there is little doubt that they express

* This was an unhappy expression of Bradshaw's, which has since subjected him to no little abuse and ridicule. He seems to say, that the Commons of England *would not hear reason*; but it is plain enough he meant only that their authority was supreme in the nation, and did not admit of any logical disputing.

his sentiments. They run, in the report from which we copy them, as follows:—

‘Having made my protestations, not only against the illegality of this pretended court, but also *that no earthly power can justly call me (who am your king) in question as a delinquent*; I would not any more open my mouth upon this occasion, more than to refer myself to what I have spoken, were I in this case alone concerned. But the duty I owe to God, in the preservation of the liberty of my people, will not suffer me at this time to be silent. For how can any freeborn subject of England call life, or anything he possesseth, his own, if power without right daily make new, and abrogate the old fundamental law of the land? which I now take to be the present case. Wherefore, when I came hither, I expected that you would have endeavoured to have satisfied me concerning these grounds, which hinder me to answer to your pretended impeachment; but since I see that nothing I can say will move you to it (though *negatives* are not so naturally proved as *affirmatives*), yet I will shew you the reason why I am confident you cannot judge me, nor indeed the meanest man in England; for I will not (like you), without shewing a reason, seek to impose a belief upon my subjects.

‘There is no proceeding just against any man* but what is warranted either by God’s laws, or the municipal laws of the country where he lives. Now I am most confident this day’s proceeding cannot be warranted by God’s law; for, on the contrary, the authority and obedience unto kings is clearly warranted and strictly commanded both in the Old and New Testament; which, if denied, I am ready instantly to prove.

‘And for the question now in hand, there it is said: That *where the word of a king is, there is power; and who may say unto him, What doest thou?* (Eccl. viii. 4). Then for the law of this land, I am no less confident that no learned lawyer will affirm, that *an impeachment can lie against the king, they all going in his name*. And one of their maxims is, That *the king can do no wrong*. Besides, the law upon which you ground your proceedings must either be old or new: if old, shew it; if new, tell what authority, warranted by the fundamental laws of the land, hath made it, and when. But how the House of Commons can erect a Court of Judicature, which was never one itself (as is well known to all lawyers), I leave to God and the world to judge. And it were full as strange that they should pretend to make laws without king or Lords’ House, to any that have heard speak of the laws of England.

‘And admitting, but not granting, that the people of England’s commission could grant your *pretended power*, I see nothing you can shew for that, for certainly you never asked the question of the *tenth man* in the kingdom; and in this way you manifestly wrong

* ‘Hereabout,’ says his majesty in a note, ‘I was stopped, and not suffered to speak any more concerning reasons.’

even the *poorest ploughman*, if you demand not his free consent. Nor can you pretend any colour for this your *pretended commission*, without the consent at least of the *major part* of every man in England, of whatsoever quality or condition; which I am sure you never went about to seek, so far are you from having it. Thus you see that I speak not for my own right alone, as I am your king, but also for the true liberty of *my subjects*; which consists not in the *power of government*, but in *living under such laws, such a government*, as may give themselves the best assurance of their *lives*, and *property* of their *goods*. Nor in this must or do I forget the *privileges of both Houses of Parliament*, which this day's proceedings do not only *violate*, but likewise *occasion*, the greatest breach of their *public faith* that (I believe) ever was heard of, with which [however] I am far from charging the *two Houses*. For all the pretended crimes laid against me bear date long before this late treaty at Newport, in which I having concluded, as much as in me lay, and hopefully expecting the Houses' agreement thereunto, I was suddenly surprised, and hurried from thence as a prisoner, upon which account I am, against my will, brought hither; where, since I am come, I cannot but, to my power, defend the ancient laws and liberties of this kingdom, together with my own just right. Then, for anything I can see, the *higher House* is totally excluded; and for the *House of Commons*, it is too well known that the major part of them are detained or deterred from sitting,* so as, if I had no other, this were sufficient for me to protest against the lawfulness of your *pretended court*. Besides all this, the peace of the kingdom is not the least of my thoughts; and what hope of settlement is there, so long as power reigns without rule or law, changing the whole frame of that government under which this kingdom hath flourished for many hundred years? (Nor will I say what will fall out, in case this lawless, unjust proceeding against me do go on.) And, believe it, the Commons of England will not thank you for this change, for they will remember how happy they have been of late years under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the king my father, and myself, until the beginning of these unhappy troubles, and will have cause to doubt that they shall never be so happy under any new. And by this time it will be too sensibly evident, that the arms I took up were only to defend the fundamental laws of this kingdom against those who have supposed my power hath totally changed the ancient government.

Thus having shewed you briefly the reasons why I cannot submit to your *pretended authority*, without violating the trust which I have from God for the welfare and liberty of my people, I expect from you either clear reasons to convince my judgment, shewing me that I am in an error (and then truly I will answer), or that you will withdraw your proceedings.

* Referring of course to Colonel Pride's *Purge*.

TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

'This,' says his majesty, 'I intended to speak in Westminster Hall, on Monday, January 22, but, against reason, was hindered to shew my reasons.' It will be seen that his majesty, like all Royalists, and most of their apologists, conceives the civil wars to have originated in sheer delusion—in fanatical opposition to a just and equitable administration; and that he has no idea of a latent power in the people superior to the kingly one, nor any sense of the responsibility which attaches to misgovernment. He stands solely on prerogative, and seems to regard the kingdom as a personal inheritance, of which he has been unjustly and violently dispossessed. His Puritan impeachers profess to stand upon the inherent rights of man, to which the rights of kings and rulers are quite secondary and subordinate; he and they have no one principle or standard of obligation and morality in common; and, accordingly, between them there can be neither understanding nor agreement.

Let us, however, pass on to the third day's proceedings. At the sitting of the court on Tuesday, the 23d January, there were seventy-three members present. The king, as before, comes in with his guard, 'looks with an austere countenance upon the court, and sits down.'

The Solicitor-general then rises and observes, that it is now the third time that the prisoner has been brought to the bar without any issue being as yet joined in the cause. 'My lord,' says he, 'I did at the first court exhibit a charge against him, containing the highest treason that ever was wrought upon the theatre of England; that a king of England, trusted to keep the law, that had taken an oath so to do, that had a tribute paid him for that end, should be guilty of a wicked design to subvert and destroy our laws, and introduce an arbitrary and tyrannical government; in the defiance of the parliament and their authority, set up his standard for war against his parliament and people; and I did humbly pray, in the behalf of the people of England, that he might speedily be required to make an answer to the charge.' He goes on to say, that instead of answering, the prisoner did on that occasion dispute the authority of the court; that delay, in consequence, had been given him to consider and put in his answer; and that, on being required at the last sitting to give a direct and positive answer, either by denial or confession, he had demurred to the jurisdiction of the court; which demurrer the court had overruled, and thereupon commanded the prisoner to give a direct answer. 'I shall now,' said he, 'humbly move your lordship for speedy judgment against him.' He might press the motion on the ground that the prisoner stands as 'contumacious in contempt,' not having put in an issuable plea, guilty or not guilty; but he rests it rather on the fact, that the House of Commons, the supreme authority and jurisdiction of the kingdom, have declared, *'that it is notorious that the matter of the charge is true.'* 'My lord,' says he, 'it is, in truth, as clear as crystal, and as the

sun that shines at noonday; which, if your lordship and the court be not satisfied in, I have, on behalf of the people of England, several witnesses to produce.' The cry of the innocent blood that has been shed, he adds, is very great for justice; 'and, therefore,' he concludes, 'I do humbly pray that speedy judgment be pronounced against the prisoner at the bar.'

The Lord President Bradshaw, upon this, addressed the king as follows:—

'Sir, you have heard what is moved by the counsel in behalf of the kingdom against you. You may well remember—and if you do not, the court cannot forget—what dilatory dealing the court hath found at your hands. You were pleased to propound some questions; you have had our resolutions upon them. You were told over and over again, that the court did affirm their own jurisdiction; that it was not for you, nor any other man, to dispute the jurisdiction of the supreme and highest authority of England, from which there is no appeal, and touching which there must be no dispute; yet you did persist in such carriage, as you gave no manner of obedience, nor did you acknowledge any authority in them, nor the high court that constituted this court of justice. Sir, I must let you know from the court, that they are very sensible of these delays of yours, and that they ought not, being thus authorised by the Supreme Court of England, to be thus trifled withal; and that they might in justice, if they pleased, and according to the rules of justice, take advantage of these delays, and proceed to pronounce judgment against you; yet, nevertheless, they are pleased to give direction, and on their behalfs I do require you, that you make a positive answer unto this charge that is against you. Sir, in plain terms—for justice knows no respect of persons—you are to give your positive and final answer in *plain English*, whether you be guilty or not guilty of these treasons laid to your charge.'

The king, after a little pause, said: 'When I was here yesterday, I did desire to speak for the liberties of the people of England; I was interrupted: I desire to know yet whether I may speak freely or not.'

B. Sir, you have had the resolution of the court upon the like question the last day; and you were told, that having such a charge of so high a nature against you, your work was, that you ought to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court, and to answer to your charge. Sir, if you answer to your charge—which the court gives you leave now to do, though they might have taken the advantage of your contempt—yet if you be able to answer to your charge, when you have once answered, you shall be heard at large—make the best defence you can. But, sir, I must let you know from the court, as their commands, that you are not to be permitted to issue out into any other discourses, till such time as you have given a positive answer concerning the matter that is charged upon you.

K. For the charge, I value it not a rush ; it is the liberty of the people of England that I stand for. For me to acknowledge a new court that I never heard of before—I that am your king, that should be an example to all the people of England, to uphold justice, to maintain the old laws—indeed, I do not know how to do it. You spoke very well the first day that I came here (on Saturday) of the obligations that I had laid upon me by God, to the maintenance of the liberties of my people. The same obligation you spake of, I do acknowledge to God that I owe to Him and to my people, to defend, as much as in me lies, the ancient laws of the kingdom ; therefore, until I may know that this is not against the fundamental laws of the kingdom, by your favour, I can put in no particular answer. If you will give me time, I will then shew you my reasons why I cannot do it ; and this—

Here, being interrupted, he said :

‘By your favour, you ought not to interrupt me. How I came here I know not ; there’s no law to make your king your prisoner. I was lately in a treaty upon the public faith of the kingdom ; that was, the known—the two Houses of Parliament, that was the representative of the kingdom ; and when I had almost made an end of the treaty, then I was hurried away and brought hither ; and therefore’—

B. Sir, you must know the pleasure of the court.

K. By your favour, sir—

B. Nay, sir, by your favour, you may not be permitted to fall into these discourses : you appear as a delinquent ; you have not acknowledged the authority of the court : the court craves it not of you ; and, once more, they command you to give your positive answer. Clerk, do your duty.

K. Duty, sir !

The clerk accordingly reads : ‘Charles Stuart, king of England, you are accused in the behalf of the Commons of England of divers high crimes and treasons ; which charge hath been read unto you. The court now requires you to give your positive and final answer, by way of confession or denial of the charge.’

K. Sir, I say again unto you, so that I might give satisfaction to the people of England of the clearness of my proceedings—not by way of answer, not in this way—but to satisfy them that I have done nothing against that trust that hath been committed to me, I would do it ; but to acknowledge a new court against their privileges—to alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, sir—you must excuse me.

B. Sir, this is the third time that you have publicly disowned the court, and put an affront upon it. How far you have preserved the privileges of the people, your actions have spoken ; but truly, sir, men’s intentions ought to be known by their actions ; you have written your meaning in bloody characters throughout the whole kingdom. But, sir, you understand the pleasure of the

court. Clerk, record the default. And, gentlemen, you that took charge of the prisoner, take him back again.

K. I will only say this one word to you—if it were only my own particular, I would not say any more, nor interrupt you.

B. Sir, you have heard the pleasure of the court; and you are (notwithstanding you will not understand it) to find that you are before a court of justice.

The king then went forth under guard, and proclamation was made, that all persons present who had further to do with the court, might depart into the Painted Chamber; whither the court forthwith adjourned, intending to meet again in Westminster Hall at ten o'clock next morning.

Accordingly, on Wednesday, January 24, it was expected that the court would sit, as on the day before proclaimed; but at the time appointed an usher appeared, and gave notice to the people assembled, that the court—then sitting in the Painted Chamber—was engaged in taking into consideration how the witnesses should be examined, in relation to present affairs, and therefore they could not yet resume their sittings in the hall, but that all persons appointed to be there were to appear upon further summons. It would appear that the whole of Wednesday was occupied in the private examination of witnesses; some thirty-three of whom deposed on oath, that they had severally 'seen his majesty at the head of his army, with his sword drawn, and actually in several battles; and that he levied forces and gave commissions;' and so forth, as stated in the charge against him. Most of these witnesses were soldiers, and had borne arms on the side of the Parliament. They were brought up from several different counties; some of them being described as belonging to the class of tradesmen, a few as labourers, and the rest as 'gentlemen.' On Thursday they were sworn in open court, in the Painted Chamber, and their depositions taken upon the whole matter. The court then passed the following resolutions:—

'That this court will proceed to *sentence of condemnation* against Charles Stuart, king of England.

'That the condemnation of the king shall be for a *tyrant, traitor, and murderer*.

'That the condemnation of the king shall be likewise for being a *public enemy* to the Commonwealth of England.

'That this condemnation shall extend to *death*.'

On Friday, January 26, the court, still sitting in the Painted Chamber, was engaged in considering the draught of a sentence against the king; and after several readings, debates, and amendments, it was resolved:—

'That this court do agree to the sentence now read.

'That the said sentence shall be engrossed.

'That the king be brought to Westminster Hall to-morrow to receive his sentence.'

We come now to the culmination of proceedings. On Saturday

the 27th, the High Court sat for the fourth time in Westminster Hall, there being present sixty-seven members, whose names are all preserved in the *Black Tribunal*, but need not be here repeated. The Lord President Bradshaw took the chair in his scarlet robes—a colour which our anonymous reporter thinks was particularly suitable to the day's work. 'As the king came into the court, in his usual posture with his hat on, a cry was made in the hall by some of the soldiers for *justice! justice! and execution.*' When silence had been commanded, his majesty began:—

K. I desire a word to be heard a little, and I hope I shall give no occasion of interruption—

B. You may answer in your time: hear the court first.

K. If it please you, sir, I desire to be heard, and I shall not give any occasion of interruption; and it is only a word: a sudden judgment—

B. Sir, you shall be heard in due time; but you are to hear the court first.

K. Sir, I desire it; it will be in order to what I believe the court will say; and therefore, sir, a hasty judgment is not so soon recalled—

B. Sir, you shall be heard before the judgment be given, and in the meantime you may forbear.

K. Well, sir, shall I be heard before the judgment be given?

B. [*Addressing the court and the people present.*] Gentlemen, it is well known to all or most of you here present, that the prisoner at the bar hath been several times convented and brought before the court, to make answer to a charge of treason and other high crimes, exhibited against him, in the name of the people of England— [Here an honourable lady interrupted the court, saying: 'Not half the people,' or, as some report: 'Not a tenth part of them;'] and it is said that, on investigation being made as to who was the disturber, the speaker was discovered, as on the former day, to be the Lady Fairfax. She was instantly silenced, however, and the president went on:—To which charge, continued he, being required to answer, he hath been so far from obeying the commands of the court, by submitting to their justice, as he began to take upon him to offer reasoning and debate upon the authority of the court, and of the highest court that constituted them to try and judge him; but being overruled in that, and required to make his answer, he was still pleased to continue contumacious, and to refuse to submit or answer. Hereupon the court, that they may not be wanting to themselves, nor the trust reposed in them, nor that any man's wilfulness prevent justice, they have thought fit to take the matter into consideration; they have consulted of the charge; they have considered of the contumacy, and of that confession which in law doth arise upon that contumacy; they have likewise considered of the notoriety of the fact charged upon the prisoner; and upon the whole matter, they are resolved, and have agreed upon a sentence to be now

pronounced against this prisoner; but in respect he doth desire to be heard before the sentence be read and pronounced, the court hath resolved that they will hear him. Yet, sir [*turning to the prisoner*], thus much I must tell you beforehand, which you must have been minded of at other courts, that if that you have to say be to offer any debate concerning jurisdiction, you are not to be heard in it. You have offered it formerly, and you have indeed struck at the root—that is, the power and supreme authority of the Commons of England, which this court will not admit a debate of, and which, indeed, is an irrational thing in them to do, being a court that acts upon authority derived from them. But, sir, if you have anything to say in defence of yourself concerning the matters charged, the court hath given me command to let you know they will hear you.

K. Since I see that you will not hear anything of debate concerning that which I confess I thought most material for the peace of the kingdom, and for the liberty of the subject, I shall waive it; I shall speak nothing to it; but only I must tell you, that this many a day all things have been taken away from me, but that which I call more dear to me than my life—which is *my conscience and my honour*; and if I had respect to my *life*, more than the *peace of the kingdom*, and the *liberty of the subject*, certainly I should have made a particular defence for myself; for by that at leastwise I might have delayed an ugly sentence which I believe will pass upon me. Therefore certainly, sir, as a man that hath some understanding, some knowledge of the world, if that my true zeal to my country had not overborne the care that I have of my own preservation, I should have gone another way to work than that I have done. Now, sir, I conceive that a hasty sentence once past, may be sooner repented than recalled; and truly the selfsame desire that I have for the peace of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, more than my own particular ends, makes me now at last desire, that I have something to say that concerns both, before sentence be given, that I may be heard in the Painted Chamber before the Lords and Commons. This delay cannot be prejudicial to you, whatsoever I say. If that I say no reason, those that hear me must be judges. If it be reason, and really for the welfare of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, I am sure on it, it is very well worth the hearing: therefore I do conjure you, as you love that you pretend—I hope it is real—the liberty of the subject, the peace of the kingdom; that you will grant me the hearing before any sentence be passed. I only desire this, that you will take this into your consideration—it may be you have not heard of it beforehand. If you will, I'll retire, and you may think of it: but if I cannot get this liberty, I do here protest, that these fair shows of liberty and peace are pure shows, and that you will not hear your KING.

B. Sir, you have now spoken.

K. Yes, sir.

B. And this that you have said is a further declining of the jurisdiction of this court, which was the thing wherein you were limited before——

K. Pray excuse me, sir, for my interruption, because you mistake me. It is not a declining of it: you do judge me before you hear me speak.

B. Sir, this is not altogether new that you have moved to us, though the first time in person you have offered it to the court. You say you do not decline the jurisdiction of the court?

K. Not in this that I have said.

B. I understand you well, sir; but, nevertheless, that which you have offered seems to be contrary to that saying of yours; for the court are ready to give a sentence. It is not as you say: *that they will not hear their king*; for they have been ready to hear you—they have patiently waited your pleasure for three courts together, to hear what you would say to the people's charge against you; to which you have not vouchsafed to give any answer at all. Sir, this tends to a further delay. Truly, sir, such delays as these neither may the kingdom nor justice well bear: you have had three several days to have offered in this kind what you would have pleased. This court is founded upon the authority of the *Commons of England*, in whom rests the supreme jurisdiction: that which you now tender is to have another jurisdiction, and a *co-ordinate jurisdiction*. I know very well you express yourself that, notwithstanding what you would offer to the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, you would, nevertheless, proceed on here. I did hear you say so; but, sir, that [which] you would offer there, whatever it is, must needs be in delay of justice here; so as if this court be resolved and prepared for the sentence, this that you offer they are not bound in justice to grant; but, sir, according to what you seem to desire, and because you shall know the further pleasure of the court upon that which you have moved, the court will withdraw for a time.

The court withdraws, accordingly, for half an hour into the Court of Wards, and shortly sends commands to the serjeant-at-arms to have the prisoner withdrawn until they order his return. When the members of the court come back, the prisoner is recalled, and the Lord President thus proceeds: 'Sir, you were pleased to make a motion here to the court, to offer a desire of yours touching the propounding of somewhat to the Lords in the Painted Chamber for the peace of the kingdom. Sir, you did in effect receive an answer before the court adjourned. Truly, sir, their withdrawing and adjournment was *pro formâ tantum* [for form's sake only], for it did not seem to them that there was any difficulty in the thing. They have [however] considered of what you have moved, and have considered of their own authority, which is founded, as hath been often said, upon the supreme authority of the Commons of England assembled in parliament. The court acts according to their commission, sir. The return I have to you

from the court is this: that they have been too much delayed by you already; and this that you now offer hath occasioned some little further delay; and they are judges appointed by the highest authority; and judges are no more to delay than they are to deny justice.' On all which considerations, he concludes by saying, the court are 'resolved to proceed to sentence and judgment,' and that such is their unanimous resolution.

'Sir,' returned the king, 'I know it is in vain for me to dispute. I am no sceptic to deny the power that you have; I know that you have power enough. But, sir, I think it would have been for the kingdom's peace, if you would have taken the pains to have shewn the lawfulness of your power. For this delay that I have desired, I confess it is a delay very important for the peace of the kingdom; for it is not my person that I look on alone—it is the kingdom's welfare and the kingdom's peace. It is an old sentence, *that we should think on long before we have resolved of great matters suddenly*; therefore, sir, I do put at your doors all the inconveniency of a hasty sentence. I confess I have been here now, I think, this week—this day eight days was the day I came here first; but a little delay of a day or two further may give peace; whereas a hasty judgment may bring on that trouble and perpetual inconveniency to the kingdom, that the child that is unborn may repent it; and therefore, again, out of the duty I owe to God and to my country, do desire that I may be heard by the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, or any other chamber that you will appoint me.'

B. You have been already answered to what you have even now moved, being the same you moved before, since the resolution and the judgment of the court in it; and the court now requires to know, whether you have any more to say for yourself than you have said, before they proceed to sentence.

K. I say this, sir, that if you hear me—if you will give me but this delay—I doubt not but I shall give some satisfaction to you all here, and to my people after that; and therefore I do require you, as you will answer it at the dreadful day of judgment, that you will consider it once again.*

To this entreaty the president replied, that he had received instructions from the court to proceed to sentence. He then went on, says our reporter, in a long harangue, endeavouring to justify the court's proceedings, 'misapplying law and history, and raking up and wresting whatsoever he thought fit for his purpose, alleging the examples of former treasons and rebellions, both at home and abroad, as authentic proofs; and concluding that the king was a *tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy* to the Commonwealth of England.' In other words, the Lord

* Hume and others have supposed that the king, had he been admitted to the desired interview with the Lords and Commons, intended formally to abdicate the crown in favour of his son; but there appears to be no reliable authority for the supposition.

President did exactly what it is the habit of judges to do in other criminal cases: he went over the evidence brought before him, commented upon it according to his own impressions, and pronounced such a decision in regard to it as seemed accordant with his sense of right and justice. Whether the proceedings of the regicides are to be approved or condemned, there seems to be no reason for believing that they acted otherwise than under the sternest convictions that they were acting justly. It would naturally appear to them, that if a rebel against kingly authority could, under any circumstances, be rightly put to death, it was equally right, and not the less expedient, that a rebel and declared enemy of the Commonwealth—such as they esteemed the king to be—should be judged by the like process, and disposed of by infliction of the like penalty.

As sentence was about to be delivered, his majesty expressed a wish to say a word or two concerning the heavy imputations on which the president had rather earnestly insisted; but the latter, reminding him that he had disavowed the court, declared that it was then too late to hear anything of the kind proposed. 'Sir,' said he, 'we have given you too much liberty already, and admitted of too much delay, and we may not admit of any further. Were it proper for us to do [so], we should hear you freely, and we should not have declined to have heard you at large what you could have said or proved on your behalf, whether for totally excusing, or for in part excusing those great and heinous charges that, in whole or in part, are laid upon you. But, sir, I shall trouble you no longer: your sins are of so large a dimension, that if you do but seriously think of them, they will drive you to a sad consideration—they may improve in you a sad and serious repentance; and that the court doth heartily wish that you may be so penitent for what you have done amiss, that God may have mercy, at leastwise, upon your better part. Truly, sir, for the other, it is our parts and duties to do that which the law prescribes. What sentence the law affirms to a traitor, tyrant, murderer, and public enemy to the country, that sentence you are now to hear read to you, and that is the sentence of the court.'

Silence was then formally cominanded while the sentence should be read; and this being obtained, the clerk, Mr Broughton, read from an engrossed parchment to this effect:—

That the Commons of England in Parliament had appointed the present High Court of Justice for the trying of Charles Stuart, king of England; that the said Charles Stuart had accordingly been 'three times convented,' and at the first time a charge of high treason, and other crimes and misdemeanours, was read in behalf of the kingdom; that on the reading of such charge the said Charles Stuart was required to give his answer, but had refused to do so; that, nevertheless, the treasons and crimes aforesaid being notoriously undeniable, 'this court doth adjudge that the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traytor, murtherer, and a

public enemy, shall be put to death, by the severing of his head from his body.'

This, therefore, was the sentence, which being read, Bradshaw added: 'The sentence now read and published is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court.' And here the court stood up, and assented to what the president affirmed.

K. Will you hear me a word, sir?

B. Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

K. No, sir!

B. No, sir; by your favour, sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner.

K. I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, sir; I may speak after the sentence ever. By your favour hold; the sentence, sir—I say, sir, I do—I am not suffered to speak—expect what justice the people will have!

Here the voice of the crier rose, proclaiming: 'Oyez! All manner of persons that have anything else to do are to depart at this time, and to give their attendance in the Painted Chamber, to which place this court doth forthwith adjourn itself. God bless the kingdom of England!'

On being seated in the Painted Chamber, the court appointed a committee, consisting of Sir Hardress Waller, Colonel Harrison, Commander General Ireton, Colonel Dean, and Colonel Okey, to consider of the time and place for the execution of the king, according to his sentence; and this done, the court adjourned itself till Monday morning at eight o'clock.

Meanwhile, his majesty being taken away by the guards, was subjected to some ill-treatment. 'As he passed down the stairs,' says the *Tribunal*, 'the insolent soldiers scoffed at him, casting the smoke of their tobacco (a thing very distasteful unto him) in his face; he, however, according to his wonted heroic patience, took no more notice of so strange and barbarous an indignity than to wipe it off with his handkerchief.' As he passed along, some of the soldiers raised a cry of 'Justice! justice!' 'Poor souls,' said he, 'for a piece of money they would do the same to their commanders.' Being brought to Sir Robert Cotton's, and thence to Whitehall, the soldiery still continued their inhuman carriage towards him, and even abused all that seemed to shew any respect or pity to him; 'not suffering him to rest in his chamber, but thrusting in, and smoking their tobacco, and disturbing his privacy.' However, such indignities as were inflicted on him, we are informed, he bore 'with such a calm and even temper, that he let fall nothing unbecoming his former majesty and magnanimity.' There is no question that, in his humiliation, the king's bearing was every way composed and dignified.

In the evening of Saturday, his majesty expressed a desire, communicated by a member of the army to the committee, that he might see his children, and that Dr Juxon, the bishop of London, might be admitted to assist him in his devotions, and to administer to him the sacrament. Both requests were granted. On Sunday

he was attended by his guard to St James's, where the bishop preached before him. The only members of his family who remained in England were the Princess Elizabeth and his youngest son, the Duke of Gloucester. The boy was a mere child, and the princess still of tender years. When they were brought to see him, he expressed himself very glad that they had come; and drawing the princess near to him, he bade her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire, that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign; and that they should love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. But, as if doubting whether she would remember what he told her, he said: 'Sweetheart, you'll forget this?' 'No,' said she, 'I shall never forget it whilst I live.' And, with many tears, she promised to write down the particulars. The king wished her not to grieve and torment herself on his account, as, he said, the death he was about to die would be a glorious one, it being 'for the laws and liberties of the land, and for maintaining the true Protestant religion.' He recommended her to read the sermons of Bishop Andrews, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which, said he, would ground her against Popery. Lastly, he bade her tell her mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the very last. So, bidding her send his blessing to the rest of her brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends, he gave her also his final blessing, and she took her leave. But while she still remained, he took the Duke of Gloucester on his knee, saying: 'Sweetheart, they are going to cut off thy father's head;' upon which words the child, as if much surprised, 'looked very steadfastly on him.' 'Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say—you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head, too, at last; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' 'The child, with a great sigh, replied: 'I will be torn to pieces first.' And so prompt and apt an answer falling so unexpectedly from one so young, made the king rejoice exceedingly.

Every night after his condemnation, his majesty is reported to have slept as sound as usual. On the 29th, the court met again in the Painted Chamber, to consider the resolution of the committee, which was: 'That the open street before Whitehall is a fit place,' and 'that the king be there executed on the morrow.' Of this the king had already received notice, and the court approved thereof, ordering a warrant to be drawn accordingly. The warrant runs as follows:—

'Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, is, and standeth convicted, attainted, and condemned of High Treason, and other high crimes, and sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced

against him by this Court, to be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which sentence execution yet remains to be done: These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the 30th day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon of the same day, with full effect: And for so doing this shall be your warrant. And these are to require all officers and soldiers, and other the good people of this nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.'

The document is addressed, 'to Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Hunks, and Lieutenant-colonel Phray,' and is sealed and subscribed by 'J. Bradshaw,' 'O. Cromwell,' and fifty-seven other gentlemen. There only remained now to send an order to the 'officers of the Ordnance within the Tower of London,' for the 'bright execution-axe for the executing of malefactors;' and this being, with all submission, delivered to the serjeant-at-arms, 'or his deputy or deputies,' everything was prepared and in readiness for the great tragedy.

The morning of Tuesday the 30th of January dawns like other winter mornings; and, quite early, the commissioners are met together in the Painted Chamber, to consider and do what in the last hours seems to them required. They do nothing in particular, except order 'four or five of their ministers' to attend upon the king at St James's with the offer of their spiritual services; 'but his majesty, well knowing what miserable comforters they were like to prove, refused to have any conference with them.' That morning the king, having slept soundly for about four hours, awoke near two hours before daylight; and calling to Mr Herbert, one of his attendants, who lay by his bedside, requested him to rise. 'For,' said the king, 'I will get up, having a great work to do this day. Herbert,' he continued, 'this is my second marriage-day; I will be as trim to-day as may be; for, before night, I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus.' He then appointed what clothes he would wear. - 'And,' said he, 'let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason that the season is so sharp, as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation; I fear not death: death is not terrible to me; I bless my God I am prepared.' Soon after the king was dressed, the bishop of London, Dr Juxon arrived, precisely at the time his majesty had before appointed. The bishop and the king spent an hour together in private; then calling Mr Herbert, his lordship prayed in the prayers of the church, reading the 27th chapter of St Matthew, which relates the passion of our Saviour. After service, the king thanked the bishop for making choice of that chapter, it being, as he observed, so applicable to his present condition. The bishop replied: 'May it please your gracious majesty, it is the proper lesson for the day, as appears by the calendar;' at which the king

was much affected, and 'thought it a providential preparation for his death.'

About ten o'clock, Colonel Hacker knocked gently at the chamber door; and knocking louder a second time, the king commanded Herbert to go and open it. On being admitted, 'Hacker came in trembling,' and told his majesty it was time to go to Whitehall, where he might have further time to rest. The king answered: 'Well, go forth; I will come presently.' Soon after he arose, and, taking the bishop by the hand, said: 'Come, let us go;' and turning to Mr Herbert, he said: 'Open the door; Hacker has given us a second warning.' They passed through the garden* into the park, where several companies of infantry were drawn up, and formed a guard on each side of the pathway—the bishop walking on the king's right hand, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left, both bareheaded. The king walked very fast; and calling on them to walk faster, told them: 'He now went before them, to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem.' At the end of the park, the king was conducted up the stairs leading to the Long Gallery, and so into the Cabinet Chamber, where, 'after several prayers and pious discourses, about twelve he ate a bit of bread, and drank a glass of claret.' Soon after, Colonel Hacker came to the chamber door, and gave his last signal. The bishop and Mr Herbert, weeping, fell upon their knees, and the king gave them his hand to kiss; and, helping up the aged bishop, said: 'Open the door;' and he then directed Hacker to go on, saying: 'I will follow.' He was then conducted through the banqueting-house, by a passage made through a window, to the scaffold; on reaching which, he found so many companies of foot and troops of horse placed to keep off the spectators, that he perceived it would be impossible for him to address the people, so as to be heard by them, as he intended. What he wished to say, therefore, he addressed to the few persons who were immediately about him, and particularly to Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had latterly been committed. His speech, as reported in the *Black Tribunal*, was as follows:—

"I shall be very little heard of anybody; I shall therefore speak a word unto you here. Indeed I could hold my peace very well, if I did not think that holding my peace would make some men think that I did submit to the guilt, as well as to the punishment; but I think it is my duty to God first, and to my country, to clear myself, both as an honest man, a good king, and a good Christian.

"I shall begin first with my *innocence*. In troth, I think it not very needful for me to insist long upon this, for all the world knows that I never did begin a war with the two Houses of Parliament; and I call God to witness—to whom I must shortly

* The garden of St James's Palace, where the king since his trial had been kept.

make an account—that I never did intend to encroach upon their privileges: they began upon me; it was the militia they began upon; they confessed that the militia was mine, but they thought it fit to have it from me. And, to be short, anybody who will look to the dates of commissions, of their commissions and mine, and likewise to the declarations, will see clearly that they began these unhappy troubles—not I: so that the guilt of these enormous crimes, that are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. I will not (I am in charity), God forbid that I should, lay it upon the two Houses of Parliament; there is no necessity of either—I hope they are free of this guilt: for I do believe that ill instruments between them and me have been the chief cause of all this bloodshed. So that, by way of speaking, as I find myself clear of this, I hope (and pray God) that they may [be clear] too; yet, for all this, God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me. Many times he does pay justice by unjust sentence: that is ordinary. I will only say this: that an unjust sentence,* which I suffered to take effect, is punished now by an unjust sentence upon me. That is, so far as I have said [or, what I have so far advanced is], to shew you that I am an innocent man.

“Now, to shew you that I am a *good Christian*. I hope there is [here] a good man (pointing to Dr Juxon) that will bear me witness, that I have forgiven all the world, and even those in particular that have been the chief causers of my death; who they are, God knows; I do not desire to know: I pray God forgive them. But this is not all—my charity must go further; I wish that they may repent, for indeed they have committed a great sin in that particular. I pray God, with St Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge; nay, not only so, but that they may take the right way to the peace of the kingdom; for my charity commands me, not only to forgive particular men, but to endeavour to the last gasp [to promote] the peace of the kingdom. So, sirs, I do with all my soul (and I hope there is some here will carry it further) that they may endeavour [after] the peace of the kingdom.

“Now, sirs, I must shew you, both how you are out of the way, and will put you in the way. *First*, you are out of the way; for certainly all the way you ever have had yet, as I could find by anything, is in the way of conquest. Certainly, this is an ill way; for conquest, sir, in my opinion, is never just, except there be a good cause, either for matter of wrong or just title; and then, if you go beyond it, the first quarrel that you have [in regard] to it, makes that unjust at the end which was just at first. But if it be only matter of conquest, then it is a great robbery; as a pirate said to Alexander that he [the emperor] was a great robber, and he was but a petty robber. And so, sir, I do think the way that you are in, is much out of the way.

* The sentence against Strafford.

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"Now, sir, to put you in the way. Believe it, you will never do right, nor will God ever prosper you, until you give God his due, the king his due (that is, my successors), and the people their due. I am as much for them as any of you. You must give God his due by regulating rightly his Church (according to his Scriptures), which is now out of order.* To set you in a way particularly now I cannot, but only this: A National Synod freely called, freely debating among themselves, must settle this—when that every opinion is freely and clearly heard. For the king, indeed I will not"—(Here, turning to a gentleman who happened to touch the axe, he said: "Hurt not the axe that may hurt me.") "For the king," he continued, "the laws of the land will clearly instruct you for that; therefore, because it concerns my own particular, I only give you a touch of it. For the people: And truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whosoever; but I must tell you, that their liberty and freedom consists in having, for government, those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not for having share in government, sir—that is nothing pertaining to them: a subject and a sovereign are clean different things; and, therefore, until they do that—I mean that you do put the people in [the way of] that liberty, as I say—certainly they will never enjoy themselves.

"Sirs, it was for this that now I am come here. If I would have given way to an arbitrary way, to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come here; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge) that I am the MARTYR of the people. In troth, sirs, I shall not hold you much longer, for I will only say this to you: that in truth I could have desired some little time longer, because I would have put this that I have said in a little more order, and [would have] a little better digested [it] than I have done; and therefore I hope you will excuse me. I have delivered my conscience; I pray God that you do take those courses that are best for the good of the kingdom, and your own salvation."

"The king seemed here as though he had concluded, but the bishop, addressing him, observed: "Though it be very well known what your majesty's affections are to the Protestant religion, yet it may be expected that you should say somewhat for the world's satisfaction in that particular."

"I thank you heartily, my lord," returned the king; "I had almost forgotten it. In troth, sirs, my conscience in religion, I think, is very well known to all the world; and, therefore, I do declare before you all, that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man (pointing to Juxon) I think will witness it." Then turning to the officers, he said: "Sirs, excuse

* His majesty of course means, that you must restore Prelacy, and maintain the Church according to the notions and discipline of Archbishop Laud.

me for this; I have a good cause, and I have a gracious God; I will say no more." To Colonel Hacker he said: "Take care they do not put me to pain;" and to a gentleman coming near the axe again, he exclaimed: "Take heed of the axe, sir—pray take heed of the axe." Next, speaking to the executioner, he said: "I shall say but short prayers; and when I thrust out my hands—then!"

He now called to Dr Juxon for his night-cap, and put it on; and being desired by the executioner to put his hair under the cap, he did so accordingly, with the help of the executioner and the bishop. Then turning to Juxon, he said (perhaps, as if half in doubt), "I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side." The bishop answered: "There is but one stage more—this stage is turbulent and troublesome, but it is a short one; you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way—it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you shall find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort." "I go," rejoined the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where there can be no disturbance." "You are exchanged," added the bishop, "from a temporal to an eternal crown: a truly good exchange." Then the king, asking the executioner: "Is my hair well?" took off his cloak and his George, and giving the latter to Dr Juxon, said impressively: "*Remember!*" Looking at the block, he bade the executioner to make it fast; and on being assured that it was fast, he said: "When I put my hands out this way"—stretching them out to shew—"then"— After that, having uttered a few words to himself, as he stood with hands and eyes uplifted, he stooped down and laid his neck upon the block. As the executioner again adjusted his hair under his cap, the king, thinking he was going to strike at once, called to him: "Stay for the sign." After a short pause, his majesty stretched forth his hands, and thereupon the executioner (who was all the while in a mask) at one blow severed the head from his body; and an assistant taking it up, held it streaming with blood before the spectators, crying: "This is the head of a traitor!"

We stay not to imagine the sensations of horror, or other feelings, that took possession of the people. Let it suffice here to relate that, after the execution, the head and body were 'put into a coffin covered with black velvet,' and carried into the king's lodging-chamber in Whitehall. Application was made to the men in power for leave to bury the remains in King Henry VII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey; but the request was denied, on the grounds that the spectacle might attract great numbers of the people to the place—a circumstance which, it was thought, would be unsafe and inconvenient. Leave, however, was given, upon a second address, for the interment to take place in St George's Chapel, Windsor. The body was embalmed, and placed in a lead coffin, 'to be seen for some days by the people;' and at length, on the 7th of February, it was carried from St James's in a hearse drawn by six horses, with four coaches following, and so brought

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to Windsor Castle. Here the order for interment was shewn to the governor, Colonel Whichcott. The arrangements for the burial were committed to the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, and the Bishop of London; the government allowing £500 for the expenses. Their lordships agreed on placing the king's body in a vault about the middle of the choir, 'over against the eleventh stall upon the sovereign's side,' where the bodies of Henry VIII. and Lady Jane Seymour had been formerly interred. When the coffin was brought to the vault, the bishop of London stood ready with the service-book in his hands, intending to have performed that last duty by reading the public form of burial; but the rude Puritan governor would not suffer it to be done. 'And though the lords earnestly desired it, and insisted on the Parliament's leave for it, yet he still denied, and said: "It was improbable the Parliament would permit the use of what they had so solemnly abolished, and therein destroy their own act." So the body was silently deposited, with this circumscription in capital letters upon lead:

KING CHARLES.

1648.*

No monument was erected to his memory, either at that time or after the Restoration, when it might very readily have been done with the sanction of the Parliament and country, which would doubtless have granted a liberal sum of money for the purpose. This circumstance has given occasion to conjectures, and even doubts, whether the royal body had been actually deposited in St George's Chapel, or whether it might not have been afterwards removed by the regicides. Lord Clarendon, in his *History of the Great Rebellion*, seems to intimate that though the king was known to have been interred there, the body could not be found when searched for some years afterwards. An attempt was made, at a comparatively early date, to remove all uncertainties about the matter; the compiler or author of our *Black Tribunal* having obtained direct from 'Mr John Sewel, a Register at Windsor Castle,' the following certificate or memorandum: 'Anno 1696, Sept. 21.—The same vault in which King Charles I. was buried, was opened, to lay in a still-born child of the then Princess of Denmark, our late gracious queen.' We read further in the *Tribunal*: 'On the king's coffin, the velvet pall was strong and sound, and there was about the coffin a leaden band, with this inscription cut through it, "KING CHARLES, 1648."' As a further memorandum relating to King Charles's interment, he says: 'That when the body of King Charles I. lay in state in the Dean's

* The real date of the death of Charles is 1649. At that time, however, and for a long time afterwards, the year was not held as terminating till the 25th of March. All dates, accordingly, between 1st January and 25th March, were usually expressed as belonging to what we would now call the preceding year.

Hall, the Duke of Richmond had the coffin opened, and was satisfied *that it was the king's body*. This several people have declared they knew to be true, who were alive and then present, as Mr Randolph of New Windsor, and others.' So that he thinks the Lord Clarendon was misled in that matter, and that King Charles II. never sent to inquire after the body, 'since it was well known both to the inhabitants of the castle and town, that it *was* in that vault.'

In some such state of hearsay and half uncertainty the matter rested down to our own times. Indeed, it is questionable whether so much evidence as the above was, to any considerable extent, known to be in existence. It seems to have been commonly understood, that the king had been buried somewhere in or about St George's Chapel, but the actual place of sepulture remained a mystery. An accident at length elucidated what had been so long enveloped in obscurity. In the year 1813, certain repairs and alterations were made in the royal burial-place at Windsor, when it was found necessary to form a passage to what is called the Tomb-house from under the chapel choir. 'In constructing this passage, an aperture was made accidentally in one of the walls of the vault of Henry VIII., through which the workmen were enabled to see, not only the two coffins which were supposed to contain the bodies of Henry and Queen Jane Seymour, but a third also, covered with a black velvet pall, which was presumed to hold the remains of Charles I. On representing the circumstance to the Prince-regent, he perceived at once that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this long-concealed vault; and, accordingly, an examination was ordered. This was done on the 1st of April 1813, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his royal highness himself and other distinguished personages.

'The vault being opened, the first thing done was the removal of the pall, whereupon there was discovered a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing the inscription "KING CHARLES, 1648," in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped up in cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cerecloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cerecloth was easy; and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The

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complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone, but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire.

‘It was difficult at this moment to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the pictures of King Charles I. by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

‘When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance, the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark-brown colour; that of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death,* in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

‘On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even—an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.

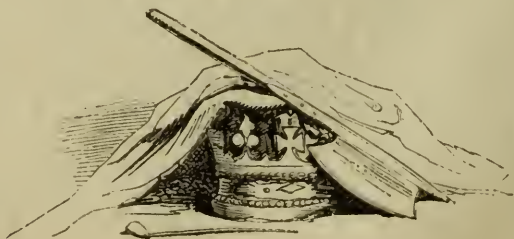
‘After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation; the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.’

* This latter the more likely, as it will be seen, from the foregoing account of the execution, that the hair was tucked up under the cap; and there is no mention at all of its having been cut off.

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An authentic account of this discovery, and of the circumstances attending it, was substantiated by the signature of the Prince-regent, and deposited in the British Museum. The present statement is derived from a paper on the subject contained in a volume of pamphlets, entitled *Essays and Orations*, published by Mr Murray in 1831, and is quoted from an abridged account given in an early number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

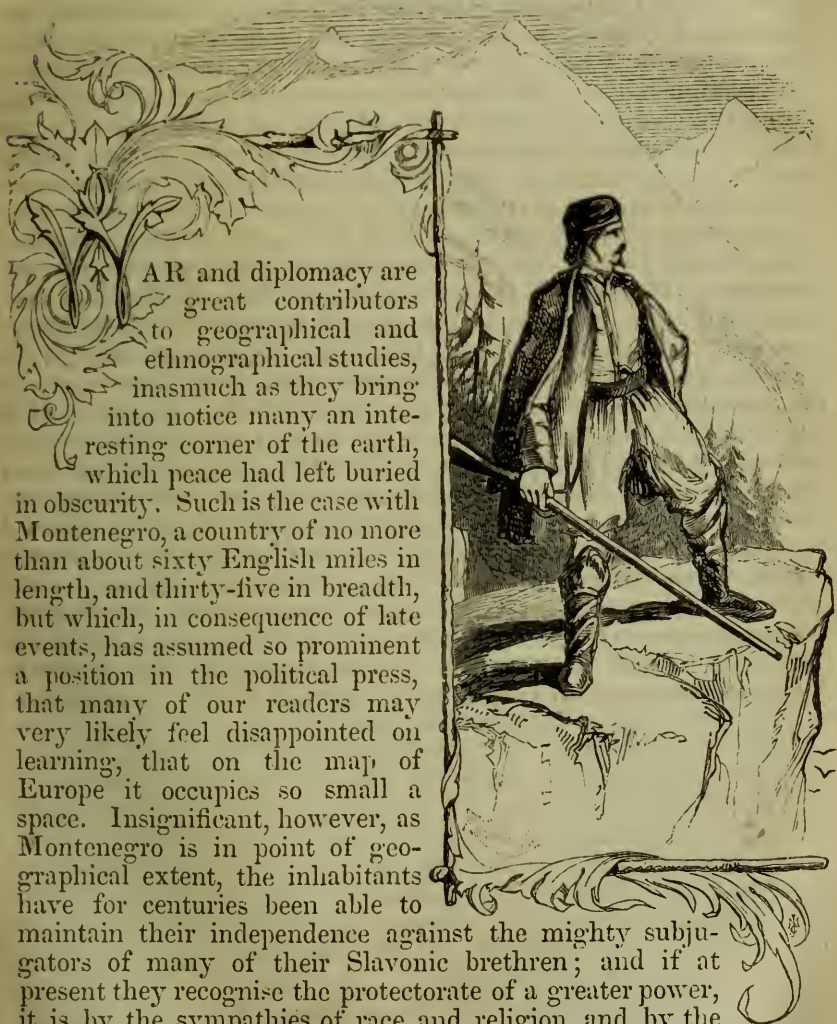
We do not enter into the moral question involved in the beheading of King Charles, as that is a subject involving more considerations than could be adequately dealt with at the end of the present paper. It has been our aim simply to supply the reader with the particulars of a celebrated trial, which is not usually represented otherwise than in meagre and imperfect outline in the current histories. It has been rendered by most historians pretty much according to their personal prepossessions, and has very rarely been set forth with anything approaching to unprejudiced impartiality. The present representation, drawn as it is from the reports and memorandums of a professed contemporary Royalist, may be concluded to give as unfavourable a view of the proceedings as could readily be given in the shape of a report, though we see no reason to believe that anything has been consciously or intentionally perverted; and we apprehend that the effect of it will be to shew, that the court before which the king was brought to trial had no defect of judicial dignity, and that the prisoner had every courtesy and consideration paid to him which was consistent with his position as an arraigned criminal before a popular tribunal. While we pity the fate of Charles, we must in fairness respect the motives and intense sincerity of his judges; and if we acknowledge that it would have been right in him to crush his opponents in the civil wars, had he been successful in the contest, it is not easy to see how it was wrong in them to give to him the very measure which he would have meted out to others.



MONTENEGRO AND THE MONTENEGRINS.

AR and diplomacy are great contributors to geographical and ethnographical studies, inasmuch as they bring into notice many an interesting corner of the earth, which peace had left buried in obscurity. Such is the case with Montenegro, a country of no more than about sixty English miles in length, and thirty-five in breadth, but which, in consequence of late events, has assumed so prominent a position in the political press, that many of our readers may very likely feel disappointed on learning, that on the map of Europe it occupies so small a space. Insignificant, however, as Montenegro is in point of geographical extent, the inhabitants have for centuries been able to maintain their independence against the mighty subjugators of many of their Slavonic brethren; and if at present they recognise the protectorate of a greater power, it is by the sympathies of race and religion, and by the arts of diplomacy, they have been brought into this state of semi-subjection, not by the force of arms.

In early times, the wild mountain region which now bears the name of Montenegro—and which is bounded on the north, south, and east by the Turkish provinces Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Albania;



and on the west by the Circolo di Cattaro, a district of Austrian Dalmatia—formed part of the principality of Zeta or Zenta, dependent on the great Slavonic empire of Servia, but governed by its own princes. When this empire—embracing the whole of ancient Illyricum and the northern division of the Græco-Slavonic peninsula—succumbed to the victorious arms of the Moslems towards the close of the fourteenth century, Zeta became independent; and although its princes, subjected to the repeated attacks of the Turks, were forced gradually to abandon part of their territories, and to withdraw into the more mountainous districts of their dominions, and the country was at one time, nominally at least, incorporated with Turkey, the inhabitants never recognised the sovereignty of the Porte, and continued to resist with unflinching bravery the numerous Turkish armies sent into their country to bring them to submission. In 1516, the then ruler of Montenegro, who had married a Venetian lady, was persuaded by her to abandon his wild mountain home for the sweets of civilised life in her native city; and, with the consent of his people, ceded the supreme rule of the country to the metropolitan. Since that period, Montenegro has never had other rulers than its bishops, or *vladikas*, as they are called in the language of the country. Notwithstanding their ecclesiastical character, the vladikas approved themselves worthy of being the rulers of so warlike a people, and the struggle for independence was as energetically persisted in under their rule as before. With a view to weakening their foes, the vladikas entered repeatedly into alliance with the enemies of Turkey; and thus the Montenegrins took part in all the wars between the Venetian republic and the Ottoman Porte, and also subsequently joined Russia in her attacks upon the latter power.

Actuated by sympathies of race and religion—for the Montenegrins belong to the Slavonic race and to the Greek Church—as well as by a desire to strengthen themselves against the hereditary foes who had so often brought havoc and devastation over their country, the Montenegrins declared themselves, in 1712, subjects of the Tzar Peter the Great of Russia, who, being fully alive to the important assistance he might derive from this little people in carrying out his plans upon Turkey, accepted their allegiance, and promised his protection. But although the Russian monarchs have ever since that period continued to exercise this nominal protectorate, and have fully availed themselves of the assistance of the Montenegrins in their wars against Turkey, they have never, on concluding peace with the latter power, endeavoured to secure the independence of their brave allies; and the benefits conferred by them on Montenegro have been limited to some pecuniary assistance afforded the vladikas, and honorary distinctions bestowed on some of the chiefs of the nation, all with a view to maintaining an influence over a people and a country which may in time prove of the utmost importance to Russia with regard to her action upon all the Slavonians of the south. The geographical configuration

and position of the country render it, indeed, a natural fortress, which has proved, and may still prove, of the utmost strategical importance to Russia in case of a war with the surrounding countries. A steep mountain-range which begins near Cattaro, and winds its sinuous length first in a north-easterly direction as far as the 43d degree of latitude, and then, turning towards the south-west, continues its course in this direction until it loses itself in the plains of Albania, divides the little principality from Herzegovina in the north-west, and Upper Albania in the north-east, and along the latter tract in particular, offers almost insurmountable obstacles to military operations against the country. On the third side, facing the south-west, and bordering on Austrian Dalmatia, the Montenegrins are in possession of the mountain heights; and here also, therefore, their position is almost impregnable. The fourth or south-eastern side, however, presents towards Albania an open front, formed of six large valleys, each watered by a foaming mountain-stream; but although the difficulties which an attacking enemy has to overcome here are comparatively few and insignificant, they are in reality great and numerous, for the intervening mountain-ridges which separate these several valleys from each other are as impassable and as inhospitable as the two principal ranges which guard the north-western and the north-eastern frontier; and the commanding general will always be placed between the disagreeable alternatives of dividing his forces, and entering all the six valleys at once, or of attacking one valley at a time, in which case his flanks towards the intervening ridges will be strategically uncovered. In addition to this, he will have to contend with the difficulties presented by a number of smaller valleys running in a transverse direction to that of the greater ones, and likewise traversed by mountain-torrents, which at certain periods of the year, or after great rains, swell into very formidable dimensions.

To the natural strength of this position, more even than to their bravery, the Montenegrins owe their escape from the yoke which has been laid upon so many of their race; but the full independence which Russia failed to secure for them, they effected for themselves in 1796, by one of the most brilliant achievements in the military annals of modern Europe. In that year, the pacha of the province of Scutari, bordering upon Montenegro, received orders to march into that country with a large army, and to conquer or exterminate the population. But the Montenegrins, nothing daunted, met the invaders under the command of their vladika, Peter Petrovich; and acting on a stratagem devised by him, part of their forces engaged the enemy in front, while the rest succeeded in turning the invading army, and attacking it in the rear. The Turks, thus hemmed in between two enemies, and having their retreat cut off, fought during three days and nights with the courage of despair, but ultimately succumbed. About 30,000 Turks perished in this deadly encounter, which affords a

true picture of the general character of the conflict maintained for ages between these two half-barbarous nations. Since that time, the Turks have never ventured to penetrate into the country of the Montenegrins; but border forays between the two countries, carried on in the most barbarous spirit, have never ceased; and the wild character and depredatory habits acquired by the Montenegrins during centuries of constant warfare, render them most formidable neighbours to all the surrounding countries.

The name of Montenegro, which is an Italian translation of the Slavonic Tzernagora (the Black Mountain), is generally assumed to be derived from the dark pine-forests supposed to have once covered this mountainous region; but such a fact is not mentioned in history, nor is the assumption borne out by the present aspect of the country; and it is therefore more likely, as has been suggested by the German traveller Kohl, that in this case, as generally among the Slavonians of Turkey, as well as the Turks in the Slavonic countries, the term 'black' has been used to denote the wild and intractable character of the mountaineers, and the name given in hatred has been accepted in defiance, and has been applied to the country as well as to the inhabitants.* Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who visited Montenegro a few years ago, describes the aspect of the country as that of a succession of elevated mountain-ridges, diversified here and there by a lofty peak, and in some parts looking like a sea of immense waves turned into stone. Trees and bushes, among which pine-trees are in a minority, grow in the fissures among the rocks, that are all of limestone, and therefore not of a dark hue. All travellers seem to agree that nowhere have they beheld rocks and mountains tossed about in such wild disorder as in Montenegro; and the people themselves account for the rugged character of their country by a jocose tradition. When God, they say, was distributing stones over the earth, the bag in which he held them burst when over Montenegro, and they all fell upon that spot.

As we have seen, high mountain-ridges descending in abrupt declivities mark the natural as well as the political boundaries between Montenegro and Austrian Dalmatia on the one side, and Turkish Herzegovina and Upper Albania on the other; but the southern frontier meets that of Turkish Albania in the fruitful levels surrounding the Lake of Scutari; and here the boundary-line varies with the fortunes of war, the lake itself, which abounds in fish, being often an apple of discord between the unruly borderers. Into this lake, towards the north-western extremity of which its mountains and valleys shelve down, run all the water-courses of Montenegro; and the country may be said to turn its face towards the lake, and its back towards the Adriatic, into which sea the Montenegrins might almost fling a stone from the summits of some of their mountains, so near are they to it, yet

* Tzernagorki is the Slavonic name of the Montenegrins.

from which they are completely cut off. The Austrian territory called the Circolo di Cattaro.

The high mountain-ridge overlooking this is in the district Katunska, one of the four districts of which what may be called Montenegro proper is composed. The first that entirely emancipated itself from the Turks was this district, and the other districts which, together with this, must be considered as forming the stable nucleus of the state of Montenegro, gradually joined the Katunska nahia in the course of the last century; and at the present, four other districts, called the Berdas, have been added to the dominions of the vladika. The last of these districts joined Montenegro so late as 1831; and in 1840, the inhabitants of the valleys of Grachovo also made themselves independent of the Turks, and though not allowing themselves to be incorporated with Montenegro, entered into intimate relations with that country. The number of *ushoks*, or deserters from the Turks, has also greatly increased of late; but, on the other side, defections among districts or tribes belonging to Montenegro also sometimes take place; and the denomination of Montenegro must, therefore, be considered as in a measure applying to a fluctuating extent of territory.

The name Katunska is said to be derived from the Albanian word *katun*, meaning cattle-shed; and, so far, it is very appropriate to the district, which, being the most elevated in the country, is the alpine pasture-land of Montenegro. The Katunska nahia is neither the most fertile nor the most populous, nor is it the richest in natural products; in all these respects it is, on the contrary, greatly surpassed by the smiling lands on the banks of the Lake of Scutari, where the vine, the fig, and the olive are cultivated; but it is the most important, inasmuch as it constitutes the stronghold of the country. Here dwell the poorest, but most warlike tribes of the people, to whom the country has been more than once indebted for its rescue from the Turkish armies that were laying waste the more fruitful territories, but who never succeeded in penetrating into these mountain fastnesses. Here, also, is Tzetinie, the residence of the vladika; and still higher up in the mountains, Niegushi, the birthplace of his family. With the exception of the very fertile tracts in the vicinity of the Lake of Scutari and a few of the lower valleys, the country is but little suited for agriculture; but notwithstanding their warlike and predatory habits, the people are not wanting in industry, and every little patch of arable land found among the rocks is cultivated and made to contribute to their subsistence. Many of these patches are not more than thirty or forty feet square; but these little oases, in which grow, perhaps, only a few cabbages or potatoes, appearing in the midst of steep and barren crags, relieve the sterile monotony of the mountain tracts, and tell pleasantly of the industry of man. The cultivation of the potato was introduced into Montenegro at an earlier date even than into Germany;

people of the benefit thus conferred upon them, and who made them acquainted with this, and several other signal services rendered by them, placed by them among the saints. At Montenegro not only produces potatoes sufficient for the whole consumption of the Bocca di Cattaro, but, moreover, exports large quantities through these passes. Besides potatoes, the chief exports of Montenegro are mutton, called *castradina*; salt fish, principally from the Lake of Scutari, called *scorunza*; hides, tallow, wool, cheese, butter, wax, honey, silk, and tobacco, besides Indian corn, and various fruits and vegetables; and fowls, sheep, and pigs, with which they supply the markets of Cattaro. The city of Cattaro is indeed in a great measure dependent on Montenegro, for the flat lands that surround the Bocca di Cattaro produce nothing but oil and wine and a few garden-fruits, while the mountain-slopes belonging to Austria, which close them in on the land-side, are utterly barren and sterile; but beyond the mountains, in the fruitful valleys around the Lake of Scutari, are produced the various items mentioned above, and these are brought to Cattaro across the steep mountain-passes of Montenegro. So suspicious, however, are the Cattarenses of their wild neighbours, even in their commercial character, that only on condition of deposing their arms at the gates, are they admitted within the walls of the city; and they, therefore, generally prefer transacting their business in the bazaars in the suburbs, where they may strut about in the warlike accoutrements they so much affect.

Of towns, strictly so called, Montenegro has none; but the number of villages is reckoned at between 200 and 300. The largest of these does not comprise above 1200 inhabitants; and the houses, which are of stone, and generally covered with thatch or wooden shingles, are rarely ranged side by side so as to form regular streets, but in most cases are scattered about, looking more like detached farmhouses than like the component parts of a town. Even Tzetinie, the seat of government, would make but an indifferent appearance at the side of many of our English villages. On a rocky eminence, forming one of the side-walls of the largest and most verdant valley of the district Katunska, is situated a monastery, and at the side of this a church. Above the monastery, on a higher ledge of the rock, frowns an old square tower, while further down, almost on the level bottom of the valley, is an oblong building of respectable dimensions, and two stories in height, in which the vladika resides. These various buildings, together with the large courtyards attached to them, are surrounded by a pretty high wall. In front of the monastery, and just beyond the cincturing wall, is a large open space surrounded by some two dozen houses, and from which extend two broad roads or streets lined with miserable hovels. Such is Tzetinie.

In the remotest mountain regions, the huts, which are only a

few feet high, are built either of wicker-work or of loose stones piled one upon the other without cement, and covered in with the coarsest thatch. The interior arrangement of the houses is as primitive as the outward structure; the three or four monasteries in the country only, and a very small number of dwelling-houses, among which is the vladika's residence, having two stories, and resembling in other respects the dwelling-houses of civilised countries. One or two rooms on the ground-floor, with a loft above, to which access is gained by means of a ladder and a trap-door, is all the generality of the larger houses contain; while the smaller ones can boast of one room only, which is at one and the same time kitchen, parlour, and sleeping-room, though not in every case bedroom; for among the poorer people beds are an unknown and an unwished-for luxury, the floor of the hut, or the bare mountain-side, serving the same purpose, and being as much to their liking. In the better kind of houses there is, however, a rude bench running along one of the side-walls, which serves as bedstead, and on which are spread mattresses and blankets, but no sheets; while neither these houses nor the humbler ones are provided with chimneys. The fire burns on a raised hearth on the floor, but the smoke is left to escape as best it may. A few wooden tables, chairs, and stools, in addition to the bedstead aforementioned, complete the furniture of an ordinary Montenegrin dwelling; and, with the exception of the vladikas, who, for the last three generations, have been highly-educated men, few even of the chiefs can boast of being better housed or accommodated.

The villages are not, as might be supposed in a country so constantly exposed to invasion, perched on the rocks in the most impregnable positions, but are, on the contrary, mostly situated on the slopes of the mountains, and in the open valleys and hollows; and nowhere throughout the country is there the slightest attempt at fortification. For the defence of their country, the Montenegrins depend upon their own bravery, and upon nature's fortresses—the mountains; and to guard their treasures they need no walls, for their herds and flocks are easily driven higher up into the mountains; and whatever other valuables they may possess, they always carry about their persons.

That a people living in so rude a style cannot have attained any very high degree of mental culture, is a matter of course; and, indeed, even the most rudimentary knowledge of reading and writing is said to be an unusual accomplishment among the Montenegrins; and their manners are as primitive as their houses. Kohl describes as follows his reception in the house of a relative of the reigning vladika:—‘The hut, which was built of rough stones, was very low, and also dark, as but slight provision had been made for letting in the light. We were, however, first received in a kind of open vestibule or veranda, the roof of which was supported by trunks of trees, and round which was placed a row of benches. The old master of the house first welcomed us

with a glass of brandy, with which we were offered a bit of dry bread; but subsequently we were invited to enter the hut to partake of a sheep, which had been butchered and roasted for us. The repast was served on a low round board—a large mutton-bone, with a quantity of meat attached to it, being placed before each guest.* The cheer was found excellent, the mutton being peculiarly juicy, owing to the sheep having been roasted whole; and as soon as the friendly and attentive host perceived that any of the company had finished his share, another bit was seized by the bone, and laid before him.

The Montenegrins are generally tall of stature and well-proportioned, and their picturesque costume sets off their handsome person to the best advantage. The dress of the men consists of a pair of full blue trousers, reaching a little below the knee, over which the white shirt is worn; a red vest; a white or yellow caftan reaching to the knee, and held round the waist by a broad sash; and a red or green jacket without sleeves, but richly embroidered, as is also the vest, which is visible, as the caftan is open in front: over all is thrown a scarlet *dolman* bordered with fur, and hung upon one shoulder in the fashion of our hussars. The head, which is shaved in front, is covered with a red cap, round which is wrapped a white or coloured shawl in guise of turban, and from under which escapes the hair from the back of the head, which is allowed to grow long.

The female dress consists of a frock or pelisse of white cloth, without sleeves, open in front, and reaching to the ankles. This frock is trimmed with various devices in braiding or coloured cloth and tassels, and in front are several gold ornaments. Round the neck the women wear numerous chains and collars and strings of gold coins, and their ears and their plaited locks are also adorned with pendants of gold. The headgear of the girls is a red cap, covered in front with a mass of silver Turkish coins, lapped one over the other like scales; and over this cap is thrown an embroidered veil, which falls upon the shoulders. The red cap of the married women, instead of the coins, has a border of black silk, and on gala-days a bandeau of gold ornaments, generally half-covered with a veil, fastened on the top of the head by a gold-headed pin. The long loose sleeves and fronts of their shirts are embroidered with gold thread, or with silks of various colours; and when an apron is worn, it is usually of coloured woollen-cloth, with a deep fringe along the bottom. Round the waist the women wear a girdle studded with red cornelians, and on their feet worsted socks embroidered in various colours, and sandals, called *opanche*, also worn by the men.

The ornaments most prized by the men of Montenegro are their arms, which they never lay aside, and which consist of a long gun, a pair of pistols, and a yataghan—a kind of long knife, equally

* Kehl: *Reise in Montenegro*.

serviceable for cutting and thrusting. This, as well as the pistols, worn in the girdle, from which also hang several small pouches containing cartridges, balls, &c. The guns and pistols are frequently of a very ornamental character, inlaid with fine steel or mother-of-pearl; and a Montenegrin never prides himself so much upon his weapons, as when he is able to relate that they have been won in battle by himself or his fathers, or obtained by pillage; for the constant border forays against the Turks have so inured this people to war and pillage, that robbery and incendiarism are considered honourable even in times of peace. The ring of blackened ruins which encircles the foot of their 'black mountain' home, and the high walls which protect all the Dalmatian country-houses in their vicinity, tell, indeed, a terrible tale of their character to their neighbours.

The whole population of Montenegro is calculated at about 105,000 souls; but the number of individuals capable of bearing arms is proportionately very considerable. This number, however, depends greatly upon circumstances. If the Turks make an incursion into the country, even old men, cripples, and young boys take to arms. There are thus instances of boys of ten years of age having distinguished themselves in the wars of their country; and among other incidents of the kind, an anecdote is related of one Miuro Lottocich, who, though confined to bed with a broken leg, on hearing that the Turks had entered the country, insisted on being carried out to a rock whence he could fire on the enemy, and who remained there three hours at his bloody work, never ceasing until he was informed that his countrymen had gained the victory. If all such occasional warriors be reckoned among the fighting-men of the country, the number of these is of course considerably swelled; but if there be a question of a regular force capable of taking the field, it is different. By some, the *pushkis** of Montenegro are said not to amount to more than 15,000; others state the number to be 35,000. However, the vladika, who must be considered the best authority, told Mr Kohl, in 1850, that he could at any moment raise from 20,000 to 25,000 well-armed men for the defence of the country. These must not, however, be supposed to be regular disciplined troops; for in reality they are only men trained from infancy to the use of arms by their fathers, as they are taught to lisp the language of their country by their mothers. Their mode of warfare is indeed by no means that of civilised nations, but is described as follows by an eye-witness, a Russian officer, doing service on board the Russian fleet in 1806, when the Montenegrins were induced to join the allies against France: †

'Being inured to hardships and privations, they perform, without fatigue and in high spirits, very long and forced marches. They

* Men armed with a gun.

† Quoted by Count Valerian Krasinski in his recent work, *Montenegro and the Slavonians of Turkey*.

leap over wide ditches, supporting themselves on their long rifles, and pass over precipices where bridges would be absolutely requisite for every other kind of troops, and they climb the steepest rocks with great facility; they also bear with the utmost patience hunger, thirst, and every kind of privation. When the enemy is defeated and retiring, they pursue him with such rapidity that they supply the want of cavalry, which it is impossible to employ in their mountainous country. When the enemy is in great force, they burn their villages, devastate their fields, and after having enticed him into the mountains, they surround and attack him in a most desperate manner. When the country is in danger, the Montenegrins forget all personal feelings of private advantage and enmity; they obey the orders of their chiefs, and, like gallant republicans, they consider it a happiness and a favour of God to be allowed to die in battle. It is in such a case that they appear as real warriors; but beyond the limits of their country they are savage barbarians, who destroy everything with fire and sword. Their ideas about war are entirely different from those adopted by civilised nations. They cut off the heads of those enemies whom they take with arms in their hands, and spare only those who surrender before the battle. The property which they take from the enemy is considered by them as their own, and as a reward of courage. They literally defend themselves to the last extremity. A Montenegrin never sues for mercy; and whenever one of them is severely wounded, and it is impossible to save him from the enemy, his own comrades cut off his head. When at the attack of Clobuch, a small detachment of Russian troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion: a Montenegrin perceiving it, ran immediately up to him, and, having drawn his yataghan, said to him: "You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head; say a prayer, and make the sign of the cross." The officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and regained his comrades by the aid of the friendly Montenegrin. They consider all those taken by the enemy as killed. They carry out of the battle their wounded comrades on their shoulders. Arms, a small loaf of bread, a cheese, some garlic, a little brandy, an old garment, and two pair of sandals made of raw hide, form all the equipage of the Montenegrins. On their march, they do not seek any shelter from rain or cold. In rainy weather, the Montenegrin wraps around his head the *strooka*—a shawl of coarse cloth—lies down on the ground, and, putting his rifle under him, sleeps very comfortably. Three or four hours of repose are quite sufficient for his rest, and the remainder of his time is occupied in constant exertion. It is impossible to retain them in the reserve, and it seems that they cannot calmly bear the sight of the enemy. . . . When there is no enemy in sight, they sing and dance, or go on pillaging, in which we must give them the credit of being perfect masters. . . . If they are in great force, they conceal themselves in ravines,

and send out only a small number of shooters, who, by retreating, lead the enemy into the ambush. Here, after having surrounded him, they attack him, usually preferring on such occasions swords to firearms, because they rely on their personal strength and bravery, in which they generally have the advantage over their enemies. When their numbers are inferior, they choose some advantageous position on high rocks, where, pronouncing every kind of abuse against their enemies, they challenge them to combat. Their attacks are mostly made during the night, because their principal system is surprise. However small their force may be, they always try to wear out the enemy by constantly harassing him. . . . The tactics of the Montenegrins are confined to being skilful marksmen. A stone, a hole, a tree, offers them a cover from the enemy. Firing usually in a prostrate position on the ground, they are not easily hit, whilst their rapid and sure shots carry destruction into the ranks of a regular army. They have, besides, a well-practised eye for judging of distance, and thoroughly understand how to take advantage of the ground; and as they usually fight retreating, the French, who took it for a sign of fear, constantly fell into their ambush. As for themselves, they are so cautious, that the most skilful manœuvres cannot deceive them. It may be said, that they perceive the enemy by scent, and they discover him at distances at which his movements can scarcely be discerned by others by means of a telescope. Their extraordinary boldness frequently triumphed over the skill of the experienced bands of the French. . . . However, the advantages of their courage in assisting the Russian troops, and the fruits of victory, were lost by their want of order. During the siege of Ragusa, it was never possible to know how many of them were actually under arms, because they were constantly going to their homes with spoils, whilst others joined the army in their places, and after a few days of indefatigable exertion, returned to the mountains, to carry away some insignificant trifle. . . . The Montenegrins disperse, and deliberately firing from a lying position on the closed ranks of the enemy, are not afraid to attack columns composed of 1000 men with numbers not exceeding 100 or 150. In a pitched battle, their movements can be discerned only by the direction of their standards. They have certain signal-cries, which are uttered when they are to join in a compact body for attacking the weaker points of the enemy. As soon as such a signal is given, they rush furiously onwards, break into the squares, and at all events succeed in creating great disorder in the enemy's ranks. It was a terrible spectacle to see the Montenegrins rushing forward with the heads of their slaughtered enemies suspended from their necks and shoulders, and uttering savage yells.'

This custom of cutting off and carrying away the heads of their enemies, is still in full force; and when Sir Gardner Wilkinson visited the country in 1847, he beheld the heads of many Turks garnishing the walls of the old ruinous tower in the neighbourhood

of the residence of the vladika, who, however, expressed his utter abhorrence of this barbarous custom, and his great desire to see it abolished. That the savagery and valour of the Montenegrins in war have not abated during the present century, is furthermore attested by the manuscript diary of an eye-witness of many of their encounters with the Turks, which was given to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and from which the following is an extract:—

‘BIELOPAVLICH, *June 16, 1839.*—At about an hour’s journey from the village of Chinvilaz are a score of huts, inhabited by Montenegrin shepherds. The Turks of Spûss made a sortie, and going round three miles, set fire to them in two places, at three o’clock A.M. The unfortunate shepherds defended themselves as well as they could, until the people of Chinvilaz, seeing the fire, came to their assistance, 100 strong. In this first encounter the Montenegrins lost eight killed and forty-six wounded; but the Turks only succeeded in carrying away one head. It was impossible to ascertain the Turkish loss, as they fought on the banks of the river Zetta, which divides theirs from the Montenegrin territory. The Montenegrins then valorously attacked a body of 3000 men with their small band, and sent nineteen Turkish heads to Tzetinie, and forty-nine guns, ornamented with silver. The same morning, the Turks made another attack, on the opposite side of the river, when the Montenegrins, in number about 100, scarcely fired their guns, but fought hand to hand with their yataghans, and routed the Turks on every side. This battle lasted three hours, and the Montenegrins took no less than thirty-six heads; three standards; three beautiful horses, with their equipments in silver; three sabres, silver mounted; more than seventy firearms, large and small; and nine yataghans, all mounted in silver.

‘TZETINIE, *June 17.*—Monsignore* immediately sent to Bielopavlich, to order the captain to bring the Turkish heads, and the arms, banners, and horses to Tzetinie, which command was immediately executed. They entered Tzetinie, each man bearing in triumph the heads of the Turks he had vanquished, with shouting and firing of guns. The same day, after dinner, the vladika ordered that every one should bring his heads to the plain of Tzetinie; and forming a great circle, Monsignore placed himself in the midst, with the president and all the senate, called out the warriors one by one, and, embracing each, hung round his neck a silver medal by a red cord, in the name of our holy religion, our country, and our emperor,† Nicolai Pavlovich; and this honour he bestowed, to the intent that they might know how to defend themselves bravely against the rascally Turks.’

Even the women of Montenegro seem to partake of the warlike and ferocious spirit engendered by the long struggle of this people to maintain their independence, and many instances are recorded of the courage and bravery evinced by them. Among these is an

* The vladika.

† The emperor of Russia.

incident related by Colonel Vialla de Sommières, of a sister and four brothers who, being on a pilgrimage to the shrine of some saint, were waylaid by seven Turks in one of the narrow rocky defiles so common in the country. Being hemmed in by the surrounding rock-walls, retreat was impossible, and the brothers could only determine to defend their sister to the last, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. After a short but desperate struggle, in which they killed six of their adversaries, the Montenegrins were defeated, though heroically assisted by their sister, who, having seized the gun of the first brother who fell, kept up a constant fire, until the last sunk to the ground, pierced to the heart by the yataghan of the only surviving Turk. On seeing this, she stood aghast for one moment, then, feigning great terror, sued for mercy. This was promised, but on the most revolting conditions only; and the maiden, though pretending to listen, was only watching for an opportunity to consummate her revenge. No sooner was her enemy thrown off his guard, than she buried her dagger in his breast, and turned to fly; but the relentless Turk, plucking the dagger from the wound, was about to renew his attack upon her, when, seizing him with the strength of despair, she hurled him down a neighbouring precipice, just as one of her own people came up to the rescue.

Another instance of female bravery, but unfeminine ferocity, is related in one of the songs of the country. 'An outlaw laments on the mountain: "Poor Stanisha, accursed am I, who have let thee fall unavenged;" and in the Valley of Zusa the wife of Stanisha hears that voice, and learns that her husband has fallen. The fiery Christian woman at once seizes a gun, and rushes forth, following the green path along which had come down the murderers of her husband—fifteen Turks, and their leader, Chengish Aga. She discovers the aga, fires, and kills him on the spot. The other Turks, frightened at the boldness of the heroic woman, fly, and leave her unmolested to cut off the head of their leader, which she takes to her home.

'Fatima, the wife of Chengish, writes to the widow of Stanisha: "Christian woman, thou didst tear out both my eyes when thou killedst my husband. If thou art a real Tzernagorka, thou wilt come to-morrow alone to the frontier, where I will meet thee also alone, that we may see which of us will approve herself the best wife."

'The Christian woman puts away her female garments, and clads herself in man's attire—the spoils of Chengish. She takes his yataghan, his pistols, his splendid rifle, and, mounted on his prancing steed, she flies along the paths of Zusa. On passing by each rock she cries: "If a brother lies here in ambush, kill me not; I am not a Turk—I am a child of the black mountain." Arrived at the frontier, she finds that the faithless Turkish woman has brought with her her husband's brother, who, mounted on a mighty black steed, rushes madly on the young Christian woman;

she awaits him without fear, sends an unerring bullet through his heart, and then severs his head from the body. She then pursues Chengish's widow, binds her, and leads her captive to her home, where she is obliged to rock asleep the orphan children of Stanisha. When Bula (the Turkish woman) has served her thus for fifteen years, she sends her back to her own people.*

One maiden is mentioned in the traditions of the country, who, on a trying occasion, evinced so much bravery that she was ever after allowed to bear arms; and if this fact be authentic, no stronger proof could be given of the extraordinary esteem in which this people hold valour, for to bear arms is considered a man's chief dignity, and in Montenegro, women are by no means deemed worthy of sharing the dignity of the stronger sex. The position of women in this little country is indeed strangely anomalous, they being considered in some respects little better than beasts of burden, and in others so sacred that their presence is sufficient to hold the most reckless in check. A man never speaks of his wife without making some apology for introducing so undignified a subject, as some nations apologise for mentioning an unclean beast; and on entering his presence, the wife demurely kisses the hand of her lord, and even of honoured guests of the male sex. It is averred by travellers, that it is no uncommon sight in Montenegro to see a strong and robust man mounted on a horse or a mule, riding comfortably along, while his wife trudges on foot by his side, laden with the goods which her better-half has purchased in the market; and even lovers are said to travel together in this way, the man stooping now and then to give his sweetheart a kiss, but never offering to give her a lift, be the road ever so steep or so stony. All the hard work in the country, with the exception of the tillage of the soil, is done by the women; and when a Montenegrin is in want of a little cash to purchase a supply of tobacco for the pipe, which hardly ever quits his mouth, or some balls and powder for the rifle, which is not only his weapon in war but his plaything in peace, he thinks little of loading a sack of potatoes or of Indian corn on the back of his wife, and of sending her off with it to market—sometimes a distance of many miles, and along roads the best of which are described as being merely a kind of zigzag track, as rough as the paths through one of the original forests in America, where the interlaced and gigantic roots of thousands of trees obstruct the passage—with this difference only, that in Montenegro the roots are stones.

But although in these respects treated with so great a want of consideration, the women of Montenegro are not, as in many other countries, regarded as the playthings of the men: they are, on the contrary, never treated with levity; and to offer an insult to a woman, is looked upon as an action unworthy of a man, and one for which her relatives would be bound to seek prompt revenge.

So sacred, indeed, is even the most helpless among the sex held, that a young girl is considered the most efficient guard for travellers through even the wildest and most lawless districts of the country, where a passport from the vladika might prove of little use in securing the property or the life of the traveller. Be there peace or strife among the men, women are allowed to pass backwards and forwards unmolested, and even Turkish women may enter Montenegro without fear of injury. If a woman be devoted to you, willing to speak and act for you, and, in case of need, to shield you with her body, you may venture among the most reckless bandits of Montenegro without fear, for no man among this people would raise his hand to slay a woman, unless it be his own wife, whom he has detected in infidelity, in which case the usages of his country justify him in avenging on the spot his outraged honour. It is said that, relying on the sacred character of the weaker sex, some Montenegrins, who, some years ago, were meditating an attack upon an Austrian corps, made a woman march in their van; and that, on finding that the Austrians, who were held back by no sensitive scruples, fired and killed the woman, their fury knew no bounds.

The mode of government and the constitution of society in Montenegro were originally what, according to the phraseology of our day, would be termed purely democratic. The vladika,* the civil governor, and the military chiefs or *scrdars*, were all elected by the chiefs of the villages, called *kniaz* or *glavar*, who were in their turn elected by the people, and when assembled in council represented the latter. To the assembly of these chiefs, held in the open air in the plain of Tzetinie, in front of the vladika's residence, were submitted all matters of public importance. The discussions were often of a very noisy character; but, notwithstanding the pugnacious propensities of the people, it was not usual, on these occasions, to come to blows: when the bells of the adjacent monastery of Tzetinie gave the signal for silence, order was at once restored; and, as the answer to the vladika's question, whether the assembly approved or disapproved of the measure proposed, was invariably: 'Let it be as thou wishest, vladika,' one might suppose that the noise was more the result of a love of talk than of a love of opposition. However, notwithstanding this apparent submissiveness, the vladika's power over his people was in reality merely nominal, or at least only a moral power, no Montenegrin thinking himself bound to submit to any law or authority save that of his own will; and the vladika possessing no means of compelling his subjects to obedience, except by threatening them in his ecclesiastical character with excommunication. Happily for the country, however, the late vladika and his immediate predecessor were men of remarkable abilities, and, in point of education, greatly superior to their

* The word vladika signifies lord, not bishop.

people; and they availed themselves of the influence this superiority secured to them, to establish, at least in some measure, law and regular government in the country.

During the rule of the first of these reforming vladikas, Peter Petrovich I., the office of governor, which had in course of time become hereditary in a certain family, was abolished, in consequence of the treachery of the person then holding the office; and the accession of power thus gained by the vladika was used by him for good purposes. On his death-bed, Peter Petrovich, who died in 1830, and was subsequently canonised, bequeathed to his nephew and successor a plan for the reform of the government, which was eventually carried out by the latter. In accordance with this plan, a new governing body was introduced, in the form of a senate, consisting of sixteen members, chosen from among the chiefs of the country; and, in subordination to this, a body of so-called guardians, composed of 135 members, intrusted with the execution of the decrees of the senate, and with the administration of minor affairs. In addition to these officials, a certain number of young men, chosen from among the most influential families, were appointed to form a body-guard for the vladika, with a view, not to protect his person, for this was not necessary, but to give greater impressiveness to his orders. According to Count Krassinski, the senate of Montenegro, notwithstanding its high-sounding title, 'bears a much stronger resemblance to a council of North American Indians than to the House of Lords in this country. The palace of the senate—or, as it is simply called, the senate—is an oblong stone building of one story, covered with thatch. It has two doors, one of which leads to an apartment used as a stable for oxen and donkeys, the other conducts to two separate apartments. On entering that on the right, you will find it filled with bedsteads covered with straw, for the use of the senators, whose rifles hang about the walls. The apartment to the left forms the state-room: a stone-bench runs along one of its walls; and in the middle there is a fireplace, round which the deliberations of the supreme council are generally held, and the dinner of its members cooked. When the vladika is present at the deliberations, he usually occupies a seat on the stone-bench, covered with a rug; the senators sit near him on the same bench; whilst those who cannot find room there, as also litigant parties, occupy low wooden stools or stones round the fireplace, and carry on their deliberations smoking their pipes. Whenever anything is to be committed to writing, the secretary of the vladika is called in, and he either composes the necessary document in the convent, or writes it in the assembly, after the Turkish fashion, on his knees.'

The chief difficulty in the way of the establishment of the supremacy of law in Montenegro, is the custom of blood-revenge which this people have in common with all half-barbarous nations, and which, being intimately interwoven with all their notions of

right and justice, has always proved most difficult to eradicate or to supersede by a regular system of justice. Among the Montenegrins, as among our Saxon forefathers, and indeed among all European nations in the same stage of development, there are established certain rates of money-fines or compensations for various offences. A homicide may, for instance, be paid off with a sum of 120 ducats; and a wound in the arm, in the foot, in the ear, &c., has each its price. But the parties who are the sufferers by the offence, are not bound to accept of such compensation; and the law of retaliation being more in accordance with the character of the people, this is, in spite of all the vladika's exertions, even in the present day, much more frequently resorted to; in consequence of which, not only individual families, but whole villages, are often engaged in deadly feuds, transmitted from generation to generation.

According to the rules of the law of blood-revenge as it exists among the Montenegrins, the right and duty of revenge devolves upon the nearest male relative of the person who dies by the hand of another, or in consequence of the machinations of another. If, at the death of a father, the son be not of an age to bear arms, the right of revenge being held as a sacred inheritance, is not assumed by his uncles or other grown-up relatives, but is reserved for him. The child is brought up by his mother to look upon himself as his father's avenger; and the bloody deed by which the latter fell, is kept constantly before his mind. If the son is beyond the age of infancy, it is customary for the widowed mother to hold his father's bloody garments before her boy, and to make him take a solemn oath upon them in presence of his nearest kinsmen, and sometimes even of a priest, to remember the death of his father when he shall have attained the age of manhood. If, on the contrary, the son who inherits the dread office of avenger be still an infant, and consequently incapable of understanding the duty, the mother places the father's blood-stained shirt, or a handkerchief dipped in his blood, on the child's cradle, and takes the oath in his name; after which ceremony, the blood-stained memorial is hung up in the hut, to await the day of vengeance; in the meanwhile, the tale of the evil deed which brought desolation over her home, is frequently repeated by the widow to kinsmen and visitors with many tears and lamentations. An incident which took place so late as the year 1851, is strikingly illustrative of the early age at which the minds of the children among this people are familiarised with the idea of bloodshed, and the duty of revenge. In a suit pending before an Austrian court of justice in one of the towns of the Bocca di Cattaro, a pretty and intelligent-looking boy was called as a witness by one of the parties. The judge put to him the usual question: 'What is your name?'—'Savva Markovich,' was the answer. 'How old are you?'—'Seven years.' 'Who is your father?'—'Marko Gregorevich: he is no longer among the living.' 'When did he die?'—'He did not die.' 'How so?'—'He was

murdered. We all know it; he was murdered by Spiro Jurovich from Saroschi; and when I am a man, I will shoot Jurovich.' 'How, now, my little fellow—how can you think of such a dreadful thing?—who put that into your head?'—'O yes, I will kill Spiro Jurovich. I must do so. My uncle, the priest, Peter Gregorevich, has told me so. I will shoot him with the rifle that hangs in my uncle's room. When I am a man, my uncle will give me the rifle, that I may avenge my father, and punish his murderer. This is truth.'

Another case, shewing how much the laws of honour are bound up with this principle of the duty of private revenge, was brought before the same tribunal during Mr Kohl's stay in the country. A young man, of very mediocre fortune, had been engaged to a pretty young girl during four years, and was still without prospects of being able to marry. At this juncture, another young man, in a more favourable position in life, succeeded in alienating the girl's affections from her engaged, and having proposed and been accepted, married her. The deserted lover, though burning with indignation, determined to postpone his revenge for a time; partly because he was undecided what form to give it, and partly because his successful rival belonged to a more numerous and more influential family, and caution was consequently necessary. Anger and shame, however, gnawed at his heart, and the more so as he perceived that his acquaintance began to look askance at him. He found that on Sundays, when he met his former associates at church, they shunned him, evidently ashamed of being seen in company with one who was mean-spirited enough to submit to a great injury without seeking revenge. At length, even his most intimate friends openly taunted him, and told him that he had met with no more than his cowardice deserved; while his brothers and other kinsmen complained bitterly of his bringing shame on the whole family by his tame submission. Still time passed on, and he seemed not to be able to make up his mind to action. One day, however, a cry of anguish was heard to proceed from the house of his rival—it was the young wife, who had found her husband lying dead and covered with wounds in the garden behind their house. Suspicion at once fell upon the man whom she and her husband had so grievously wronged, and he was cited before the tribunals; but no proofs could be adduced against him, and he resolutely denied having committed the deed—such denial in a court of justice being not considered derogatory even by the bravest among the people. To the kinsmen of the murdered man it had, however, been reported that the murderer had vaunted himself of the deed, but they would not appear as witnesses against him, for had they done so, he would inevitably have been condemned, and they were by no means anxious to see his punishment taken out of their own hands; besides which, it is considered cowardly and dishonourable to take revenge on an enemy by witnessing against him in a court of justice.

As the Montenegrins, as well as their neighbours, the Bocchesi, or inhabitants of the Bocca di Cattaro, not only love revenge, but are at the same time very prudent and cunning, it frequently happens that a much longer interval of time even than in the above case may elapse before they attempt to execute their plan of vengeance. Except in cases where the most violent passions are excited, they do not pursue their revenge to the exclusion of all other objects; and as the person who has committed the offence will, of course, try to avoid the presence of the avenger, an opportunity for the latter to consummate his purpose may long fail to present itself. Even if the enemies meet, it may be under circumstances that render it impossible to prosecute a private feud, and thus, as has been said, years may elapse before the plan of vengeance can be carried out. But though deferred, it is never forgotten nor given up, and sometimes the avenger will even follow his victim to a foreign land, to consummate his fell purpose. An instance of such long-deferred vengeance is also told by Kohl. A Montenegrin, who was serving as herdsman, heard one night a great noise in the cattle-fold, and on getting up beheld a man, who had broken into the fold, in the act of carrying off a sheep. The Montenegrin at once levelled his gun at the thief, and shot him dead on the spot. The kinsmen of the man thus killed, laid the case before the vladika, and the latter declared that the man, having been caught in theft, had deserved his fate, and that his family could therefore neither claim compensation nor demand blood for blood. The late vladika, Peter Petrovich II., was held in too great reverence by his people for the complainants in this case to venture openly to demur against his decision; but the thirst for vengeance was concealed in their hearts like the fire smouldering under the ashes, and when, after some years, the vladika left the country for a short while, the flame burst forth. A brother of the man who had been killed, one day approached stealthily the faithful servant, who was tending his master's herds, and slew him on the very spot where the detected thief had fallen. The murdered man was not without kindred, ready in their turn to avenge his death; and this feud may therefore be transmitted to future generations.

Notwithstanding the ferocity and barbarous contempt for law exhibited in this system of blood-revenge, in their mode of warfare, and in their constant infringements of the rights of property, the Montenegrins are by no means an uncouth and violent people in daily intercourse. Towards travellers they generally evince much cordiality and courtesy; and notwithstanding their love of pillage, they religiously respect the person and the property of the stranger who places himself under their protection, by entering their country as a friend. The mode of expressing kindness, and of wishing the stranger welcome, is, however, somewhat embarrassing to persons unaccustomed to very demonstrative manners. On the approach of an expected guest, the men who have assembled to

greet him on his arrival, receive him with a salute of muskets, 'which, pointed downwards, and fired with ball among the rocks, through which he is slowly pursuing a winding path, may, by the glance of a bullet, as easily be his death-warrant for the next world as a sign of welcome in this.' However, the ceremony which awaits him on joining his hospitable entertainers may, perhaps, to many a western European of reserved habits, prove more startling still, for the guest is expected to kiss on the lips every man present belonging to the family of his host; while the women kiss his hand. This ordeal of kissing has indeed to be gone through pretty frequently. Sir Gardner Wilkinson relates, that having once made a present of a bit of candy-sugar to a little child, he was in return kissed by every member of the family.

Towards each other the Montenegrins are polite, but reserved and cautious; many an imprudent word, which in more civilised societies might be passed by unnoticed, as having escaped the speaker in the heat of discussion or during a moment's irritation, being among this people accounted an offence calling for serious redress. Abusive terms are not at all tolerated, being considered almost as offensive as a blow with a stick; and the latter is looked upon as so injuring to the honour of him who receives it, that such a blow has in several instances been the origin of a case of blood-revenge. A blow with the fist is not considered so humiliating as a blow with a stick, but worst of all is a blow struck with the tube of a tobacco-pipe. The money-compensation for this latter offence is almost as high as that for homicide. Not only in Montenegro, but in all the adjoining Slavonic provinces, the same feelings prevail with regard to a blow with the tube of a pipe, and may probably arise from the fact of this form of personal aggression being peculiar to the hated Turkish race. It is usual for the Turks, when not in the act of smoking, to stick their pipes down at the back of their neck, between the dress and the body, and hence it is easily snatched when the ire of the owner is provoked, and used to belabour him who has called forth this ire. To an act of this kind the vladika of Montenegro owes an accession to the number of his subjects, for, as must always be the case where two hostile and semi-barbarous nations border on each other, whenever a contiguous Slavonic tribe feels itself particularly aggrieved by its Turkish masters, it transfers its allegiance to the vladika of Montenegro; and, on the other hand, instances have not been wanting of dissatisfied Montenegrin subjects transferring their allegiance to the hereditary foes of their country. In the instance alluded to, a Turkish bey, or landed proprietor, in one of the valleys bordering on Montenegro, who had for a long while proved himself a severe and unjust master to the Christian Slavonians subjected to his authority, was one day, in harvest-time, so exasperated by what he deemed the negligence and indolence of one of these people, that he drew out his pipe and struck the Christian with it across the shoulders. The insult was rendered doubly galling by

its being inflicted under the Slavonian's own roof, on his own hearthstone; and, stung to the quick, he seized a hatchet that was near at hand, and stretched the Moslem at his feet. He then rushed out of the hut with the blood-stained weapon in his hand, and calling together the inhabitants of the village, told them how he had been treated, and how he had retaliated. The long-nourished hatred against the Turk broke forth in rage and imprecations on all sides; and foreseeing that if the Turks retained the power, they would soon take revenge, not only on the man who had slain the bey, but on all the tribe, they unanimously resolved to take to arms, to exterminate as many of the Turks as they could lay hands on, and then to join the Montenegrins.

In Montenegro itself, a bloody and most disastrous feud originated, a few years back, in a blow struck with a pipe; yet in this case the offender was of the same race and religion as the sufferer. A pope, or priest, belonging to one of the principal families in the country, being engaged in a dispute with another Montenegrin, likewise belonging to a leading family, in the heat of the discussion struck his adversary with the tube of his pipe, for in Montenegro priests smoke and fight as do their flocks, and, with few exceptions, are as ignorant as the mass of the people. The blow was not returned on the spot, but it was well known that the family of the man that had received the insult was plotting revenge. The vladika being very anxious, as before said, to put an end to the private feuds, exerted his influence to the utmost to bring about a reconciliation; but although the fear and respect which he inspired held the parties in check for awhile, the dishonour that had befallen the family of him who had received the blow was held in bitter remembrance, and when, after some time, the vladika went on a visit to St Petersburg, the pent-up flame burst forth, and a feud ensued, which ended in the almost total extermination of both families. On hearing of this event on his return, the vladika is said to have wept, as well at the unconquerable barbarism of his people, as at the loss of so many of the best men of the country.

The mode of proceeding against culprits adopted by the government of Montenegro, after the introduction of the reforms alluded to above, shews how low in the scale of civilisation must be the people among whom such means are resorted to for establishing anything like a wholesome fear of the law. To gain possession of the culprit's person, even when the crime committed was of the darkest hue, was found quite impracticable, as no one would deliver him up to justice, and a regular police force does not of course exist in the country. The government was therefore obliged to have recourse to the expedient of burning down the dwellings and confiscating the property of persons who were proved guilty of murder, the confiscated property being divided among those who would undertake to put the sentence into execution. This last bait it is that tempts the people to assist, at

least so far, in carrying out the ends of justice ; but though many, lured by the prospect of gain, present themselves to aid in the execution, great reluctance is always evinced as to taking the lead. The outlawed murderer, deprived of house and property, generally seeks refuge in some mountain cave or rocky fastness, where he leads the life of a robber ; and thus, while the authority of the law is upheld on the one side, the number of those who live by breaking the law is increased. Sentence of death it is almost impossible to get executed in Montenegro, for, fearing to render themselves liable to blood-revenge, the people resolutely refuse to lend their aid ; and on one occasion the government was obliged to have recourse to the strange expedient of assembling together several hundred men from various parts of the country, and belonging to different tribes, to shoot two malefactors condemned to death, in order that by this means it might remain dubious whose ball hit the culprits.

Language and literature—that is to say, traditions and popular songs—the Montenegrins have in common with the Servians ; and among them, as among the latter people, it is customary to chant the popular poetry to the accompaniment of an instrument called *gusla*—a kind of primitive cithara, with one string only, and played with a bow, from which a plaintive but monotonous sound is drawn. In addition to the songs and traditions of Servia, Montenegro has, however, also many that date from a period subsequent to the separation of the country from the rest of the Servian nation : the number of these, indeed, daily increases, for there is not an event of any importance that is not recorded in the verses of the bards ; and the *gusla*-players, who recite in poetic language the events of the day, thus not only represent the chroniclers, but likewise the daily press of Montenegro. As is generally the case among nations in this stage of civilisation, the poetry of the Montenegrins is of an earnest and serious, and sometimes even of a deeply melancholy character. The events narrated being chiefly of a tragic nature, such as the feuds with the Turks, the cruelties and oppression practised by this people on their Christian subjects, the death of some renowned hero, &c., are in themselves calculated to awaken painful feelings ; and as the bards recite the poetry with much earnestness and dignity, and a kind of suppressed pathos, it is said not to be unusual to see the warlike Montenegrins burst into tears at the songs of some favourite *gusla*-player.

A peculiarity among the Montenegrins which must produce a strange effect upon a foreigner travelling in their country, but which they have in common with their Slavonic brethren in all the surrounding countries, is the power they possess of making their voices and the words they pronounce distinctly audible at distances which to us seem perfectly incredible, and thus they are enabled to carry on conversations from mountain to mountain, as we only can converse face to face. On these occasions, the voice is not elevated to any extraordinary pitch, but is, on the

contrary, made to emit tones described to be like a kind of suppressed howl, the words being pronounced slowly and with a peculiarly drawling accent, experience having proved that in this manner the voice reaches furthest, and the words fall most distinctly on the ear of the distant interlocutor, although even to those standing near to the person thus speaking, the words seem to come from afar. However, it requires habit to understand the words coming thus from a distance, as well as to pronounce them so as to make them distinctly audible to others; and travellers assert, that although they have frequently heard mysterious sounds floating around them in the air, they have never been able to distinguish the words.

If a shepherd in Montenegro feels lonely in the mountain where his flocks are browsing, he raises his voice in the way above indicated, sure that the winds or the echoes will carry it to the ears of some other solitary herdsman, who, thus invited, gives a response; and thus commences a conversation across vale and mount, which solaces the solitude of both. If no more important subject presents itself, they inquire, perhaps, the number of each other's flocks or herds; whether they are straying or not; whether anything particular is taking place within sight of either. If it so be that some traveller is passing by, and he is found to be a stranger, a person of importance, or one bearing a suspicious character, and who might be an enemy of the country, the inquiries and descriptions enter into the minutest details; and then also the person who receives the information will in all likelihood deem it too important to be kept to himself, so he turns in another direction, and delivers the message to the winged messengers of the air, who bring it to other ears, and thus it is transmitted from mountain peak to mountain peak, until the whole country is alive with the news; therefore, when a stranger arrives in a village, he may find the whole population on foot to receive him, though he is not aware that any notice has been given of his coming, and that the mysterious sounds which he heard at times floating around him in the air, were conveying to distant localities a *signalement* of himself more faithful than that of many a *visé*d passport.

If nothing of moment or of interest be occurring within sight of the watchful mountain-shepherds, their attention will sometimes be turned inward, and their communications to the distant listener will then refer to their own thoughts and feelings; and thus have no doubt arisen many of those poetic dialogues of so frequent occurrence in Servian poetry, for the talent of improvisation is common among the people, and the gift of poetry is by no means an exclusive endowment of the bards by profession.

But it is not only for idle gossipings or for poetic outpourings, nor even for purposes of police, that the Montenegrins and the other kindred nations of Illyria avail themselves of this power of transmitting articulate sounds to far-distant places; they render the talent available in a still greater degree for all the common

purposes of life. All kinds of messages relating to the practical business of the populations are transmitted in this way with wonderful celerity and accuracy; and the mountain-echoes which thus help to promote internal communication have, in one respect at least, placed barbarous Montenegro in advance of the most civilised countries of Europe, for this mode of communication was in use there ages before the electric telegraph was dreamed of. In illustration of the useful purposes to which these winged words are put, we may cite an incident which occurred to a traveller engaged in a journey through the Illyrian provinces. On arriving at a certain village, he found that a mule which was ordered as a relay, and on which he was to continue his journey, had been sent to the pastures several miles up in the mountains. The owner, however, expressed no kind of dismay at this *contretemps*; but assuring the traveller that the mule would be ready for him at the appointed hour, went out into the open air, and turning in the direction of the mountain, called out: 'Hoho! hehe! listen to me, people of the village of Bielizza. High up on the mountain Glinbotich, close to the great beech-tree with the withered branch, my little boy, Janko Jessipovich, is tending my white-footed mule. Tell him to bring down the mule without delay.' 'Hoho! hehe!' then holloed out the people of the village of Bielizza, taking up the message—'the mule of Janko Jessipovich is pasturing in the mountain Glinbotich, close to the great beech with the withered branch. Let it be brought down without delay.' And thus the message went from mouth to mouth, until it reached Janko Jessipovich; and by the time appointed, the white-footed mule was ready to convey the traveller further. In like manner, a traveller, for whom relays have been bespoken, may, if he changes his plan of proceeding, easily give notice of the fact, and secure the means of conveyance in the new direction which he intends to take, and he may also thus bespeak beforehand the hospitality of the villages he means to visit.

In Montenegro, this system of throwing their words to the winds is, above all, important on the frontiers, particularly those towards Turkey, whence acts of aggression may at any time be expected; and here, therefore, the roving shepherds are always on the look-out, and occasions for giving the alarm are very frequent. A troop of Turkish marauders, for instance, pass the frontiers, invade a secluded valley, murder a herdsman whom they find there, and carry off his cattle; but a little shepherd-boy witnesses the irruption and the deed of violence from an overhanging cliff, and suddenly the cry of alarm resounds through the valley: 'Wo, wo! the Turks have come stealthily upon us. They have murdered Juro Markovich, and carried off my white cow and the rest of the cattle, and also our sheep.' And on all sides the cry is taken up: 'Wo, wo! listen, men—listen! The Turks have stolen a march upon us; they have killed Juro Markovich, and carried off the white cow and the rest of the cattle. Wo, wo! Let

whoever can carry a gun, and who is not a coward, hurry to the rescue!’ In an incredibly short time, the valley swarms with armed men, who, without stopping to consult about a plan, hurry down the mountain-slopes in pursuit of the robbers, overtake and slay them, and return in triumph to the valley with the white cow and its companions, and perhaps with a few Turks’ heads on their pikes.

The vladika Peter Petrovich II., to whom we have repeatedly alluded as the great social reformer of Montenegro, unfortunately for his country, died in October 1851, still in the prime of manhood, broken down in health probably by the strange anomalies of his position. This prince, who once described himself as being when among his countrymen a civilised man among semi-barbarians, and as feeling himself when in the society of western Europeans as a semi-barbarian among civilised men, formed indeed a striking contrast to his people, for only the former half of this description of himself was true. Educated partly in Dalmatia and partly in Russia, being possessed of natural abilities of a rare order, coupled with a highly poetic temperament and great sensibility, and having spent his youth among the refined society of European capitals, he was suddenly, in his eighteenth year, called to reign over a people so sunk in barbarism, that, in order to govern them, he was obliged in a measure to lower himself to their level. How many a hard and bitter struggle must this prince have gone through during his rule of twenty years!—how many a disappointment must he not have endured in the course of his many attempts to civilise his obstinate and prejudiced people!—yet he persisted unswervingly in his endeavours to the last, sustained, not by the love of fame and glory, for he was of a gentle, unambitious turn of mind, but by true patriotism and benevolence. The discordance between this vladika’s position and his character has been well summed up, by one who knew him personally, in the following words:—‘He is a poet, who in literary taste and judgment greatly exceeds many of our literary men, and he is at the same time a statesman, a legislator, and a ruler; he is a shepherd of the Christian Church, and at the same time the leader of an army of 20,000 warriors armed to the teeth; he has a taste and love for all that is beautiful, and is peculiarly open to gentle impressions, and his only companions are his wild *perianichi* or guards; he is young and handsome, and longs for domestic ties and the joys of family life, and he is a monk and a hermit; he has travelled much, and is familiar with the luxury of civilised life; and a large metropolis, full of treasures of literature, science, and art would probably be the most congenial place of residence to him, but fate has bound him, like Prometheus, to a barren rock, where even his dwelling comprises none of the comforts or elegances so dear to a refined mind, and where he can enjoy no mental companionship whatsoever.’

As regards his relations to the princes of Europe, the vladika of

Montenegro was in an almost equally constrained and painful position. His dominions are situated at the extreme point of contact of the three great empires of Eastern Europe, neither of which has as yet officially recognised Montenegro as a legally constituted independent state, having a claim to be treated in conformity with all the rules of the law of nations relative to such. Turkey, on the contrary, looks upon the Montenegrins as rebels, whom it is the duty of the government to bring into due subjection whenever an opportunity offers; and such was thought to exist a few months ago, and was eagerly seized, but once more without avail. This time, however, it seems that the Montenegrins owe their safety to Austrian intervention as much as to their own bravery; and the position of Austria with regard to Montenegro is indeed such, that at first sight she might be deemed the natural protector of these hardy mountaineers. As a Christian power, and one which has at various periods suffered severely from the attacks of the Osmanlis, Austria cannot but feel a deep interest in this little rocky country, against which the waves of Moslem invasion have always broken in vain; and she cannot be supposed to be blind to its importance as a breastwork of defence, as well as an advanced post of attack, against a power with which, as a near neighbour, she is always more or less exposed to come into hostile collision; and her recent intervention in the quarrel between Montenegro and Turkey, proves, indeed, that the attention of her statesmen is awake upon this point. There are, however, various circumstances that prevent the establishment of a perfectly cordial understanding between the two countries. In the first place, the circumstance of the Montenegrins being overfond of depredatory incursions into the territories of their neighbours, and not very scrupulous as to whether the neighbour be called friend or foe, Austria or Turkey, keeps up a constant feeling of irritation against them among the Austrian authorities; and besides this, the Montenegrins have one point of political ambition which clashes directly with the interests of Austria. During the European war at the commencement of this century, the Montenegrins held for a time possession of the seaports on the Adriatic called the Bocca di Cattaro, and were fully alive to the facilities thus opened up to them for commercial intercourse with the rest of Europe; and although the Congress of Vienna transferred these ports to Austria, and again caged up the Montenegrins in their mountain fastnesses, the latter have not ceased to look upon the littoral at the foot of their mountains as a territory which ought by right to be theirs; and these views are rendered the more threatening to Austria, as the kindred Slavonic tribes of the Bocca di Cattaro are said not to be adverse to the idea of joining Montenegro. Besides this, there exist strong religious sympathies between the subjects of Austria belonging to the Greek Church and the Montenegrins, who pretend that their vladika is the legitimate ecclesiastical head of the Greek and Austrian Albanians; and should this supremacy ever be recognised

by the latter themselves, they would thus not only be held in a kind of subserviency to Montenegro, but also to Russia, whose religious supremacy the Montenegrins have practically recognised since it became usual for the vladikas to proceed to St Petersburg to receive the episcopal consecration, instead of, as originally, to Servia. These circumstances of course necessitate, on the part of Austria, not only a friendly, but also an energetic bearing towards Montenegro, and has rendered her desirous of obtaining a more favourable position towards that country than is afforded even by the present frontier regulations, which were established in 1840, and which, though affording the Austrians greater advantages than before, still leave the Montenegrins in possession of the heights commanding the littoral, where it is Austria's ambition to plant her standard.

Of the existence of this desire on the part of the Austrians, the Montenegrins are quite aware, and have thus come to look upon that people with feelings almost as hostile as those they entertain towards the Turks; while to Russia—so distant that their independence, it would seem, can hardly be threatened by her—they look for protection where their own bravery does not suffice. But here, as elsewhere, it is by stealthy diplomatic means that Russia prepares her conquests; and in addition to the influence which the tzars have enjoyed in Montenegro ever since the establishment of the nominal protectorate over the country, the Russian government succeeded in placing the late vladika in a state of pecuniary dependence, by inducing him to accept of an annual subsidy of 40,000 gulden, to enable him to defray the salaries of the senators, the perianichi, and the serdars, and to establish an influence over the chief families, without whose aid he could have but little hope of carrying out the reforms he contemplated. That in her advances towards Montenegro, Russia is chiefly mindful of her own interests there can be little doubt; and however gratified the Montenegrins may feel at the friendship of their mighty Slavonic kinsman, this friendship is therefore but a new danger that threatens their independence. When we take into consideration all the circumstances here alluded to, and remember what political events are probably preparing in the territories amidst which Montenegro is situated, and what are the strategical advantages of this situation, we may easily conceive the importance which this country, though so insignificant in point of geographical extent, has attained in the eyes of the statesmen of Europe; and we learn to understand why it is that a new feud between the Montenegrins and the Turks should for a moment almost have assumed the character of a European question.

For some time, the Montenegrins have been anxious again to separate the civil from the ecclesiastical rulership in their country, in order to be able to establish an hereditary dynasty; but Russia, fearing thereby to lose some of her means of influence, for a long while refused her consent to the innovation. Of late, however,

she has changed her policy on this head, and has consented that Daniel Petrovich, of the family of Niegush, the nephew of the late vladika, Peter Petrovich, and who was by him designated as his successor, shall be recognised as the legal sovereign of Montenegro, without receiving the ecclesiastical investiture. Prince Daniel, who is only twenty-five years of age, may thus marry, and transmit his dignity to his sons.

In conclusion, we will give the account of an eye-witness* of the return of Prince Daniel to Montenegro last year, after a visit to St Petersburg, whither he had gone to solicit the sanction of the czar to his succession under the altered conditions—an account in which all the characteristic traits of the Montenegrins stand prominently forward:—

“The Montenegrins had been informed that their young prince would soon be there; and the president of the senate, Pero Petrovich—brother of the late vladika, and uncle of Prince Daniel—together with many of the chiefs, elders, and other Montenegrins, proceeded to Cattaro, on the 1st of July, to receive him. The *woiwode*, or captain of Niegush, and the senator Ivo Nadovich, were despatched to Castelnovo, to welcome the prince immediately on the steamer entering the Bay of Cattaro. When the steamer approached Cattaro, the president of the senate, Pero, went on board and embraced the prince with these words: “Hail now and evermore!” Immediately afterwards the whole bay was covered with boats hurrying towards the steamer, and from which the Montenegrins fired joyful salutes, which were answered from other swarms on the sea-shore until the prince gave orders that they should cease. All then hurried up the sides of the steamer to greet the prince. The crowd became still greater when Daniel landed. Some kissed his hand, others the hem of his garment, as they were able to press forward.

“In this manner the prince was conducted with the liveliest demonstrations of joy to the house that had been prepared for him. I observed among the chiefs and elders of Montenegro, Noviza Cerovich, from Drobniah, who in 1848 commanded the uskoks who attacked and killed the brave but unpopular Turkish chief, Smail Aga Tschengich, in Drobniah, for which reason he was obliged to fly to Montenegro, where he now holds the position of senator.

“The following morning, we commenced the journey to Tzetinie. The prince, his uncle Noviza, and some few more, travelled on horseback up the winding mountain-path; the others climbed on foot, and with the agility of chamois, up the rugged sides of the mountain, which is about the same height as Mount Vesuvius. The number of men forming the procession was so great, that the last had not left Cattaro when the first was already half-way up the mountain. The firing of rifles was incessant, as is the case on

* A South Slavonian correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*.

every festive occasion among these manly children of nature. On the summit of the mountain, the prince was received by fresh troops of Montenegrins, who also greeted him with volleys from their rifles. Here the mass separated. The greater number proceeded to Niegush, the birthplace of the prince's family; but Daniel and the chiefs entered the house of the captain of Niegush, Prorokovich, where he was to dine. Now, you must not picture to yourself a great European banquet, or a banquet of any kind according to the fashion of modern times, but rather a Homeric hero's, or, if you will, a shepherd's meal—simple and frugal. In a large room, without a stove, the guests were first served with cold water, coffee without milk, and *raki*—a kind of spirits. After this, a table, formed of rough planks, low, and as long as the room, was laid with a cloth, and round it were placed very low wooden benches. Prince Daniel sat at the head of the table; and he and those who sat nearest him were provided with the ordinary European appurtenances of a dinner-table; but further down the table several guests had to share plate, goblet, and spoon, all of wood: every one used his own knife, and forks there were none. The first dish served up consisted of lamb stewed with rice; then came boiled mutton; after this, roast lamb and ham, and then cheese. On retiring from table, the greater number of the guests fired off their rifles, saying: "We must thank our host, or it would look as if we were not pleased with the cheer, or were ungrateful."

Prince Daniel next proceeded to the village of Niegush, where he visited each one of his relatives, and in each cottage, wine, coffee, and melons were offered to the visitors. On the further journey from Niegush to Tzetinie, the prince was received on every new mountain-ridge by troops of his subjects, who, as usual, fired off their rifles as a salute. In the plain of Tzetinie, outside the village, the vice-president and several members of the senate, together with a crowd of less distinguished Montenegrins, came forward to wish him welcome; and here they were not content with rifles, but a few cannon-shots were fired in his honour. The next day divine service was performed in the church; and as the prince and the notables attended, the people crowded thither in such numbers that the church could not hold one-tenth part of them. After the service, the vice-president of the senate read to the people assembled outside the prince's dwelling, a document addressed to Prince Daniel by the Russian government, in which it was said: "that, in consideration of the petitions of the senate and people of Montenegro, his majesty the emperor of Russia had consented that Prince Daniel should not enter the ecclesiastical order, but might, nevertheless, continue to be the chief ruler of the state." Prince Daniel was further permitted to select another to be bishop in his stead, who should have the exclusive direction of the ecclesiastical affairs of the principality; and he was exhorted to live in harmony with his Turkish and

Austrian neighbours, &c. After this document had been read out aloud in the Russian and the Servian languages, the prince distributed the orders and medals which he had brought with him from Russia.

‘When this was over, Daniel returned to his residence. This is a house, two stories high, built by the late vladika, and containing some nine or ten rooms, two of which only, together with the adjoining billiard-room, are occupied by the prince, who follows herein the example of his predecessor; the other rooms are occupied by the secretaries, aid-de-camp, &c. The billiard-room or *billiarda*, as it is called by the people, serves as assembly-room, council-room, court-hall, and audience-room; and when more serious matters are not going on, also as dining-room and smoking-room, &c. The furniture consists of a billiard-table in the middle of the room, a sofa covered with leather, one arm-chair, a table in one corner, several small chairs, and a wooden bench along one of the walls. Even into this place the crowd followed the prince, and in a little while the room was full to overflowing with people who wished to see him and to speak to him. He conversed with them regarding the manner in which he meant to conduct the government, about the obedience and submission he expected from them; and he listened to the complaints that were brought before him, and was even obliged, in some cases, to give judgment upon the spot. One person present, for instance, complained that he owed a dollar to a perianic, and had been by law enjoined to pay it back, but instead of doing this he had pledged his gun; but now that he brought the dollar and wanted his gun returned, the perianic refused to give up the gun unless he paid the interest on the money, as well as the principal. The prince’s judgment was to the effect, that the perianic should give up the gun, and that he had no just claim to interest, as he had not lent the other man ready money.

‘Fatigued by this constant talking, the prince at length left the house, and went into the open air, but here again the people flocked around him. If he sat down on one of the stone-benches outside the houses, some of the leaders among the people directly seated themselves beside him and opposite to him, and the rest formed a circle around them, the foremost squatting down on their heels to allow the others a full sight of him; and then recommenced the same scenes as in the *billiarda*.

‘The words of Prince Daniel to his subjects on these various occasions were pretty nearly as follow:—“From this day forward, no man shall be assassinated or executed in the dark of night, after the fashion of bandits; but when a Tzernagorki has deserved punishment of death, and the punishment is to be executed, the people shall be informed of his crime, and of the mode and time of his execution. Secret denunciations will hereafter not be tolerated. He who denounces another, shall not be allowed to withdraw until he has been confronted with the accused. He who, when in the

judge's seat, receives a bribe, if it be only of the value of a *para*, I will immediately dismiss from his office, whether he be a senator, serdar, or perianic--and such a man must give up all hope of ever again obtaining office. In like manner I will punish every perianic who, when sent out to execute the sentences of the law, or to levy taxes, or to discover crime, shall demand or receive more than is legally due to him. Such things have already taken place. Thus, for instance, the perianic Ivo Radonich, and one of his companions, have extorted from a man some goats, that were worth five times as much as the legal claim upon him."

"On hearing these words, Ivo Radonich rose from the bench on which he was seated, at some distance from the prince, took off his cap, and said: "True it is, prince, that I have done this; but had any one then spoken to us as you have now done, I would never have ventured to do such a thing. At that time each one only thought of how he could best fill his house and his purse. In truth, I did not otherwise than others."

"The prince continued, telling them that in future justice should be evenly dealt out among all Montenegrins, not even excepting his own nearest relatives, for that all Montenegrins were equal; and he furthermore announced, that it was his intention to publish a new book of laws, by means of which he would be able to do them much good, and would be prevented from doing them any injustice; and also that, in future, each tribe should elect a perianic from among its members, instead of the perianic being, as before, nominated by the prince. The prince also expressed a strong desire to live at peace with his neighbours, and said that he would forbid his subjects, under heavy penalties, to make inroads on the Turkish frontiers.

"At the time, no one contradicted him, but the displeasure of those who had hitherto lived by war and rapine was very evident; and one man in particular, who was known to the prince as one of the greatest depredators, said: "Heyday! what are we, then, to live on? Why, this is our ploughing and our sowing, our digging and our harvest; in a word, it is our only source of income."

"I also heard Prince Daniel say, that he would introduce a tax, which every Tzernagorki should pay, according to his means; adding, it was not he, but the country that required the money, and that for the benefit of the country it would be applied. He would thus, he said, establish popular schools, introduce from abroad able schoolmasters, let the children be educated at the expense of the state, extend and improve the existing printing establishment, build roads, &c.

"During all the days that I remained in Tzernagora, and, as I have learned, during a whole month after that, new troops of people came daily to see and talk to their young prince, who, besides speaking to them in the most friendly manner, gave each a small present of money. One day, however, when the people had flocked around him, the prince, who is small of stature, but

MONTENEGRO AND THE MONTENEGRINS.

who is very active, and of a lively, energetic temperament, said to them: "Look well at me, for, small and insignificant as I now appear among you, I will, if you do not obey me, approve myself to you greater and heavier than the mountain Lootje. If you prevent me from becoming celebrated for my goodness, I will be so for my severity."

Such of our readers as are acquainted with Greek literature, have no doubt been struck with the resemblance between these wild mountaineers of the present day and the Greeks of the time of Homer; and, apart from the grave political considerations which attach to the position of Montenegro, this little country and its inhabitants, indeed, derive their chief interest from the living picture which they afford of that semi-barbarous state of society through which every people has passed on its way to a higher degree of civilisation, and from the light which their condition thus throws upon the past history of many nations. So struck was Mr Kohl with the resemblance of the Montenegrins to the Greeks of the Homeric period, that he advises all artists who would furnish illustrations to Homer's poems, and all philologists who would write commentaries upon these poems, first to pay a visit to Montenegro and the Montenegrins.





HISTORY OF THE MORMONS.

THE origin, growth, and present condition of the singular sect calling themselves the 'Church of Latter-day Saints,' form a curious and instructive chapter in the history of fanaticism. Within the space of twenty years since they first sprung into existence, they have gone on rapidly increasing in influence and numbers, and are now an established and organised society, amounting to not less than 300,000 people. They have borne the brunt of calumny and misrepresentation, endured the severest persecutions, and, in spite of every conceivable obstruction, triumphantly vindicated the earnestness and sincerity of their mistaken faith, and the practical objects which they have considered it their special mission to realise in the world. Their progress within the last ten years has been extraordinarily rapid, and is utterly unparalleled in the history of any other body of religionists. They are now a distinct and

peculiar community, with a complete and effective organisation; they possess and enjoy in common great wealth and material resources; their final settlement of Utah or Deseret, in New California, is in the highest degree flourishing, peaceable, and orderly; and they appear not unlikely to become an important and independent nation, whose influence, politically and socially, may be expected to affect, and possibly to modify, the older and neighbouring forms of civilisation. To trace the beginnings and progressive advancements of so remarkable a people, and thus to render their opinions, actions, sufferings, and successes familiar to a more extensive class of readers, may be considered work not unsuitable for us in the present pages; and therefore, with as much impartiality, soberness, and fair appreciation as may be at our command, and without any disposition or temptation to speak contemptuously of their peculiarities, we will here endeavour to represent these much-derided Mormons and their proceedings in such a way as shall seem warranted by their actual character and achievements.

It is generally known that the founder and acknowledged 'prophet' of this people was a young man named Joseph Smith. Between twenty and thirty years ago, when he first attracted notice, he was living with his father on a small farm near the town of Manchester, in the state of New York. He is said to have been a person of a loose and irregular way of life, and this was afterwards urged as an objection to his pretensions; but he used to reply confidently, that he had never done anything so bad as was reported of King David, whom his orthodox enemies could not consistently deny to have been 'a man after God's own heart.' That he was a good deal of a sinner, there is sufficient reason to believe, but yet it does not appear that he was given up for any length of time to habitual and confirmed wickedness. Very early in life he had decided impressions of the religious sort, and his mind seems from the first to have taken a fanatical and enthusiastic turn. We are told that when he was 'about fourteen or fifteen years of age, he began seriously to reflect upon the necessity of being prepared for a future state of existence.' He used to retire to a secret place in a grove, a short distance from his father's house, and there occupy himself for many hours in prayer and meditation. Once when so engaged, he 'saw a very bright and glorious light in the heavens above, which at first seemed to be at a considerable distance;' but as he continued praying, 'the light appeared to be gradually descending towards him, and as it drew nearer, it increased in brightness and magnitude, so that by the time it reached the tops of the trees, the whole wilderness around was illuminated in a most glorious and brilliant manner.' The account of this vision, which is given by a Mormon apostle, Mr Orson Pratt, goes on to say, that the light 'continued descending slowly, until it rested upon the earth, and he was enveloped in the midst of it. When it first came upon him, it produced a peculiar sensation

throughout his whole system; and immediately his mind was caught away from the natural objects with which he was surrounded, and he was inwrapped in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled each other in their features and likeness.' These wondrous beings informed him that his sins were forgiven; and they furthermore disclosed to him, that all the existing religious denominations were 'believing in incorrect doctrines;' and that, consequently, 'none of them was acknowledged of God as his church and kingdom.' He was expressly forbidden to attach himself to any of them, and received a promise that in due time 'the true doctrine, the fulness of the gospel,' should be graciously revealed to him; 'after which the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable.'

But inasmuch as Joseph was very young, and was assailed from time to time by those inevitable temptations which beset the carnal mind, he subsequently became 'entangled in the vanities of the world,' and for awhile demeaned himself so much like a 'vessel of dishonour,' as to be rendered temporarily unfit for seeing visions. Moved eventually, however, to repentance and amendment, and again devoting himself to the habit of secret prayer, this gift again returned to him. On the 21st of September 1823, the miraculous light reappeared, and 'it seemed as though the house was filled with consuming fire.' Its sudden appearance, as aforetime, 'occasioned a shock of sensation;' and what is more remarkable, we learn that it was '*visible* to the extremities of the body.' This time only a single 'personage' stood before him. 'His countenance was as lightning,' yet of so 'pleasing, innocent, and glorious an appearance,' that, as the visionary beheld it, every fear was banished from his heart, and an indescribable serenity pervaded and possessed his soul. 'This glorious being declared himself to be an angel of God, sent forth by commandment to communicate to him that his sins were forgiven, and that his prayers were heard; and also to bring the joyful tidings, that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel concerning their posterity, was at hand to be fulfilled; that the great preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the gospel in its fulness to be preached in power unto all nations, that a people might be prepared with faith and righteousness for the millennial reign of universal peace and joy.' The reader, doubtless, is now prepared to hear, that on this occasion Joseph received an intimation that he was 'called and chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about some of his marvellous purposes in this glorious dispensation.' By way of preparing him for the work, the brilliant 'personage' gave him some verbal revelations, informing him, amongst other things, that the American Indians were a remnant of Israel; that when they originally emigrated to America they were a pious and enlightened people, enjoying the peculiar favour

and blessing of God; that prophets and inspired writers had been appointed to keep a sacred history of events transpiring among them; that the said history was handed down for many generations, till at length the people fell into great wickedness, and afterwards the records were hidden, 'to preserve them from the hands of the wicked,' who were seeking to destroy them; that these records contained 'many sacred revelations pertaining to the gospel of the kingdom, as well as prophecies relating to the great events of the last days;' and that, finally, the time was come when, to accomplish the divine purposes, they were to be brought forth to the knowledge of the people. Joseph Smith was given to understand that, if he should prove faithful, he was to be the instrument favoured in bringing these sacred writings before the world. And with this announcement the shining personage disappeared, although he seems to have come back twice in the course of the night to repeat his communication, and to add a thing or two he had forgotten.

Up to this time Joseph Smith had been in the habit of working on his father's farm, and on the morning after this vision he went to his labour as usual, apparently not supposing that his mission as a messenger of a new and peculiar gospel was yet to be commenced. But while he was at work, the angel again appeared to him, and gave him direct instructions to go and 'view the records,' which for many ages had been deposited in a place which was pointed out to him. This was 'on the west side of a hill, not far from the top,' about four miles from Palmyra, in the county of Mayne, and near the mail-road, which leads thence to the little town of Manchester. Oliver Cowdery, a 'witness of the faith,' who visited the spot in 1830, has favoured us with a minute description of it, mingled with various of his personal speculations concerning the position of the records at the time they were discovered. He says, innocently: 'How far below the surface these records were placed I am unable to say; but from the fact that they had been some 1400 years, and that, too, on the side of a hill so steep, one is ready to conclude that they were some feet below.' Oliver is willing to 'leave every man to draw his own conclusion,' and proceeds: 'Suffice to say, a hole of sufficient depth was dug.' At the bottom of this was found 'a stone of suitable size, the upper surface being smooth; at each edge was placed a large quantity of cement, and into this cement, at the four edges of this stone were placed, erect, four others, their bottom edges resting in the cement at the outer edges of the first stone. The four last named, when placed erect, formed a box; the corners, or where the edges of the four came in contact, were also cemented so firmly, that the moisture from without was prevented from entering. . . . The box was sufficiently large to admit a breastplate, such as was used by the ancients to defend the chest from the arrows and weapons of their enemy. From the bottom of the box, or from the breastplate, arose three small pillars,

composed of the same description of cement used on the edges; and upon these three pillars were placed the records.'

While contemplating this extraordinary treasure with great astonishment, Joseph Smith became aware of the presence of the angel who had previously visited him, and who now, with due solemnity, called on him to 'Look!' 'And as he thus spake,' says the Mormonite apostle before quoted, 'he beheld the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable train of associates. All this passed before him, and the heavenly messenger said: "All this is shewn, the good and the evil, the holy and impure, the glory of God and the power of darkness, that you may know hereafter the two powers, and never be influenced or overcome by the wicked one. You cannot at this time obtain this record, for the commandment of God is strict, and if ever these sacred things are obtained, they must be by prayer and faithfulness in obeying the Lord. They are not deposited here for the sake of accumulating gain and wealth for the glory of this world, they were sealed by the prayer of faith, and because of the knowledge which they contain; they are of no worth among the children of men only for their knowledge. In them is contained the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it was given to his people on this land; and when it shall be brought forth by the power of God, it shall be carried to the Gentiles, of whom many will receive it; and after will the seed of Israel be brought into the field of their Redeemer by obeying it also."'

Joseph had to wait four years before the records were finally delivered by the angel into his hands. During that time, however, he had numerous interviews with the 'heavenly messenger,' and 'frequently received instructions' from his mouth. At length, on the morning of the 22d of September 1827, when he was about two-and-twenty years of age, he was formally permitted to take possession of his discovery. 'These records,' says our authority, Mr Pratt, 'were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found "a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument, by the use of which they received revelation of things distant, or of things past, or future."'

Being in an unknown tongue, the book required to be translated before its contents could be intelligibly communicated to mankind; and Joseph having now provided for himself a separate home, straightway commenced turning this ancient record into what he probably regarded as the 'American language.' It seems he translated 'by the gift and power of God, through the means of the Urim and Thummim; and being a poor writer, he was under the necessity of employing a scribe to write the translation as it came from his mouth.' In this way the work proceeded, as Mr Smith's 'pecuniary circumstances would permit,' until he had finished what he describes as the 'unsealed portion of the records.' This is that part of Joseph's revelations which is styled the *Book of Mormon*, the recognised *Bible* of the Latter-day Saints, and which is deemed by them of equal authority with the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and represented to contain that 'fulness of the gospel' which was to be revealed in the latter days.

When this astonishing volume was completed, and lay at length legibly in fair manuscript, there arose an obvious difficulty respecting its publication. As no man is accounted a prophet in his own country, who would believe the miraculous story about its origin, and the way in which the work had been brought to light? How was any one to know that it was not utterly a fabrication, and that Joseph Smith, junior, was not an arrant knave and impostor? Assuredly there ought to be witnesses to testify concerning the facts set forth, and vouch in some sort for the credibility of Mr Joseph Smith's pretensions. This circumstance was accordingly provided for; witnesses, such as could be got, were providentially 'raised up' in the persons of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris; and the testimony which they sent forth was to the effect, that the original plates had been shewn to them by an angel. This statement was presently supported by eight other witnesses, who testify expressly that 'Joseph Smith, junior, the translator of this work, has shewn unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands; . . . and we know of a surety that the said Smith has got the plates . . . and we give our names unto the world of that which we have seen; and we lie not, God bearing witness to it.' It might strike a sceptic as a suspicious circumstance, that the 'eight,' with one exception, belong to two families, evidently on terms of intimacy with each other; and further, that three of them belong to the family of Joseph Smith—being, in fact, his father and two brothers: but this, to a genuine believer in the prophet's claims, no doubt appears to be a consideration of no manner of moment. Certain it is, that from this point Joseph rises before us as the conspicuous founder of a sect, and begins to draw after him no inconsiderable number of converts.

Having made known his doctrine and pretensions to various persons, it was not unnatural that the wonderful plates should

be a good deal talked about, and that some should even hesitate to believe unless they might be permitted to get sight of them. It was this difficulty which seems to have first suggested the publication of the statements of the witnesses. Among the first three, it will be seen, stands the name of Martin Harris; who—though in the subscribed document he professes to have seen the plates—was clearly not so privileged at the time when he first shewed a disposition to join the sect. Martin Harris was a farmer, whose religious opinions had for a long while been unsettled; he having been successively a member of the Society of Friends, a Wesleyan, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian; and on making Joseph Smith's acquaintance, was already prepared for another change. Having 'more credulity than judgment,' he was at once captivated by the doctrines and pretensions of the youthful prophet, and generously lent him fifty dollars to enable him to translate and publish his new Bible. While the work of translation was going on, Harris often desired to see the plates; but Joseph, with more than a prophet's cautiousness, invariably refused to shew them, alleging, as a sufficient reason for the refusal, that Mr Harris was 'not of pure heart enough' to be allowed a sight of such extraordinary treasures. However, he at length consented to make a transcript of a portion of them on paper, and presenting him with this, he told him that if he wished to be satisfied about the character of it, he might submit it to any learned scholar in the world. Smith could hardly have anticipated the consequences of this proceeding. Martin Harris, being an earnest man, went off with the paper to New York, and obtained an introduction to Professor Anthon, a gentleman well known both in America and Europe for his serviceable editions of the classics. The result of the interview was not known until three or four years afterwards, when the *Book of Mormon*, apparently through Mr Harris's assistance, had been published. Then, as a report was spread abroad by the Mormons that the professor had seen the plates, and pronounced the inscriptions to be in the Egyptian character, that gentleman was requested to declare whether such was actually the fact. In a letter written in February 1834, the professor says distinctly that the whole story is a falsehood. Some years before, Martin Harris had called on him with a paper filled with 'all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns,' which 'had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets:' there were rude distortions of Greek and Hebrew letters; Roman letters inverted or placed sideways; with crosses and flourishes interspersed throughout; and 'the whole ended with a rude delineation of a circle, divided into compartments, decked with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar, given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived.' Some time after, the farmer paid him a second visit, bringing with him the printed Book of Mormon, of which he begged the

professor to take a copy. That gentleman endeavoured to convince him that he had been imposed upon, and advised him to apply to a magistrate, and get the thing investigated. Harris, however, expressed a fear that if he did so 'the curse of God' would come upon him. But on being pressed, he said that he would take steps to have the matter examined into, if the professor would take the 'curse' upon himself. To this the latter good-naturedly consented, and the poor man took his leave in a state of much hesitation and perplexity.

One can perceive from this what sort of stuff Mr Harris's head was made of, and can readily judge of the value of his 'testimony' in regard to Mormonism and its pretensions. The presumption is, that the other witnesses were persons of similarly confused minds, or that they consciously participated in a fraud. At any-rate, we do not find that any other individuals, Mormonites or otherwise, ever professed to have seen the plates; and certainly, of late years, all knowledge or account of them has been confessedly traditional. When unbelievers say: 'Shew us the gold plates, the original records of the Book of Mormon,' the Mormonite replies: 'Shew us the original manuscripts of any part of the Old or New Testaments,' and conceives that to be sufficient to silence all gainsayers. As to the book itself, the Mormons implicitly accept it; its origin and authenticity, as Smith and his associates have represented them, are matters of pure faith; no true Mormonite entertains a doubt about the genuineness or plenary inspiration of the volume. The general belief concerning it is thus summed up by one of the 'apostles,' in a publication called the *Voice of Warning*:—'The Book of Mormon contains the history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph, of whom the Indians are still a remnant; but the principal nation of them having fallen in battle in the fourth or fifth century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, saw fit to make an abridgment of their history, their prophecies, and their doctrine, which he engraved on plates, and afterwards being slain, the records fell into the hands of his son Moroni, who, being hunted by his enemies, was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and should be brought to light in the latter days by means of a Gentile nation who should possess the land. The deposit was made about the year 420, on a hill then called Cumora, now in Ontario County, where it was preserved in safety until it was brought to light by no less than the ministry of angels, and translated by inspiration. And the great Jehovah bare record of the same to chosen witnesses, who declare it to the world.'

Overlooking the incidental statement of Professor Anthon, the account so far given of the Book of Mormon will be understood to be that of the Mormonites themselves; but there remains to be presented another relation of its origin, which the American

opponents of Mormonism consider to be the true one. According to this account, it would appear that, in the year 1809, a man of the name of Solomon Spaulding, who had formerly been a clergyman, and had afterwards failed in business, having his attention attracted by the notion, which at that time excited some interest and discussion, that the North American Indians were descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel, it struck him that the idea might be turned to account as the groundwork of a religious novel. He accordingly set about a work of that description, which he entitled, *The Manuscript Found*; and labouring at it at intervals for three years, he in that time completed it. Two of the principal characters in this production are Mormon and his son Moroni—the same who act so large a part in Joseph Smith's Book of Mormon. The reason for this coincidence will presently appear. In the year 1812, Spaulding shewed his manuscript to a printer named Patterson, residing at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania; but before any satisfactory arrangement had been made in regard to its publication, the author died, and the manuscript is said to have remained for some time thereafter in Mr Patterson's possession. While here, it came under the notice of a compositor in his employ, named Sidney Rigdon, who was also a preacher in connection with some Christian sect, whose proper designation has not been stated. Rigdon appears to have borrowed the manuscript, and, according to one account, it would seem to have been in his hands when Mr Patterson died in 1826. Spaulding's widow, however, states that it had been returned to her husband before his death in 1816, and that it was subsequently read by several of her friends. But after her husband's decease, she seems to have spent the next three years in visiting her friends in different parts of the States; and during this period the manuscript was left at her brother's, somewhere near the residence of the Smiths. Whether Rigdon had, as she asserts, taken a copy of it, or whether the original now fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, there is no evidence for deciding. One thing only is clear, that by some person or other the manuscript was freely used as material in the composition of the Book of Mormon.

Whether Sidney Rigdon was concerned in the fabrication has not been distinctly ascertained; but it is a significant circumstance, that he afterwards became, next to Joseph Smith himself, the principal leader of the Mormons. How Joseph and this person became connected is not known, and which of the two originated the idea of making a new Bible out of Solomon Spaulding's novel, is equally uncertain. The wife, several friends, and the brother of Solomon Spaulding affirmed, however, the identity of the principal portions of the Book of Mormon with the novel of *The Manuscript Found*, which the author had from time to time, and in separate portions, read over to them. John Spaulding declared upon oath, that his brother's book was a historical romance, relating to the first settlers in America, endeavouring to shew that

the American Indians were descendants of the Jews, or of the lost ten tribes. He stated, that it gave a detailed account of their journey from Jerusalem by land and sea, till they arrived in America under the command of Nephi and Lehi; and that it also mentioned the Lamanites. He added, that 'he had recently read the Book of Mormon, and to his great surprise he found nearly the same historical matter and names as in his brother's writings. To the best of his recollection and belief, it was the same that his brother Solomon wrote, with the exception of the religious matter.' The widow of Solomon Spaulding, afterwards married to a Mr Davison, made a statement in a Boston newspaper, in all substantial respects similar, clearly and distinctly identifying the historical portions of the Book of Mormon with her husband's novel, and claiming the whole as his own composition, with the exception of various pious phrases and expressions which had been here and there interpolated. We presume that the evidence thus supplied must decide the question of the authorship, and that there can hardly remain a doubt that the Book of Mormon was founded on the manuscript romance of Solomon Spaulding.

As regards the fabrication, it is not unlikely that Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon acted in concert, and, mingling the materials thus provided for them with odds and ends of religious matter derived from the Old and New Testaments, produced that singular amalgamation which is now regarded as the Bible of the sect. As a literary composition, the work is but a bungling affair; the religious matter ingrafted upon the original romance being full of ungrammatical and illiterate expressions. For instance, such phrases as the following very frequently occur:—'Ye are like unto they;' 'Do as ye hath litherto done;' 'I saith unto them;' 'These things had not ought to be;' 'Ye saith unto him;' 'I, the Lord, delighteth in the chastity of women;' 'For a more history part are written upon my other plates.' Anachronisms are also frequent, and blunders of almost every imaginable kind abound. But all errors of grammar, all anachronisms, all proven contradictions, are admitted by the Mormons, and treated as things utterly indifferent. They allege that the Old and New Testaments contain ungrammatical passages, and yet are holy, and the undoubted Word of God; and that anachronisms and contradictions do not militate against the plenary inspiration either of the Bible or the Book of Mormon. They acknowledge all possible faults and objections which mere critics may detect; but affirm them to be of no account. Joseph Smith, say they, was a chosen vessel of grace, and it was not necessary, in the inscrutable purposes of Providence, that he should accurately write the English language; nor can they regard his mission as being any way invalidated by a few human mistakes in his rendering of inspiration.

What the Book of Mormon was professedly framed to teach cannot easily be shewn, without going further into detail than is possible within present limits. It may, however, be mentioned,

that the Mormonites regard it as an inspired volume, suitable to the exigencies of the Christian life in these latter times. They allege that the Book of Mormon, and a certain book of 'Doctrines and Covenants,' containing the substance of subsequent revelations made to the prophet, on various matters relating to the management of the church, form and constitute the 'fulness of the gospel;' that while they do not supersede or take anything from the Old or the New Testament, they have been designed to complete both, and are therefore to be included within the authentic canon of religious scriptures. Nevertheless, they seem to have formed ideas of God and of men's relations towards Him different from any which are promulgated in the Gospel. They acknowledge a material deity, and describe him as a being in human form, and as having the senses, passions, and all the particular attributes of humanity. 'We believe,' says Orson Spencer, an apostle of the church, 'that God is a being who hath both body and parts, and also passions;' and this notion is prominently set forth in many of the publications of the sect. In some other respects they profess to differ from the ordinary sectarian denominations. They believe in 'the existence of the gifts, in the true church, spoken of in Paul's letter to the Corinthians,' in what they describe as the 'powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel;' and mention in particular 'the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelation, healing, tongues and the interpretation of tongues, wisdom, charity, brotherly love,' and some indefinite 'et cetera.' They believe also 'in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the ten tribes; that Zion will be established upon the western continent; and that Christ will reign personally upon the earth for a thousand years.' They recognise two orders of priesthood, which they call the Aaronic and the Melchisedek. The church is governed by a prophet, whom they sometimes call president; they have twelve apostles, a number of bishops, high-priests, deacons, elders, and teachers; and they assert on behalf of Joseph Smith and many other distinguished leaders, that they had the power of working miracles and of casting out devils. They affirm that the end of the world is close at hand; and that they are the saints spoken of in the Apocalypse, who will be called to reign with Christ in a temporal kingdom on the earth.

The manner in which Joseph Smith professed to have received his priestly ordination is so curious and characteristic, that it cannot be justly overlooked. He relates that while he and Oliver Cowdery, his scribe, were engaged in translating the Book of Mormon, and while they were 'praying and calling upon the Lord' to aid them in the proper execution of the work, 'a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light,' and laying his hands upon them, ordained them, saying: 'Upon you, my fellow-servants, in the name of the Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels

and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.' He says, the messenger told them that 'this Aaronic priesthood had not the power of laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost,' but that this should be conferred on them thereafter. 'And,' says Joseph, 'he commanded us to go and be baptised, and gave us directions that I should baptise Oliver Cowdery, and afterwards that he should baptise me. Accordingly, we went and were baptised. I baptised him first, and afterwards he baptised me. After which I laid my hand upon his head, and ordained him to the Aaronic priesthood; afterwards he laid his hands on me, and ordained me to the same priesthood, for so we were commanded. The messenger who visited us on this occasion, and conferred this priesthood upon us, said that his name was John, the same that is called John the Baptist in the New Testament; and that he acted under the direction of Peter, James, and John, who held the keys of the priesthood of Melchisedek, which priesthood, he said, should in due time be conferred on us, and that I should be called the first elder, and he the second. It was on the 15th day of May 1829 that we were baptised and ordained under the hand of the messenger.'

Before the publication of the Book of Mormon, Joseph had already gathered to himself a small number of adherents. In 1830, the year after he began to announce his visions and to speak of the discovery of the plates, his followers amounted to five persons. Among these were included his father and three brothers; but in the course of a few weeks the number increased to thirty. On the 1st of June, in the year just mentioned, the first conference of the sect, as an organised church, was held at Fayette, where the prophet at that time resided. As the people of the neighbourhood generally regarded him as an impostor, his proceedings from the outset met with considerable opposition. Joseph, on the present occasion, had ordered the construction of a dam across a stream of water, for the purpose of baptising his disciples. But before the ceremony was commenced, a mob collected, and broke down the preparations, using such language towards the prophet as was anything but flattering to him or his followers, threatening him with violence, and accusing him of robbery and swindling. They derided his prophetic pretensions, charged him with having lived the life of a reprobate, and in every way did their utmost to make him the object of ridicule and suspicion. Joseph, however, was nothing daunted. With singular tact, as well as courage, he bore down all detraction by confessing boldly that he *had once* led an improper and immoral life; but, unworthy as he was, 'the Lord had chosen him—had forgiven him all his sins, and intended, in his own inscrutable purposes, to make him—weak and erring as he might have been—the instrument of his glory. Unlettered and comparatively ignorant he acknowledged

himself to be; but then, said he, was not St Peter illiterate? Were not John and the other Christian apostles men of low birth and mean position before they were called to the ministry? And what had been done before, might it not be done again, if God willed it?' By arguments such as these he strengthened the faith of those who were inclined to believe in the divinity of his mission, and partially foiled the logic of those that were opposed to him. Absurd and fanatical as his theology may seem, it is not to be denied that he shewed thus early an unquestionable talent for influencing the opinions and commanding the sympathies of persons in any way disposed to credulity and enthusiasm.

He appears to have had many contests with the preachers and leading people of other religious sects, and to have signally exasperated them against him by the boldness of his self-sufficiency, and the boundless resources of his ingenuity and impudence, in asserting and defending his pretensions. Yet if he was arrogant and presumptuous, they were not the less dogmatic and intolerant. When Joseph proved himself utterly invincible by their logic, and was not to be put down by any taunts concerning his unworthiness as a man, or his incompetency as a scholar, they had recourse to the ordinary expedient of persecution. Their animosity rose so high at last, that the prophet and his followers found the place too strait for them; and, accordingly, to escape from the virulent opposition they had to contend with, the whole family of the Smiths and the most pertinacious of their adherents deemed it prudent to remove from Palmyra and Fayetteville, and to settle themselves in other quarters. The place they selected was Kirtland, in Ohio; but this they regarded only as a temporary resting-place. The attention of the sect was directed, from the very commencement of their organisation, to the desirableness of establishing themselves in the 'Far West' territories, where, in a thinly-settled and partially-explored country, they might squat down or purchase lands at a cheap rate, and clear the wilderness for their own purposes. Shortly after their removal to Kirtland, Oliver Cowdery was sent out on an exploratory expedition, and, coming back, reported so favourably of the beauty, fertility, and cheapness of the land in Jackson County, in Missouri, that Joseph Smith himself determined to go and visit the location.

Leaving his family and principal connections in Kirtland, he proceeded with Sidney Rigdon and some others upon a long and arduous journey, his object being to fix upon a site for the 'New Jerusalem'—the future city and metropolis of the divine kingdom, where Christ was to reign over the saints as a temporal king, in 'power and great glory.' They started, apparently, about the middle of June 1831, travelling by wagons or canal-boats, and sometimes on foot, as far as Cincinnati. From this place they proceeded by steamer to Louisville and St Louis, where at length all the civilised means of transport failed them. The rest of the journey, a distance of 300 miles, had to be performed on foot.

With brave hearts and hopeful faces, however, they toiled along through the wilderness, and finally reached the town of Independence, in Jackson County, in the middle of July. Though footsore and weary, they were not sad; for the country, with its grandeurs and conveniences, surpassed their most sanguine expectations. It is pleasant to see how the prophet was enraptured at the sight of it, and how, in his description, there is even a touch of poetry. Looking intently on the landscape, he notes, 'as far as the eye can glance, the beautiful rolling prairies lay spread around like a sea of meadows.' It is a fruitful and smiling land—a land overflowing with corn and fruits, and cotton and honey, and bountifully, though not too thickly, overspread with timber; the buffalo, the elk, and the deer, with a sprinkling of less attractive animals, roam over it at pleasure; and there are turkeys and geese, and swans and ducks, and every variety of the feathered race; and altogether it is an abundant and delightful region, and seems meet for the heritage of the elect of the Most High. Here, then, decides the prophet, shall be built the future Zion; and hither shall the Saints be gathered, that they may inherit and enjoy the land in all its plenty.

That there might be no doubt among his followers that this was assuredly the spot marked out by a considerate Providence as their place of settlement, Joseph Smith contrived to obtain a direct revelation on the subject. Indeed, whenever he had any difficulty, or was about to do anything that might startle or surprise the Saints, his course was invariably smoothed before him by a timely revelation. He had only to announce: 'Thus saith the Lord your God,' and add whatsoever he deemed convenient, and the matter in hand was authoritatively settled. On the present occasion, it was revealed to him that a certain district in Jackson County was 'the land of promise, and the place for the city of Zion.' 'Behold,' says the document which he issued as a celestial communication, 'behold, the place which is now called Independence is the centre place, and a spot for the temple is lying westward, upon a lot which is not far from the court-house; wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the Saints; and also every tract lying westward, even unto the line running directly between Jew and Gentile. And also every tract bordering by the prairies, inasmuch as my disciples are enabled to buy lands.' The blending of scriptural phrase with business-like minuteness in this document is somewhat curious. It goes on to say: 'Let my servant, Sidney Gilbert, stand in the office which I have appointed him, to receive moneys, to be an agent unto the church, to buy lands in all the regions round about.' Another servant, Edward Partridge, is oracularly commanded 'to divide the Saints their inheritance.' And again, it runs: 'Verily, I say unto you, let my servant, Sidney Gilbert, plant himself in this place, and establish a store, that he may sell goods without fraud; that he may obtain money to buy lands for the good of the Saints.'

Sidney Gilbert is also enjoined to 'obtain a licence that he may send goods unto the people,' so as to provide for the preaching of the gospel 'unto those who sit in darkness.' William Phelps is to be established 'as a printer unto the church;' 'and, lo!' says the revelation, 'if the world receiveth his writings, let him obtain whatsoever he can obtain in righteousness, for the good of the Saints. And let my servant, Oliver Cowdery, assist him to copy, and to correct, and select, that all things may be right before me, as it shall be proved by the spirit through him.' And concerning the gathering, it is said: 'Let the bishop and the agent make preparations for those families which have been commanded to come to this land, as soon as possible, and plant them in their inheritance.'

On the first Sunday after his arrival, Joseph preached in the wilderness to a miscellaneous crowd of Indians, squatters, and a 'respectable company of negroes.' He made a few converts, and soon had another revelation, to the effect chiefly, that Martin Harris should 'be an example to the church in laying his moneys before the bishops of the church;' the said moneys being required to purchase land for a storehouse, 'and also for the house of the printing.' On the 3d of August, after a sojourn of about three weeks, the spot for the temple was solemnly laid out and dedicated; and Joseph, some days afterwards, having completed all his arrangements, established a bishop, and acquired, as he conceived, a firm footing for his sect in Jackson County, prepared to return into Ohio, to look after his affairs at Kirtland. On the homeward journey, nothing of consequence occurred, except that once 'Brother Phelps, in open vision, by daylight, saw the Destroyer (otherwise called the Devil) ride upon the waters' of a river near which the party was encamped. 'Others,' says Joseph, 'heard the noise, but saw not the vision.' The devil, however, was quite harmless; and after a journey of twenty-four days, the pilgrims all arrived at Kirtland.

It is a peculiarity of our prophet, that he always had the keenest eye to business. On his return to Kirtland, by the aid of others, members of the church, he established a mill, a store, and a bank. Of the latter, he appointed himself president, and intrusted Sidney Rigdon with the office of cashier. It was the object of himself and of the sect to stay in Kirtland and make money for the next five years; until, in short, the wilderness should be cleared, and the temple built in Zion.

Meanwhile, Joseph lost no opportunity of propagating his religion, and of planting branches of his church wherever he could find a soil adapted to his doctrines. He travelled about preaching in various parts of the United States, making converts with great rapidity. He had two great elements of persuasion in his favour—sufficient novelty, and unconquerable perseverance. His doctrine was both old and new. It had something of the old that was calculated to attract such as would have been repelled by a creed

altogether new, and it had sufficient novelty to strike the attention and inflame the imagination of many whose minds would have been totally uninfluenced by current and established dogmas, however powerfully preached. Basing his faith upon isolated passages of the Bible; claiming direct inspiration from Heaven; promising possession of the earth, and limiting eternal blessings, to all true believers; and, moreover, announcing his mission with a courage and audacity that despised difficulty and danger; it is not surprising that ignorant and credulous people should everywhere have listened to him, and reverently credited his extravagant pretensions. Nevertheless, his success as a propagandist was not without some drawbacks. Never, perhaps, until this enlightened nineteenth century, was it the lot of a prophet to be tarred and feathered! Such, however, was the ridiculous martyrdom which Mohammed Smith was called upon to suffer at the hands of lawless men. One night, in the month of March 1832, 'a mob of Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites,' and other miscellaneous zealots, broke into his peaceable dwelling-house, and dragging him from the wife of his bosom, stripped him naked, and in the way just indicated, most despitefully maltreated him. Under the bleak midnight sky, they carried him into a meadow a little distance from the house, and there, with curses and wild uproar, anointed his sacred person with that dark impurity which Falstaff mentions as having a tendency to defile; and then rolling him well in feathers, set him at liberty—a spectacle not inappropriate for a scarecrow! Sidney Rigdon was similarly handled, and rendered temporarily crazy by the treatment. As to the prophet, it took the whole night for his friends to cleanse his polluted skin. Yet, the next day being the Sabbath, with his 'flesh all scarified and defaced,' he preached to the congregation as usual, and in the afternoon of the same day baptised three individuals. Thus, under the absurdest persecution, the church prospers and increases, and Prophet Joseph loses nothing of his natural audacity, nor abates one whit in his confident self-assertion.

However, calling to mind the scriptural injunction: 'If they persecute you in one city, flee into another,' Joseph seems to have thought that it would not be amiss to absent himself a little from the scene of so bathotic a disaster. Accordingly, he started on the 2d of April, with a small company of adherents, for the settlement in Missouri, designing, as he said, to fulfil the revelation. Some of his inhuman persecutors dogged his steps as far as Louisville, taunting and harassing him by the way; but getting protection from the captain of a steam-boat, he arrived in safety at Independence on the 26th. Here he found the Saints going ahead with great rapidity. In obedience to a revelation which he had sent them, a printing-press had been established, and the work of proselytising was advancing famously. A monthly periodical, called the *Morning and Evening Star*, was conducted by Mr Phelps, the printer to the church; and a weekly newspaper, devoted exclusively

to the interests of Mormonism, had been started under the title of the *Upper Missouri Advertiser*. The number of the disciples amounted to nearly 3000; while in Kirtland, including women and children, they had not yet exceeded 150. The new Zion was clearly thriving, and would soon be ready for the gathering of the brethren from other quarters. Being enthusiastically received by the congregation, and solemnly acknowledged as their 'prophet, seer, and president of the high-priesthood of the church,' Joseph, after a brief and pleasant sojourn, left the place in perfect confidence that all was going on prosperously.

Perhaps he ought to have remembered, that often when things are most prosperous in appearance, there is apt to be some latent mischief or misfortune in process of development. And, to speak truly, the manner in which the Saints behaved themselves in Zion, was anything but calculated to make friends among the Gentiles. They assumed an offensive superiority over their neighbours, and spoke rather too boldly of their determination to take possession of the whole state of Missouri, and to permit no one to live in it who did not conform themselves to the Mormon creed and discipline. Strange rumours also began to spread concerning their peculiarities of intercourse and ways of living. They were accused of communism, and not simply of a community of goods and chattels, but also of a community of wives. This charge appears to have been utterly unfounded, but it was not the less effective in arousing the indignation of the people of Independence and Missouri against the Mormons. A party was secretly formed, whose object was to expel them from the state. The printing-office of the *Star* was razed to the ground, and the types and presses confiscated. A Mormon bishop was tarred and feathered, and Editor Phelps had a narrow escape from a touch of the like treatment. Outrages of almost every description were committed by armed mobs upon the Mormons, till at length they saw no chance or likelihood of ever being left at peace; and the final result was, that—having no other resource—the leaders agreed that, if time were given, the people should remove westward to some other situation.

Under circumstances of such peril and humiliation, the Saints, not unadvisedly, despatched Oliver Cowdery to Kirtland with a message to the prophet. Joseph Smith, as became his situation, proved himself not unfertile in resources. He decided that the *Morning and Evening Star* should be thenceforth published in Kirtland, and that another newspaper should be started to supply the place of the one lately printed in Missouri. He also resolved to apply to the governor of that state, and to demand justice for the outrages inflicted upon the sect. Anything that could be done to aid the brethren from a distance he was prompt and ready to undertake; but, under the circumstances, he did not deem it circumspect to venture personally into Zion. He sent his followers a prophet's blessing and a word of comfort; and then, in company

with Sidney Rigdon and another, made a journey into Canada, with the design of gaining converts.

Meanwhile, in reply to a petition which had been sent him by the Mormons, the governor of Missouri responded by a sensible and conciliatory letter. He alluded to the attack upon them as being illegal and unjustifiable, and recommended them to remain where they were, and to apply for redress to the ordinary tribunals of the country. Acting on the strength of this advice, the Mormons commenced actions against the ringleaders of the mob, engaging, by a fee of 1000 dollars, the best legal assistance to support their case. But on the 30th of October, the mob again rose in arms to expel them. Several houses of the Saints were sacked and partially demolished. The Mormons, in some instances, defended their possessions, and a regular battle ensued between them and their opponents. In this encounter, it happened that two of the latter were killed; and thenceforth the fray became so furious and alarming, that the militia was obliged to be called out to suppress it. The militia, however, being anti-Mormon to a man, took sides entirely against them, and the hapless Saints had no alternative except in flight. The women took alarm, and fled with their children across the Missouri river, where, being afterwards joined by their husbands, they all encamped in the open wilderness. They ultimately took refuge for the most part in Clay County, where they appear to have been received with some degree of kindness.

The public authorities of Missouri, and indeed all the principal people, except those of Jackson County, were exceedingly scandalised at these proceedings, and sympathised with the efforts of the Mormon leaders to obtain redress. The attorney-general of the state wrote to say, that if the Mormons desired to be re-established in their possessions, an adequate public force should be sent for their protection. He also advised them to remain in the state, and organise themselves into a regular company of militia, promising to supply them with arms at the public expense. About the same time a message arrived from the prophet, who had now returned to Kirtland, urging them to abide by their possessions, and not in any case to sell any land to which they had a legal title, but hold on 'until the Lord in his wisdom should open a way for their return.' Nevertheless, for present emergencies, he recommended them to purchase a tract of land in Clay County, and to tarry there awhile, abiding their time. He likewise communicated to them a revelation, by which they were commanded to importune the courts of justice to reinstate them in their possessions, and promised that, in case of failure, 'the Lord God himself would arise and come out of his hiding-place, and in his fury vex the nation.'

The Mormons, however, were never more restored to their beloved Zion. They remained for upwards of four years in Clay County. The land on which they settled was mostly uncleared,

but being an industrious and persevering people, they laid out farms, erected mills and stores, and carried on their business as successfully as in their previous location. But here also the suspicions and ill-feeling of the people were soon aroused against them, and were eventually the cause of their expulsion from the whole state of Missouri. The bearing of the Mormons towards the slavery question, the calumny about their community of wives, their loud pretensions of superior holiness, their repeated declarations that Missouri had been assigned to their possession by divine command, and the quarrels that were constantly resulting, brought about the same kind of misunderstandings and collisions which they had experienced in Jackson County.

At this juncture—namely, on the 5th of May 1834—Joseph Smith, the prophet, resolved to visit his persecuted church, and try what he could do to put the affairs of his scattered and dispirited disciples into order. He brought with him an organised company of 100 persons, mostly young men, and nearly all priests, deacons, teachers, and officers of the church. Twenty of them formed the body-guard of the prophet, his brother, Hyrum Smith, being captain, and another brother, George Smith, his armour-bearer. On the way, he was intercepted by the people of Jackson County, one of the leaders of whom, named Campbell, swore ‘that the eagles and turkey-buzzards should eat his flesh, if he did not, before two days, fix Joe Smith and his army so that their skins should not hold shucks.’ Joseph, who relates the story, says, however, that Campbell and his men ‘went to the ferry, and undertook to cross the Missouri river after dusk; but the angel of God saw fit to sink the boat about the middle of the river, and seven out of the twelve that attempted to cross were drowned. Thus suddenly and justly,’ he adds, ‘they went to their own place by water. Campbell was among the missing. He floated down the river some four or five miles, and lodged upon a pile of drift-wood, where the eagles, buzzards, ravens, crows, and wild animals, ate his flesh from his bones, to fulfil his own words, and left him a horrible-looking skeleton of God’s vengeance, which was discovered about three weeks afterwards by one Mr Purtle.’ But, though sustaining no material damage from the vindictive Mr Campbell, Joseph lost thirteen of his band by the ravages of cholera. Marching onwards, however, he arrived in Clay County on the 2d of July; and in the course of his brief stay of seven days, succeeded in establishing the Saints in their new settlement, on a better footing than he found them occupying on his arrival.

The history of the sect for the next three years is one of strife and contention with their enemies in Missouri. The numbers of the Mormons increased with the numbers of their opponents; and the warfare raged so bitterly, that the whole people of the state were ranged either on one side or the other. At length, in the autumn of 1837, Joseph’s bank at Kirtland suddenly stopped

payment; the district was flooded with his paper, and proceedings were taken against him and the other managers for swindling. At this untoward juncture, the prophet received a convenient revelation, commanding him to depart finally for Missouri, and live among the Saints in the land of their inheritance. A scandal runs, that he obeyed the call by departing secretly in the night; or, in Yankee phraseology, he went off 'between two days,' leaving his creditors to such remedy as might be open to them. On arriving in Missouri, he found the affairs of his church in considerable confusion. The Saints had become a numerous and powerful body; but they did not agree among themselves, and occasional seceders spread abroad all sorts of rumours and strange stories in condemnation of their polity. A great schism broke out in 1838, when Joseph Smith took occasion to denounce some of his oldest and most intimate confederates. Among these were Oliver Cowdery, Martin Harris, and Sidney Rigdon, and several other distinguished apostles and disciples. Sidney Rigdon was afterwards received back into favour and forgiven, inasmuch as he was too important a personage to be converted into an enemy. During the progress of these internal squabbles, the Gentiles of Jackson and Clay counties persisted in their persecutions, making constantly repeated efforts to expel the Mormons altogether from Missouri.

This object was finally effected in the latter part of the year 1838; and the Mormons, to the number of 15,000, took refuge in Illinois. They purchased lands in the vicinity of the town of Commerce, and shortly afterwards changed the name of the place into Nauvoo, or the City of Beauty. The country was rich in agricultural resources, and the Mormons failed not to turn them to account. 'Soon,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'the colonists changed the desert to an abode of plenty and richness: gardens sprung up as by magic, decorated with the most beautiful flowers of the old and new world, whose seeds were brought as mementoes from former homes by the converts that flocked to the new state of Zion; broad streets were soon fenced, houses erected, and the busy hum of industry heard in the marts of commerce; the steam-boat unladed its stores and passengers, and departed for a fresh supply of merchandise; fields waved with the golden harvests, and cattle dotted the rolling hills.' A site for the temple was chosen on the brow of a hill overlooking the town, and the building was commenced according to a plan or pattern which the prophet professed to have received by revelation. Flourishing centres of dense settlements sprung up in the neighbourhood of the city, and the accessions and exertions of emigrants enlarged the borders of the faithful. In the course of eighteen months, the people had erected about 2000 houses, besides schools and a variety of public buildings. The place became a populous and imposing-looking town. Joseph Smith was appointed mayor, and for awhile enjoyed an undisturbed supremacy. His word was law;

he was the temporal and spiritual head of the community; and, besides his titles of prophet, president, and mayor, he held the military title of general, in right of his command over a body of militia, which he organised under the name of the Nauvoo Legion.

Somewhere about the time at which we have now arrived, the sect began to be heard of in England. Missionaries from America appeared in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, and in several towns and places in South Wales. Their preaching was attended with very considerable success, and in three or four years the sect numbered in this country upwards of 10,000 converts. A copy of the Book of Mormon was forwarded, at the prophet's desire, to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert—a circumstance whereat the Saints in Nauvoo were much delighted, though what reception the volume met with has not been publicly ascertained. The English converts were generally urged to emigrate; and great numbers of them for some years past have been flocking to the various Mormon settlements. Numbers in these years arrived and settled at Nauvoo. But it was not to these alone that the increase of the population was confined. As Lieutenant Gunnison has related: 'Horse-thieves and housebreakers, robbers and villains, gathered there to cloak their deeds in mystery, who, caring nothing for religion, could take the appearance of baptism, and be among, but not of them. Speculators came in and bought lots, with the hope of great remuneration as the colony increased. The latter class, unwilling to pay tithes, soon fell into disrepute; and when proper time had elapsed for conversion without effect, measures were taken to oust them.' The manner of effecting this was characteristic and somewhat singular. 'A proper sum would be offered for their improvements and lands, and, if not accepted, then petty annoyances were resorted to. One of these was called "whittling off." Three men would be deputed and paid for their time, to take their jack-knives and sticks—downeast Yankees, of course—and, sitting down before the obnoxious man's door, begin their whittling. When the man came out, they would stare at him, but say nothing. If he went to the market, they followed and whittled. Whatever taunts, curses, or other provoking epithets were applied to them, no notice would be taken, no word spoken in return, no laugh on their faces. The jeers and shouts of street urchins made the welkin ring, but deep silence pervaded the whittlers. Their leerish look followed him everywhere, from "morning dawn to dusky eve." When he was in-doors, they sat patiently down, and assiduously performed their jack-knife duty. Three days are said to have been the utmost that human nature could endure of this silent annoyance. The man came to terms, sold his possessions for what he could get, or emigrated to parts unknown.'

Notwithstanding these discreditable accessions, the Mormons proper continued to increase in numbers. While settled at Nauvoo, they boasted of having 100,000 persons professing their faith in

the United States. They began to be a distinct and imposing power in the country, and in various places influenced the elections. On all political questions they were perfectly united. So bold did they become, that in 1844 they put Joseph Smith in nomination for the presidency. This was considered an absurd movement; but the Mormons, nevertheless, assert that had he lived for the next trial after, he would have been elected. No opportunity, however, was afforded him to test the truth of the prediction. A dark day for the Mormons was approaching. The people amidst whom they lived complained that their property was constantly disappearing, and that traces of it were often found in the city of Nauvoo. The redress proposed to be given them by the Mormon courts was declared to be unavailing, as the causes tried there always went against them. No Mormon could by any chance be brought to justice, they said. The leaders of the sect were likewise charged with political aspirations. It was said that they aimed to rule the state, and, under the pretence of a spiritual direction, set the laws at defiance. But, more than all, intestine quarrels conspired to bring about a distressing crisis in their affairs. Many influential and talented persons, finding themselves deceived, both in the sanctity of the prophet and in advancing their temporal fortunes, deserted his standard, and denounced him for licentiousness, drunkenness, and tyranny. Women impeached him of attempted seduction; which his apology, that it was merely to see if they were virtuous, could not satisfy. Criminations brought back recriminations against certain men.* A newspaper under the prophet's control lashed the dissenters with great bitterness; and, on the other hand, the dissenters set up a counter-organ, wherein they detailed the most offensive charges of debauchery against the prophet and his principal supporters. A city-council was then convened, and measures were immediately taken to silence the defamers. A mob of the 'faithful' destroyed their printing-press, scattering the types in the streets, and burning an edition of their paper. After finishing this work of demolition, they repaired to head-quarters, and were complimented by the prophet and his brother Hyrum, and received from them the promise of some appropriate reward. This, however, they never got, for a grand and fatal outrage was presently transacted, which brought both the power and the life of the prophet suddenly to an end.

It being impossible to bring the Mormon mob to justice through the Nauvoo courts, the officer who undertook to deal with them procured a county writ, and attempted to enforce it in the manner resorted to against ordinary offenders. But this attempt was opposed and prevented by the people and troops in Nauvoo; and when at length the militia were called out, Joseph Smith, as mayor and commanding-general of the legion, declared the city under martial law. Thereupon an appeal was made to the governor of

* See Gunnison.

the state, who forthwith ordered out three companies of the state militia, to bring the prophet and his adherents to submission, and to enforce their obedience to the laws. An officer was despatched to arrest Joseph and his brother Hyrum; but to avoid the indignity, they crossed over the Mississippi into Iowa, and there stayed to watch events, keeping up by a boat a correspondence with the Mormon council. Finding at length that their own people were incensed at their desertion, the council advised the Smiths to surrender to the governor, and to stand their trial for such a violation of the law as they could be charged with. They, accordingly, repaired to Carthage, the seat of government, and were there indicted for treason, and, in company with two of their apostles, were lodged in the county jail.

It is related that the prophet had a presentiment of evil in this affair, and said, as he surrendered: 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer morning; I have a conscience void of offence, and shall die innocent.' As the mob still breathed vengeance against the prisoners, and as the militia sided with the people, and were not to be depended on in the way of preventing violence, the governor was requested by the citizens of Nauvoo and other Mormons to set a guard over the jail. But the governor, seeing things apparently quiet, discharged the troops, and simply promised justice to all parties. It now began to be rumoured that there would be no case forthcoming against the Smiths, and that the governor was anxious they should escape. Influenced by this belief, a band of about 200 ruffians conspired to attack the jail, and take justice into their own hands. 'If law could not reach them,' they said, 'powder and shot should.' On the 27th of June 1844, they assaulted the door of the room in which the prisoners were incarcerated, and having broken in, fired upon the four all at once. Hyrum Smith was instantly killed. Joseph, with a revolver, returned two shots, hitting one man in the elbow. He then threw up the window, and attempted to leap out, but was killed in the act by the balls of the assailants outside. Both were again shot after they were dead, each receiving no less than four balls. One of the two Mormons who were with them was seriously wounded, but afterwards recovered; and the other is said to have escaped 'without a hole in his robe.'

Here, then, ends the life and prophetic mission of Joseph Smith. Henceforth the Mormons are left to be guided by another leader. Of himself it has been said: 'He founded a dynasty which his death rendered more secure, and sent forth principles that take fast hold on thousands in all lands; and the name of Great Martyr of the nineteenth century, is a tower of strength to his followers. He lived fourteen years and three months after founding a society with six members, and could boast of having 150,000 ready to do his bidding when he died; all of whom regarded his voice as from Heaven. Among his disciples he bears a character for talent, uprightness, and purity, far surpassing all other men with whom

they ever were acquainted, or whose biography they have read.' Nevertheless, it is added: 'But few of these admirers were cognizant of other than his prophetic career, and treat with scornful disdain all that is said in disparagement of his earlier life. With those who knew him in his youth, and have given us solemn testimony, he is declared an indolent vagabond, an infamous liar of consummate impudence. He is regarded by the "Gentiles," who saw him in the last few years of successful power, to have been a man of unbridled lust, and engaged with the counterfeiting and robbing bands of the Great Valley; but these charges have never been substantiated.' The man had faults enough, no doubt; but it would be the grossest injustice to deny that he had also some sterling and commanding qualities. Much of the impostor as one may detect in the beginnings of his career, any one who carefully observes his progress, may perceive that his character and designs became developed into something that was at least partially commendable. A rude, uncouth genius, who, like many another genius, for a long while apprehended not his mission; knew not the things which Nature had appointed him to do; and yet, with a blind unconscious instinct—manifested through many follies and insincerities—he struggled, and could not help but struggle, to make felt the influence and administrative power which he was born to exercise among mankind. We may call him a sort of mongrel-hero, and non-commissioned leader of the unguided; a charlatan-fanatic, whose work was half knavery and half earnest, and whom, probably, Nature had ordained to do the rough pioneering of civilisation in the waste places of her kingdoms. That he had available powers for leading and for ruling men, there is proof in the multitude and successful consolidation of his adherents. Saint or sinner, Joseph Smith must be reckoned a remarkable man in his generation; one who began and accomplished a greater work than he was aware of; and whose name, whatever he may have been whilst living, will take its place among the notabilities of the world.

After his death, the Mormons were somewhat agitated by the question of the succession to his seership. Sidney Rigdon and others came forward with claims and pretensions to the office; but finally the council of the twelve unanimously elected Brigham Young. 'This man,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'with a mien of the most retiring modesty and diffidence in ordinary intercourse in society, holds a spirit of ardent feeling and great shrewdness; and when roused in debate, or upon the preacher's stand, exhibits a boldness of speech and grasp of thought that awes and enchains with intense interest—controlling, soothing, or exasperating at pleasure the multitudes that listen to his eloquence.'

One of the first things which the new president had to do, was to conduct the removal of the Mormons from Nauvoo, and to establish them in a settlement where they should no longer be molested. Almost as soon as he was elected, arrangements began

to be made for abandoning the city; and in the spring of 1845, several parties set out on a dreary journey still further to the west. Numbers, however, remained behind to complete and consecrate the temple—a work which they ultimately effected amid general rejoicings. But no sooner was this labour of piety accomplished, than they were compelled to leave the honoured edifice, and the city in which it stood, to be ‘profaned and trodden down by the Gentiles.’ The hostility of their neighbours never once abated until they had driven them utterly out of the state; and on the part of the Mormons it was finally resolved to seek out and colonise some new and remote territory.

With this object, men were sent to the mountains, to the heads of the Missouri branches, and to California, to spy out the land; and the Calebs and Joshuas of the expedition brought such a report of the Great Salt Lake Valley, that it was immediately chosen for what the Saints were pleased to call ‘an everlasting abode.’ In the spring of 1847, a pioneer-party of 143 men proceeded to open the way; and the rest of the people, in parties of tens, fifties, and hundreds, followed. The strictest discipline of guard and march was observed by the way. After many perils, and hardships almost indescribable, they at last reached their destination. Great joy to the weary wanderers was the first sight of the goodly valley, as they beheld it before them from the final mountain summit. ‘As each team rose upon the narrow table, the delighted pilgrims saw the white salt beach of the Great Lake glistening in the never-clouded sunbeam of summer—and the view down the open gorge of the mountains, divided by a single conical peak, into the long-toiled-for vale of repose, was most ravishing to the beholder. Few such ecstatic moments are vouchsafed to mortals in the pilgrimage of life, when the dreary past is all forgotten, and the soul revels in unalloyed enjoyment, anticipating the fruition of hope.’ A few moments were allotted to each party to gaze and admire, and then with measured pace they journeyed forward, and after some sixteen miles further travelling, emerged into the valley which was to be thenceforward their unmolested home.

The journey ended, work was instantly commenced. The industry of the Mormons has, ever since they became a sect, been pre-eminently exemplary. In five days a field was consecrated, fenced, ploughed, and planted! Tents and cabins were rapidly erected for the temporary service of the emigrants; but very shortly a city was laid out, and a fort, enclosing about forty acres, built for its protection. Everywhere the most cheerful and prosperous activity went on. As yet, however, the hardships of the Mormons were not ended. During the first year, every month was so mild that they constantly ploughed and sowed; but though the winter was thus auspicious, and all things promising, they were so reduced in provisions as to be obliged to eat the hides of the slaughtered animals, and even eagerly searched for them out

of the ditches, and tore them from the roofs of the houses, to boil them for that purpose. They also dug up the wild roots used for food by the Indians. But, we are informed, the most formidable enemy they had to contend with, as the crops were nearing maturity, was an army of black ungainly crickets, which, descending from the mountain-sides, destroyed every bit of herbage in their way. No wonder the Mormon farmers considered it a miracle, when, in despair from the ravages of these 'black Philistines,' they at length were visited by large flights of beautiful white gulls, which in a short time exterminated the enemy. The next season they came earlier, and thereby saved the wheat from any harm whatever; and since then they have regularly appeared, and move hither and thither about the settlement, as tame as household pigeons. Since the first year, the crops of the Mormons have amply met their wants; and for the last three years there has been a surplus of food among them, which was sold to the gold emigrants at a less price than provisions were selling 400 miles nearer the States, and of course that distance further from the California diggings.

The social condition of this remarkable people in their present settlement is thus described by Lieutenant Gunnison, who lived among them for more than a year, in an official capacity connected with a recent exploring expedition to the Deseret or Utah territory, under direction of the United States government. He says: 'Their admirable system of combining labour, while each has his own property, in land and tenements, and the proceeds of his industry, the skill in dividing off lands, and conducting the irrigating canals to supply the want of water, which rarely falls between April and October; the cheerful manner in which every one applies himself industriously, but not laboriously; the complete reign of good neighbourhood and quiet in house and fields, form themes for admiration to the stranger coming from the dark and sterile recesses of the mountain-gorges into this flourishing valley: and he is struck with wonder at the immense results produced in so short a time by a handful of individuals. This is the result of the guidance of all those hands by one master-mind;* and we see a comfortable people residing where, it is not too much to say, the ordinary mode of subduing and settling our wild lands could never have been applied. To accomplish this, there was required religious fervour, with the flame fanned by the breezes of enthusiasm, the encircling of bands into the closest union, by the outward pressure of persecution; the high hopes of laying up a prospective reward, and returning to their deserted homes in great prosperity; the belief of re-enacting the journey of the Israelitish Church under another Moses, through the Egypt already passed, to arrive at another Jerusalem, more heavenly in its origin, and beautiful in its proportions and decorations. Single families on

* Brigham Young.

that line of travel would have starved, or fallen by the treachery of the Sioux, the cunning of the Crows and Shoshones, or the hatred of the savage Utahs. Concert and courage of the best kind were required and brought into the field, and the result is before us—to their own minds, as the direct blessing and interposition of Providence; to others, the natural reward of associated industry and perseverance. . . . Their comparative comfort and degree of prosperity is significantly shewn by the fact, that they canvassed the country, to ascertain how many inmates there would be for a poor-house, and finding only two disposed to ask public bounty, they concluded that it was not yet time to build a house of charity; and this among the thousands who, three years before, were deprived of their property, and could with the utmost difficulty transport their families into the valley!’

Among no people is the dignity of labour held more sacred than by the Mormons. The excellency and honourableness of work is exemplified in their whole polity and organisation. ‘A lazy person,’ we are told, ‘is either accursed, or likely to be; usefulness is their motto; and those who will not keep themselves, or try their best, are left to starve into industry. . . . The labour for support of one’s self and family is taught to be of as divine a character as public worship and prayer. In practice, their views unite them so as to procure all the benefits of social Christianity without running into communism. The priest and the bishop make it their boast that, like Paul the tent-maker, they earn their bread by the sweat of their brow; and teach by example on the week-day what they preach on the Sabbath.’

The territory of Utah is extensive, but it is calculated that hardly one acre in ten is fit for profitable cultivation. Immense tracts of pasturage around the cultivable spots are held in common, and are not intended to be given up to the possession of individuals. It is worthy of being mentioned, that when the Mormons arrived in the valley, they did not quarrel about the fertile, eligible plots, but put a portion under cultivation jointly, and made equitable apportionment of the proceeds of the crop, according to the skill, labour, and seed contributed. The city was laid off into lots, which, by mutual consent, were assigned by the presidency, on a plan of equitable and judicious distribution. It is true, after the assignments were made, some persons commenced the usual speculations of selling according to eligibility of situation; but this called forth anathemas from the spiritual power, and no one was permitted to traffic for the sake of profit. If any sales were to be made, the first cost and actual value of improvements were all that was to be allowed. ‘The land belongs to the Lord,’ it was said, ‘and his Saints are to use so much as each can work profitably.’

The Great Salt Lake city, which is laid out in squares, is described as a place of great attractions. The streets are 132 feet wide, with 20 feet side-walks; and a creek which runs through

the city, is so divided as to run along each walk and water a colonnade of trees, and is made likewise to communicate with the gardens. The lots contain nearly an acre each, and face on alternate streets, with eight lots in every block. The site of the city is slightly sloping, with the exception of a part to the north, where it rises into a sort of natural terrace. It is four miles square, and is watered by several small streams, and a canal twelve miles long, besides being bounded on the western side by the Jordan river. Besides this central city, there are four other colonies which have branched off from it; and towns, with thickly-populated and rapidly-growing suburbs, extend along a line of 200 miles of country. Various public edifices have been built, or are now in progress of erection. In one place, a large and commodious state-house was completed in 1850; and there is a wooden railway laid down to certain quarries some miles distant, for the purpose of transporting the fine red sandstone to a situation called the Temple Block, 'where a gorgeous pile is to be erected, which shall surpass in magnificence any yet built by man, and which shall be second only to that finally to be constructed by themselves, when the presidency shall be installed at the New Jerusalem, on the temple-site of Zion.'

The system of government under which the Mormons live is described by themselves as a 'Theo-democracy.' They are organised into a state, with all the order of legislative, judicial, and executive offices, regularly filled, under a constitution said to be eminently republican in sentiment, and tolerant in religion. The president of the church is the temporal civil governor, and rules in virtue of prophetic right over the community. They profess to stand, in a civil capacity, like the Israelites of old under their leader Moses. The legislature can make no law to regulate the revelations of the prophet, save in so far as may be necessary to carry them into practical effect. The entire management and ultimate control of everything is vested in the presidency, which consists of three persons—the seer, and two counsellors of his selection. It is this board that governs the universal Mormon church—called universal, because they claim to have preached in almost every nation, and in every congressional district of the United States; and have established societies called 'Stakes of Zion,' on the model of their home-assembly, on the islands of the ocean, and on either continent. All are bound to obey the presidency—at home, in all things; and abroad, in things spiritual, independent of every consideration—and the converts are commanded to gather to the mountains as fast as may be convenient and compatible with their character and situation.

The reason for this command is grounded in those peculiar spiritual pretensions which have all along conduced to separate the Mormons from other civilised communities. The leading pretension is, that they constitute the only true church of God and Jesus Christ; and they profess to rest their hopes on the

expectation of divine intervention in gathering to themselves all who are destined and prepared to embrace the 'true and everlasting gospel.' When their numbers shall be complete, they suppose that all the sects of Christendom will be absorbed into the one which will be most concentrated and numerous. This amalgamated host will then constitute what they seem to regard as the army of Antichrist, which, 'under the banner of the Pope of Rome,' will prepare to confront the Saints of the Latter Days in mortal conflict. In the contest, the Saints expect to be victorious; and then the earth will become their undivided property, and Christ will descend from heaven to reign over them through a blissful millennium.

It were idle to say anything about the absurdity of the claims thus cursorily summed up; and, indeed, it is matter of question whether the Mormons will long continue to entertain them. We suspect that even now they obtain but little recognition, except among the speculative and most visionary of the priestly orders, and are by them for the most part reserved as esoteric mysteries. We are told that the preaching from the pulpit, and the usual extempore teachings, are restricted to the promulgation of doctrines like those commonly inculcated by the Christian sects which hold to faith, repentance, baptism, and the resurrection of the body. 'Their mode of conducting worship is to assemble at a particular hour, and the senior priest then indicates order by asking a blessing on the congregation and exercises, when a hymn from their own collection is sung, prayer made extempore, and another sacred song; followed by a sermon from some one previously appointed to preach, which is usually continued by exhortations and remarks from those who "feel moved upon to speak." Then notice of the arrangement of the tithe-labour for the ensuing week, and information on all secular matters interesting to them in a church capacity, is read by the council-clerk, and the congregation dismissed by a benediction.*' Everything of a gloomy or sombre character is excluded from the ordinances; and during the assembling and departure of the congregation, their feelings are exhilarated by an excellent band of music playing marches, waltzes, and animating anthems.

In all their social and domestic relations, the Mormons are represented as being uniformly cheerful. Though professedly living in anticipation of a miraculous millennium, they object not to enjoy the hour that now is, and cordially participate in all the healthful and gladdening satisfactions which this temporary state affords. It is one of their peculiarities to blend the serious with the gay, and to invest their most light and frivolous pastimes with a kind of religious sanction. 'In their social gatherings and evening-parties,' says Lieutenant Gunnison, 'patronised by the presence of the prophets and apostles, it is not unusual to open the

ball with prayer, asking the blessing of God upon their amusements, as well as upon any other engagement; and then will follow the most sprightly dancing, in which all join with hearty good-will, from the highest dignitary to the humblest individual; and this exercise is to become part of the temple-worship, to "praise God in songs and dances." These private balls and soirées are frequently extended beyond the time of cock-crowing by the younger members; and the remains of the evening repast furnish the breakfast for the jovial guests. The cheerful happy faces, the self-satisfied countenances, the cordial salutation of brother or sister on all occasions of address, the lively strains of music pouring forth from merry hearts in every domicile, as women and children sing their "songs of Zion," while plying the domestic tasks, give an impression of a happy society in the vales of Deseret.'

In only one respect can the Mormons be said to outrage the ordinary morality of mankind—and that is in what has been styled 'their peculiar institution of polygamy.' 'That many have a large number of wives in Deseret,' says Gunnison, 'is perfectly manifest to any one residing long among them; and, indeed, the subject begins to be more openly discussed than formerly; and it is announced that a treatise is in preparation, to prove by the Scriptures the right of plurality by all Christians, if not to declare their own practice of the same.' This we must regard as a serious and debasing blemish in their 'patriarchal' form of life, tending, as it manifestly does, to the inevitable dishonouring of women, and the desecration of the holy ties of family. It seems probable, however, that among a people so generally earnest and sincere, there is natural health and virtue enough to lead them back eventually to a nobler and purer relation of the sexes—to that sacred and only natural relation which from the first has been ordained to man and woman.

There are some other disturbing elements in Mormonism, which are most likely destined to be cast out or modified, if their peculiar social polity is ever to be anything but a temporary experiment. Right as they may be, theoretically, in holding that just and proper human government rests upon a true interpretation of the divine will, their practical exemplification of the principle is nothing more than a product of the human will—the will, namely, of the seer—supported and directed by such judgment, intelligence, and other mere natural ability which he may happen to possess. If the voice of the seer were, in fact, the voice of God, all would indeed be well, and their theocratical pretensions might seem to be sufficiently established. But so long as we have only the seer's word, and the assertions of his disciples in support of the assumption, the claim of a divine right to govern must be tested by its results; and whether these be admirable or the contrary, the power of a ruler acting by so indefinite a right, resolves itself into a manifestation of pure despotism. While the despotism is just, and the people comparatively incompetent to take part in the management of

their political affairs, such a system of government may be productive of advantages, and in most respects answer the needs and ends of the society; but as education spreads, and the perennial inspiration of the seer comes to be doubted or denied, a pretension so arrogant and preposterous will inevitably produce rebellions, and must finally go the way of all the shams that have been annihilated. This the present president, Brigham Young, apparently perceives, for we hear that, with praiseworthy caution, he is 'wary of giving revelations,' and seems to be waiting for the time when they may be quietly dispensed with. He tells the people that the prophet has left more work carved out, than several years of faithful diligence will accomplish; and until all the duties thus entailed have been fulfilled, he does not consider it needful to ask for any more light from Heaven!

In drawing what we have written to a close, our own conclusion is, that the Mormon doctrines are for the most part nonsense, but that what the Mormons *do* is in many ways commendable. The world may very well permit them to indulge in their millennial fancies and patriarchal crotchets, so long as they live peaceably and honestly among themselves, and make no intolerant aggressions on the beliefs and religious systems that differ from their own. Their steadfast and honourable industry, the unity of aim and sentiment that subsists among them, their zealous devotion to a central idea, their reverent, if perverted, recognition of a Supreme Power over them, the pleasant fellowship that results from their social regulations, and the robust and sterling independence by which they are distinguished as a community; these, and other highly creditable qualities and characteristics, assuredly entitle them to the honest respect of all candid and discriminating persons, and must sooner or later secure for them an extensive and deserving admiration. Nothing but good-will and an indulgent charity are due to these earnest, stalwart children of the desert—these rough and intrepid backwoodsmen of the universe—who, called by a voice which they but imperfectly understand, have nevertheless gone forth to subdue and cultivate a remote and barren region, so that, instead of the heath and the brushwood, it may bear grain for the food of man, and become a blossoming and fruitful garden for his habitation and delight. Not inaptly have they been likened to the Puritans of New England; for although their professing faith is different, they resemble them thoroughly in their hardy isolation and exclusiveness, and are endowed with the like invincibility of purpose; they are as energetic and as enduring; they have sustained persecutions more fiery and desolating, have toiled against all imaginable obstructions for liberty to work and live, contended bravely with wild Indians and the hordes of pestilent outlaws that lurk about the frontiers of civilisation; they have passed through many and enormous perils in roadless prairies and primeval forests, in rocky fastnesses and on the waves of bridgeless rivers; and after the severest struggles and endurance, they have at last made for

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themselves a prosperous and peaceful home in the bosom of the wilderness. These people are not to be despised, nor too much taunted with the impositions or irregularities of their founders; for whatever may have been the moral state of Mormon society in times past, according to all reliable testimony, great improvement has been for a long while steadily going on, and is sufficient to justify us in the belief, that in regard to the few peculiarities of conduct which demand our reprehension, there will eventually be a decided and permanent reformation. Their successful exemplification of a great social principle—the principle of concert in employments, and in the distribution of the products of their industry, along with the many solid and generous virtues which are daily manifested by their common lives and conversation—may be fairly considered proof of a large preponderance of worth, sufficient to overbalance the few admitted sins they may be guilty of; and considering that there is no society in which there is so little habitual crime and misery, and so large an amount of general comfort and wellbeing, the Mormon polity may be said to be admirably suited to the people living under it, and to answer all the ends for which it has been constituted. As a plan for obtaining the aggregate result of single efforts, it is the best social and industrial experiment that has yet been tried on any considerable scale. Summed up in the words of one of the Mormon writers—a man of no indifferent learning and ability—it is a polity intended to enable and induce ‘each person to operate at what and where he can do best, and with all his might; being subject to the counsel of those above him.’ In an enterprise so nobly philosophical and judicious, no unprejudiced or discerning mind can wish them anything but a continued and prolonged success.





CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY.



LIBERIA.

THE little African republic of Liberia has of late years excited in this country and other parts of Europe, as well as in America, an amount of interest which, unless its sources were known, would appear quite out of proportion to the actual importance of that infant commonwealth. A small community of emancipated slaves and descendants of slaves, recently established on a remote and unfrequented coast, would seem likely to attract but little notice, and that only of a casual and half-contemptuous kind. Such would certainly have been the manner and spirit in

which Roman statesmen and philosophers, in the days of Scipio or of Augustus, would have regarded such an insignificant colony of freedmen, if indeed they had deigned to notice it at all. But at the present day we have learned, or are gradually learning, to estimate communities, as well as individuals, by a new standard. The result is, that this young and feeble colony, whose brief history inspires so many hopes for the cause of human progress, is regarded by many persons with an interest which might almost be termed affectionate. The extinction of the slave-trade, and ultimately of slavery itself—the diffusion of Christian civilisation over the vast interior of Africa—such are the splendid results which philanthropists and politicians expect from the success and extension of this settlement. Men of science and men of business, who confine their attention to their own special pursuits, cannot but regard with curiosity and good-will the prosperous growth of a community which seems destined to solve the long-vexed question of the capacity of the African race for self-government, and to convert the African peninsula into a vast garden of tropical products for the supply of industrious and wealthy Europe.

Views and expectations like these influencing the minds of eminent statesmen in this and some other countries, have led them to form favourable treaties with the young republic—to protect its interests with friendly care, to receive its chief magistrate with the honours reserved for the most distinguished visitors, and to manifest in other ways the peculiar regard which the colony seems to awaken in all who are acquainted with its history and character. The same feelings, it is hoped, will lend an interest, in the eyes of many readers, to the following account of the past fortunes and present condition of the settlement. The facts embodied in this narrative, it should be stated, have been obtained in part from publications of good authority, and in part from the communications of respectable inhabitants of the colony.

A history of the Liberian republic, to be fully intelligible, must be preceded by a description of its situation and present extent. In most of our modern maps, the coast of Upper Guinea is divided into four sections, styled respectively; beginning from the east, the Slave Coast, the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, and the Grain Coast. The three first-named divisions face to the southward, the line of coast running nearly east and west, and forming the northern shore of the Gulf of Guinea. But at Cape Palmas, which is the western limit of the Ivory Coast, the line of coast bends to the north-east, facing the Atlantic Ocean, and keeps on in this direction beyond Sierra Leone, nearly to the mouth of the river Gambia. The southern portion of this coast, between Cape Palmas and Sierra Leone, is the fertile region formerly known as the Grain Coast. The native inhabitants, though as barbarous in most respects as their neighbours, were somewhat more industrious, and more addicted to agricultural pursuits. The slave-

dealers, as well as the honest traders who visited the Guinea Coast, were accustomed to purchase here their supplies of rice, and such other provisions as the country afforded. The influence of this trade upon the inhabitants, had it not been counteracted by one more powerful, would have been highly beneficial; but, unhappily, the slave-trade was at the same time carried on here with great activity, and with the usual results. The native population was first demoralised by it, and then nearly exterminated. The destructive effects of the African slave-trade have only of late years become fully known. It is probable that, during the past century, the population of a great part of Africa, and more particularly of the regions near the coast, has been constantly diminishing from this cause alone. In the year 1823, shortly after the arrival of the first Liberian colonists on the Grain Coast, the governor of the settlement travelled about 150 miles along that coast. There were indications sufficient to shew that the country had formerly been very populous. He found it 'nearly desolated of inhabitants,' and covered with dense forests and almost impervious thickets of brambles. Of one of the streams, on which he had purchased a site for a colonial village, he wrote: 'Along this beautiful river were formerly scattered, in Africa's better days, innumerable hamlets; and till within the last twenty years, nearly the whole river-board, for one or two miles back, was under that slight culture which obtains among the natives of this country. But the population has been wasted by the rage for trading in slaves. A few detached and solitary plantations, scattered at long intervals through the tract, just serve to interrupt the silence and relieve the gloom which reigns over the whole region.'

Such was the state of that part of the country in which Liberia was founded. The whole of the Grain Coast, from the colony of Sierra Leone on the north, to Cape Palmas on the south, is now comprised within the territory of that republic. The length of this line of coast is about 500 miles. The average breadth of the colonial territory, between the coast and the independent tribes of the interior, is about 40 miles. The extent of country over which the republic now exercises jurisdiction is not less than 20,000 square miles. This is nearly three times the area of Wales, or about equal to two-thirds of Scotland. But the population of the republic, though rapidly increasing, is as yet by no means commensurate with its extent, or with the natural capabilities of the country. It comprises only about 12,000 colonists from America, with about 340,000 natives, who have voluntarily placed themselves under the laws of the commonwealth. But along this coast the slave-trade has been entirely abolished. Cultivation of the soil is rapidly extending. The forests and brambles are already in many parts cleared away. Where once stood the innumerable hamlets of pagan savages, Christian villages are springing up. Small colonial schooners, laden with palm-oil, dye-woods, rice,

coffee, and other products of the country, ply constantly along the coast, where, fifty years ago, even the pirate and the slave-trader sometimes hesitated to land, so great was their dread of the fierce and treacherous tribes that inhabited it. On what was, at one time, the site of the principal slave-mart of the Grain Coast, is now situated the capital of Liberia—a thriving seaport town, of 2000 inhabitants, with its stores and wharfs, its light-house and fort, its court-house, schools, churches, newspapers, and literary and charitable associations. In the following pages, we propose to sketch, as briefly as possible, the causes and events by which these astonishing and delightful changes have been effected.

About the close of the year 1816, an association was formed at Washington, styled the American Colonisation Society for Colonising the Free People of Colour of the United States. The founders of this society were a few benevolent Americans, who felt deeply for the unhappy condition of the coloured inhabitants of their country, both bond and free. On some accounts, indeed, the free negroes in America are even more to be pitied than the slaves. With the natural aspirations of freemen, they find themselves depressed into an inferior caste, repulsed from the society of the white race, and excluded from all but the most humble and least lucrative employments. The object for which the Colonisation Society was established, was to found on the coast of Africa, or in some other place beyond the limits of the United States, a colony of free coloured people from America. The originators of the society did not, however, confine their views merely to the deportation of persons previously free; on the contrary, they anticipated that many slaves would be emancipated by their owners for the express purpose of sending them to the colony. The event has shewn that these expectations were well founded. More than half of the colonists now in Liberia were originally slaves, and would probably have remained in that condition but for the establishment of the colony. If the Colonisation Society had done nothing more than procure the freedom of 5000 slaves, and place them in comfortable circumstances, its members would have abundant reason to be satisfied with their work. But the society has accomplished much more than this. The real purpose which some of its most intelligent and far-seeing founders had in view, was of a much vaster scope: they meant to discover and open a way by which the emancipation of all the slaves in the United States might ultimately be effected. It is true that this expectation—which might, if publicly proclaimed, have fixed upon them at the time the reputation of visionaries—was kept in a measure out of view. But abundant evidence remains to shew, that the purpose and hope were really entertained by them; and the fact ought to be remembered to their credit, now that their noble and philanthropic design seems to be in a fair way for accomplishment.

Although some of the most eminent public men of America, including the late distinguished statesmen, Mr Henry Clay and

Mr Daniel Webster, were members of the society, it was from the beginning a private association, dependent for its resources entirely on voluntary contributions. The slight assistance which it occasionally received from the government, was given through an indirect channel. A few Africans, liberated from slave-ships, were placed by President Monroe in charge of the society, with the funds necessary for their support. The American men-of-war cruising on the coast of Africa gave, on some occasions, valuable aid and protection to the settlement; though, as it happened, the most important succour which the colony ever received, was given shortly after its establishment by a British ship and a British military officer.

The members of the society seem to have relied much from the first on the sympathy and interest which their undertaking would awaken in this country. The two agents who were sent out in 1817 to purchase a site for the settlement, came first to London, and sought the counsel of Mr Wilberforce, Mr Clarkson, and other distinguished and influential friends of the African race. As may be supposed, they were cordially welcomed, and the advice and aid they required were readily given. From England, they sailed for Sierra Leone, where they met with an equally friendly reception. Every desired facility was afforded to them; and two intelligent men from that colony accompanied them as guides and interpreters in their voyage down the coast. They selected for the site of their first settlement the island of Sherboro, situated near the coast, about 120 miles south of Sierra Leone. In returning to America, one of the agents, Mr Samuel Mills, who had also been one of the most active in founding the Colonisation Society, sickened and died, probably of disease contracted on the coast. His name is the first in a long list of martyrs who have fallen victims to their zeal for the accomplishment of this benevolent enterprise. Nearly 100 white men, Americans and English, have thus perished while aiding in founding the republic of Liberia.

In February 1820, the first emigrant ship sailed from New York for the African coast. There were on board thirty families of colonists, comprising in all eighty-nine individuals. They were under the charge of three white men, one of whom was a clergyman, and another a medical man. They touched at Sierra Leone, where they were kindly received. An American man-of-war arrived shortly after them, and a lieutenant, with a boat's crew, went with them to aid in forming their settlement on Sherboro Island. The result of this first attempt was most disastrous. The island was low, and covered in most parts with a dense jungle: it proved to be one of the most unhealthy spots along that pestilential coast. Within a few months the three agents, the lieutenant with all his boat's crew—every white man, in short, who took part in the expedition, died of the African fever; twenty of the emigrants shared their fate. The remainder were conveyed back to Sierra

Leone, where the governor generously provided for them until the Colonisation Society was able to resume its charge of them.

When the news of this deplorable issue of the first experiment reached America, some members of the society were for giving up the whole undertaking as a hopeless affair, but the majority determined to persevere. Four gentlemen undertook the perilous office of agents—a duty on which they must have entered with feelings somewhat similar to those which animate the volunteers who lead a forlorn-hope in an assault upon a strongly garrisoned fortress. Two of the four were clergymen, and one of them was a brother of one who had just before perished on Sherboro Island. In less than six months after their arrival on the African coast, two of the agents died, another returned in broken health to America, and the fourth was left alone. He was presently joined, however, by a fellow-worker, a physician from Philadelphia, who volunteered for this service. It is worthy of notice, that although the almost inevitable fate which awaited those who were engaged in this duty was well known, the society seem never to have had any difficulty in finding zealous and well-qualified persons to undertake it. The last-mentioned volunteer, Dr Ayres, aided by Captain Stockton of the American navy, succeeded in purchasing a small tract of land, in a locality which happily proved to be the most eligible site for the colony that could have been chosen. This was at Cape Montserrado—a name sometimes corrupted to Mesurado—on the Grain Coast, about 300 miles south-east of Sierra Leone. The cape is a long promontory, rising about 200 feet above the general low level of the coast, and jutting boldly forward into the sea. On the north side is a small bay, with a roadstead, offering a safe anchorage for shipping. To this place the emigrants were transported from Sierra Leone, and on the 25th of April 1822, the American flag was hoisted on the cape, and the foundation was commenced of what is now the capital town of the Liberian Republic. The colonists who had survived the fever on Sherboro Island, were found to be thoroughly acclimated, and as healthy as they had been in America. There was reason to hope that the colony, being at length fairly established in a favourable situation, would continue to grow and prosper.

The little settlement had yet, however, some severe trials to go through. A few months after the colonists had taken up their residence on Cape Montserrado, the neighbouring tribes formed a confederacy to expel or exterminate them. The land they occupied had been fairly purchased; but the native chiefs, who derived most of their revenue from the slave-trade, soon discovered that this source of wealth would be entirely cut off by the new settlement. They feared, also, and naturally enough, that the colonists, gradually increasing in numbers and strength, would seize upon the whole country, and destroy or drive away the native occupants. This was the manner in which powerful chiefs among themselves were accustomed to treat their weaker neighbours, and

they could not suppose that the colonists would act upon a different system. Fortunately, at this time, the settlement was governed by a man of singular ability and energy, Mr Ashmun, then just appointed agent of the Colonisation Society, and known in the annals of Liberia as the first governor, and the real founder of the infant state. Mr Ashmun was a young man, who had been engaged in literary labour in the United States. His remarkable capacity for the management of affairs was probably not known even to himself until it was called forth by the circumstances of his new position. These were of such a nature as would have appalled an ordinary mind. He arrived in the midst of the rainy season. On landing, accompanied by his wife, he found that neither for himself nor for the fifty emigrants whom he brought with him was there any shelter provided. Only about thirty huts had been erected, and these were barely sufficient to accommodate the colonists already in the settlement. An accidental fire had recently consumed the greater part of the colony's stores. The natives were threatening hostilities, and no works of defence had been constructed. During three months, Mr Ashmun laboured incessantly to supply these deficiencies, and insure the safety of the colony. He had cabins hastily constructed for the shelter of his company. The colony had six small pieces of artillery, some of which were half buried in the mud on the opposite side of the river. These were disinterred, brought over, and dragged, with great labour, up the steep bank to the height on which the town was built. They were then mounted on rude carriages, planted about the town in commanding positions, and covered by stockades. All the men in the settlement, only forty in number, were enrolled, drilled, told off into watches, and carefully instructed in their several duties. The forest, which encroached closely upon the little settlement, was cleared away, so that it might not afford a cover for the enemy. Mr Ashmun, while directing these labours, had to endure great sufferings. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, became ill with the fever, and died about six weeks after they landed. Mr Ashmun himself, attacked by the same illness, and oppressed with grief and toil, was for a time disabled. He lay for several days insensible; but as soon as he had partially recovered, he resumed his duties with indomitable resolution. After a night of delirium, he sometimes spent the following morning in directing the important works which were going on. He made repeated efforts to conciliate the hostile chiefs by negotiations and by presents, but without success. Finding that war was inevitable, he took care to be prepared in time. He states in the journal, and the fact should be mentioned as an evidence of his forethought and good judgment, that he 'had arranged a plan for obtaining intelligence, which left him ignorant of none of their movements; and by the singular fidelity and diligence of an individual, whose name it was still necessary to conceal, was perfectly informed of the temper and stand of every influential headman in

the country, and often furnished with the very arguments used by them in their debates.⁷

At length, on the morning of the 11th of November 1822, the threatened attack took place. A thousand savage warriors, armed with muskets and cutlasses, rushed suddenly upon the little village of the colonists. Their first assault was made with such violence as to be irresistible. One of the guns was captured, and several of the defenders killed or wounded. But the assailants having stopped to plunder some of the houses, time was given for the colonists to rally and bring the other pieces of artillery to bear upon the enemy. This was done with such effect, that the barbarians were soon thrown into confusion, and at last fled in dismay. They carried off, however, some of the spoil they had obtained, and seven small children whom they had seized in the houses. These children were restored unhurt to their friends after the conclusion of the war. Mr Ashmun now attempted again to resume negotiations with the chiefs, but they were in a bad temper, and refused to treat with him, still believing themselves strong enough to crush his little band by a bold and well-combined effort. Accordingly, on the 1st of December, a second attack was made on the town, which was assaulted on two sides at once with great fury and determination. The enemy, though promptly encountered and repeatedly driven back, kept up the contest for nearly two hours. The colonists, however, were so well sheltered by the fortifications, that only three of them were severely hurt, one of whom died from the effects of his wounds. The enemy's loss in both the assaults was heavy, though its exact amount was not known.

The discomfited but sullen chiefs still refused to come to an accommodation. The situation of the colonists had become well-nigh desperate: they had only provisions in the settlement sufficient to last for fifteen days—their supplies from the country were entirely cut off by the besieging force; and they had only two rounds of ammunition left for their guns. From this perilous condition they were rescued in a remarkable manner. On the night after the last attack, the watch on duty heard a suspicious noise, and, fearing an ambuscade, fired off some muskets and a cannon. It proved to be a false alarm; but the report of the gun was fortunately heard on board an English government schooner, which was just then passing Cape Monterrado, on its way from Sierra Leone to Cape Coast Castle. The discharge of artillery at midnight, on a barbarous coast, was a strange and unaccountable event, which naturally excited curiosity. The schooner lay-to till morning, when a boat was sent on shore. The character and situation of the colonists, as soon as the circumstances were known, excited great sympathy, and every aid that could be given to them was at once afforded. Among the passengers in the schooner was Major Laing, the distinguished African traveller, who at once offered his mediation to bring about a restoration of peace. British

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influence was then, and still is, powerful along that coast; and the hostile chiefs, humbled by two defeats, were glad to accept the terms proposed by Major Laing. Peace was concluded, and a good understanding for the first time seemed to prevail between the colonists and the natives. Some fear of treachery, however, was still entertained; and when the schooner departed, on the 4th of December, midshipman Gordon with eleven sailors volunteered to remain behind, to watch over the execution of the treaty, and protect the colony. But these warm-hearted seamen were destined only to swell the dismal list of victims who have perished in this benevolent work. Within four weeks after the sailing of the schooner, Gordon and eight of his men, struck down by the poisonous malaria of the coast, were borne to their graves by the sorrowing colonists. A few months afterwards, an American man-of-war cast anchor in Montserrado Bay, and the officers and crew, animated by similar feelings, spent three weeks in strengthening the fortifications, improving the buildings, attending the wounded, and otherwise assisting the colonists. By that time, the inevitable fever began its ravages. The surgeon was the first victim; and though the vessel put to sea immediately, forty men of the crew died before the pestilence was subdued. Thus the Angel of Death guards the threshold of Africa from the tread of the conquering white race, and preserves the land as the future home of its own oppressed and far-scattered children!

Since this first struggle for existence, the colony has never been in serious danger from the hostility of the native tribes. Its chief town has not again been attacked, and the colonists now consider themselves as safe in it as they would be in America. Nor has there been another confederacy of many chiefs against the colony; but, on several occasions, small outlying villages have been assailed by marauding chieftains, who have been unable to restrain their own warlike propensities or those of their followers. In two or three cases, these attacks have been incited by slave-dealers, who have found that the extension of the colony was putting an end to their atrocious traffic. The result has been, in every case, that the volunteer or militia forces of the colony, usually headed by the governor in person, have been able to subdue the enemy and put an end to the war, if such it could be called, in one or two combats. One reason of the speedy success of the Liberians in their wars, is to be found in the circumstance that they make no conquests, and exact no indemnities. All the land they possess has been purchased in time of peace. A hostile chief, who ceases to fight and is willing to come to terms, is allowed to retain his land, usually on condition of submitting to the general laws of the colony. Many chiefs and tribes have sought this union with the colony as a favour, hoping to find themselves thus protected from the attacks of their more powerful neighbours. In this way, as well as by frequent purchases of land with funds supplied from America and from this country, the authority of the colony has

been gradually extended over about a quarter of a million of the native inhabitants.

One other important event in Mr Ashmun's administration remains to be noticed. It has been seen how that gentleman, a student and a writer of books, suddenly displayed great energy and large mental resources in the performance of the practical duties of his office. It might have been expected that he would be found still more at home in whatever concerned the theory of government. Curiously enough, it was in this alone that he failed. He did not perceive that, to insure the complete success of any colony, but, above all, of a colony like Liberia, it was essential that the settlers should have, in a great measure, if not entirely, the management of their own affairs; and he greatly underrated the capacity of the colonists for self-government. By a rather strange oversight, although the colony was founded for the purpose of testing the ability of the coloured people to govern themselves, no provision had been made by the Colonisation Society for enabling the first emigrants to take any part in its public administration. The society's agent had absolute power in the settlement. During the first year of danger and distress, the common perils and labours occupied the attention of all; and little heed was given to other subjects, however important. But at length when peace was restored and trade commenced with the natives, when new settlers arrived and fresh distributions of land took place, the natural interest which free citizens must feel in the affairs of their community began to be awakened. Some acts of the agent excited dissatisfaction. The colonists demurred to his exercise of absolute authority, and demanded a share in the government. At length the excitement became a mutiny. Mr Ashmun met it with his usual energy, and partially repressed it by a fervid and solemn appeal to the gratitude and reason of the colonists, reminding them of the duties which they owed to the parent association, and of the evils which would follow if they should then break off their connection with the society. 'The authority of the United States and the Colonisation Society,' he finally warned them, 'must be re-established in all its perfection on this cape, or you must scatter and perish.' The appeal produced a considerable effect. The mutineers submitted; but the discontent was not allayed.

Happily, just at this time the Colonisation Society had determined to repair the original omission in their plans. Some inkling of the state of affairs in the colony had reached home, and it was determined to send out a special agent, with full powers for the redress of grievances. The Rev. Mr Gurley undertook this office, and executed it in a manner which produced a very beneficial effect. Of Mr Ashmun's general system of management, he found every reason for approving; and he persuaded that gentleman to give up his intention of returning to the United States, and continue in charge of the settlement. But on the self-government question,

Mr Gurley perceived that the colonists were in the right. Assembling all the men, to the number of about 100, in their little church, he laid before them the plan of a constitution, by which the election of all public officers, except the agent (or governor) and two magistrates, was to be committed, under certain regulations, to the colonists. The supremacy of the society was still insisted upon, for the present; but there was no probability that it would be exercised in a manner opposed to the wishes of the settlers. The plan was cordially accepted by the colonists; and all discontent vanished as soon as it was put in operation.

Mr Gurley, it should here be stated, besides a constitution, brought out also an appropriate name for the settlement. Hitherto, it had commonly been known as the Montserrado Colony; but the society had determined to rechristen it by the attractive and significant appellation of LIBERIA—the Land of Freedom. The chief town, or Cape Montserrado, received the name of Monrovia, in token of gratitude to President Monroe, who had done all that lay in his power to favour the society's undertaking. The progress of the colony during the remainder of Mr Ashmun's term of office was in every way satisfactory. Peace was maintained with the natives, and a profitable trade was opened with the tribes of the interior. Frequent arrivals of emigrants from America strengthened the colony, and led to the formation of new settlements. Most of these were on the St Paul's River, a fine stream which flows into the ocean near Montserrado Bay. The settlers now began to apply themselves to agricultural labours, to which many of them had been accustomed in America. Some failures were experienced by the cultivators before they learned to adapt their methods to the soil and climate of their new country. Their crops were swept away by floods, devoured by insects, or laid waste by troops of antelopes, monkeys, and porcupines from the surrounding forests. But in time the means of preventing these disasters were discovered; and plantations of rice, maize, sweet potatoes, bananas, oranges, and various other vegetables and fruit-trees, were found to yield ample returns for the labour bestowed upon them.

In March 1828, Mr Ashmun was compelled, by the failure of his health, to quit the colony. The people, who had become warmly attached to him, accompanied him in a body to the ship, and took a last leave of him with many demonstrations of sorrow. He survived to reach his native country, and died a few days afterwards at Newhaven, in Connecticut, where a monument has since been erected to his memory by the Colonisation Society. His successors in the government of the colony for the next ten years—Dr Randall, Mr Mechlin, the Rev. Mr Pinney, and Dr Skinner—appear to have been animated by a similar zeal, and to have conducted the affairs of the colony with discretion and good success. The first named of these gentlemen died in office; the others withdrew in failing health, after two or three years of

service. The history of the colony during this period comprises only the usual incidents—frequent purchases of territory, particularly along the coast, with a view of suppressing the slave-trade; the arrival of emigrant ships; the formation of new settlements; the building of churches and schools; with occasionally some breach of the peace by a turbulent native chief, who, after being summarily put down by the Liberian volunteers, was usually glad to be received into favour and made a Liberian citizen.

But while the colony was thus prospering, the society to which it owed its existence underwent some remarkable vicissitudes. At the outset, its object and plans were regarded with much favour in the United States. Even those who doubted its success were disposed to admire the benevolence of its founders, whose good intentions were not questioned. Such continued to be the state of public feeling in regard to the Colonisation Society during the first ten or twelve years of its existence. At that time, although slavery, in the abstract, had few defenders in America, the strong and lively anti-slavery feeling which now exists had not been awakened. It appears to have been first aroused by the indirect influence of the Colonisation Society. That association, being sustained entirely by voluntary contributions, was obliged, of course, to appeal frequently to the public for support, either through newspapers and other periodicals, or in public meetings. One of the topics on which writers and speakers, in advocating its claims, touched most frequently, was of course the evils of slavery, which the society hoped to mitigate, and perhaps finally to remove. The misery and hopeless degradation of two or three millions of slaves, and the disgrace of tolerating such injustice in a land of liberty, furnished a theme on which the orators and writers of the society could dilate with powerful effect. In fact, the effect which their appeals produced was much greater than they anticipated or desired. Some of their hearers, men of logical minds and ardent tempers, began to ask why, if slavery was so great an evil, and so evident an injustice, its existence should be tolerated for a day. Should they delay to do justice until two or three millions of persons could be transported to Africa? What proof had they that the instant release of all the slaves in America would do any serious injury to the country? And if they could be certain that it would, ought they not to do what was right, regardless of consequences? By such inquiries and arguments, the anti-slavery sentiment which has agitated the Union for the last twenty years was first aroused. It might have been expected that the advocates of the immediate abolition of slavery, if they did not think proper to aid the Colonisation Society, would at least have regarded it with some favour, seeing that one of its objects was to prove the capacity of the African race for enjoying the privileges of freedom without abusing them. The abolitionists, however, took a very different view of the question. They denounced the Colonisation Society as the worst enemy of the coloured man, whether slave or

free. It was, they affirmed, a slaveholders' association, and its real object was to relieve the slave states of their free coloured population, whose presence alarmed and annoyed the slave-owners, and stimulated the slaves to recover their liberty. The unfortunate creatures committed to the society's charge, they declared, were transported to a barbarous and unhealthy coast, and there left to perish in misery. By withdrawing the free people of colour from the country, the society would deprive the slaves of the sympathy and assistance of this portion of their race, and render their situation more hopeless than it was before. These and similar statements were reiterated everywhere throughout the northern or free states, and with an effect very injurious to the Colonisation Society, which found itself, like Frankenstein in the romance, pursued or confronted in every movement by a terrible and unrelenting enemy, which it had itself called into existence.

Many ministers, of various religious denominations, had been accustomed to recommend the society to the liberality of their congregations, or to allow the society's agents to occupy their pulpits for this purpose. But after the awakening of the anti-slavery excitement, this custom was generally discontinued. In most of the states, there had previously been auxiliary societies, which sent their contributions to the central society at Washington. During the 'abolition storm,' as the society's directors term it, nearly the whole of these affiliated associations suspended their operations, and some of them dropped out of existence altogether. Many of the early friends of the cause became estranged from it, and discontinued their subscriptions. The receipts of the society fell off; it became embarrassed, and had to compound with its creditors. By many persons it was supposed to be extinct; and the experiment which its founders had undertaken was generally considered to be a failure.

But as the society had unexpectedly called into being the enemy which nearly destroyed it, so in like manner it had created the support by which it was afterwards uplifted into an equally unexpected prosperity. It owed its revival from its temporary depression to the colony which it had founded. Every one who has paid attention to the general subject of colonisation, is aware of the astonishing vitality and elasticity which characterise a colony that has once been fairly established. Take a few hundred families out of any civilised community, set them down in a new country with plenty of fertile land open to them, and after leaving them to themselves for a few years, the probability is that they will have become a flourishing and well-organised community, with good laws and institutions, well-cultivated farms, comfortable dwellings, and every other essential sign of prosperity. The wants and the opportunities of colonial life call into activity powers which the emigrant was not before conscious of possessing. He works harder and to better effect, thinks more deeply, and learns more readily, than he ever did at home. The whole colony

gains, of course, by the improved character and condition of every individual settler. The progress of any new settlement, if placed in only moderately favourable circumstances, is usually so rapid as to surprise any observer who revisits it after an absence of ten years. Thus it happened in the case of Liberia. When the temporary decline of the Colonisation Society commenced, about the year 1830, it had already sent out between 2000 and 3000 emigrants; and even at the period of its greatest depression, the directors were able to add a few to this number every year. The colony's territory was gradually extended, and considerable numbers of natives voluntarily submitted to its jurisdiction. New villages grew up; chapels and schools were built; roads were opened; small vessels were constructed and launched; the trade of the colony steadily increased. At length, evidences of this progress began to become known in America and likewise in England—where, also, both the society and the colony were for a time under a cloud. The channels by which these evidences reached the public were of various kinds. Occasionally a colonist, who had accumulated a little fortune in Liberia, went over to America to find his relatives, and bring them back with him to the colony. Then a body of coloured men in the United States, anxious to ascertain the truth, sent out two of their number to the colony as a deputation, who brought back a most favourable report. English and American naval officers, who had landed in the colonial ports, gave their unimpeachable testimony, in language evincing equal surprise and gratification at the signs of industry, good government, and civilisation which they had witnessed. Sometimes a worthy merchant-captain, after strolling through the cheerful streets of Monrovia, dining sumptuously with some colonial official, and driving bargains with the civic traders for his cargo, would return home to furnish his friends and the newspapers with a wonderful story about a thriving town of black citizens on the African coast, where he did not hear a profane word during his whole stay, and could not induce a human being to work for him on a Sunday for love or money. When these and similar reports had begun to revive the public interest which had formerly been felt for the colony, other evidence, of a different kind, fixed the attention of all parties, and produced a most favourable and a decisive effect.

The first elective institutions of Liberia were of a simple kind, suitable for a small and compact settlement. The colonists chose a vice-agent, two councillors, a high-sheriff, a registrar, and a treasurer; and with the aid of these officers, the agent, appointed by the Colonisation Society, managed the affairs of the little community. But the colony had, in twelve years, increased considerably in population and extent. New settlements had been founded at a distance from the chief town. It became expedient to unite them all under one system of administration, and at the same time to enlarge the basis of the representative government. A new

constitution was drafted for this purpose by the directors of the society. Under this constitution, the governor of the colony was to be appointed and paid by the society, and was to be, *ex officio*, chief-justice. A lieutenant-governor was to be elected by the people. The legislative power was to reside in a council of ten representatives, chosen by the electors of the two counties, Montserrado and Bassa, into which the colony was then divided. The Colonisation Society had the power of revoking any law passed by this legislature; but for several years before the colony became independent, this right was not once exercised. The new constitution was established in 1839. In April of that year, Mr Thomas Buchanan, the first and only white governor who held office under this constitution, arrived in the colony. He managed its affairs, during a little more than two years, with excellent judgment. His administration was the commencement of a new era in the colony's existence. The energies and intelligence of the colonies were wonderfully quickened by the influence of free and orderly political discussions. In the first session of the new legislature, an act was passed, providing for the establishment of a common school in every township of the colony. Provision was also made, at public expense, for the support and maintenance of 'aged widows, destitute orphans, poor persons, and invalids,' in a public asylum, to which a workhouse and a school should be attached. A post-office department was established, and the colonial secretary was appointed postmaster-general. Liberia at this time contained nine towns, in which were twenty-one churches, ten day-schools, and many Sabbath-schools. There were four printing-presses in the colony, and two newspapers. One of these, the *Liberia Herald*, had been established ten years before by a well-educated colonist, Mr Russwurm, who was afterwards governor of the new settlement known as Maryland in Liberia. One of Governor Buchanan's first acts was to break up a slave-traders' factory at Bassa Cove. The factory was defended, not only by the traders, but by a large body of well-armed natives, whom they had induced to join them. The Liberian volunteers forced their way into the barracoon, drove out the defenders into the forest, attacked them there, and dispersed them, and finally compelled the native chief to sign a treaty, binding him never again to take part in the slave-trade. In this contest, one man was killed and six wounded in the Liberian force. On a subsequent occasion, another powerful slave-trading chief made a sudden and murderous attack on a native village, which was under the protection of the colony. Several of the harmless inhabitants were killed, and others were carried into captivity. Governor Buchanan mustered a force of 300 colonists, with a troop of natives to carry the baggage, and marched against the enemy's stronghold, situated about forty miles inland. Though Mr Buchanan accompanied the expedition, the military command was given to a young colonist, Mr Joseph John Roberts, whose

distinguished abilities and estimable character had already gained for him the confidence both of his fellow-colonists and of the governor. On this occasion, his dispositions were so skilfully made, and the onset of the volunteers was so impetuous, that the wall of the enemy's fortress was scaled and the town captured with a suddenness that astonished the victors themselves. Two of the assailants were killed in the action. The captives were set free, the town was burned, and the troops returned to the colony. So great was the effect of this blow in inspiring the natives with a respect for the military prowess of the colonists, that several chiefs, with their followers, came to place themselves under the protection of the colony; and for more than twenty years afterwards, no serious collision took place between the colony and any native tribe.

Mr Buchanan died of the African fever in 1841, universally regretted. Mr Roberts was at that time lieutenant-governor. The official duties of the deceased governor devolved upon him until a successor should be appointed by the Colonisation Society. The society, however, wisely continued Mr Roberts in the office. From that time to the present, a period of twelve years, all the public offices of the colony have been filled by men of colour. The experiment, which was to test the capacity of a community of that class for self-government, may be said to have commenced from this period. The fact was known in America, and naturally excited much interest; and this interest was greatly heightened when the 'messages' of Governor Roberts to the colonial legislature, and his dispatches to the society's directors, were published. Extracts from them were reprinted in the newspapers, and produced a great sensation, highly advantageous to the colony, and to the general scheme of colonisation. Some of these documents have been read by many persons in this country, who are aware of their remarkable merits. It is no exaggeration, they will admit, to say, that the public writings of Governor Roberts will compare favourably, in point of clearness of statement and force of reasoning, with the best state-papers of our time. Here, then, was evidence which could not be overlooked or explained away, either by the depreciators of the African race, or by the enemies of the colonisation scheme. Governor Roberts, it was generally known, was born in Virginia. His parents were both free persons of African descent. In the year 1829, when he was eighteen years of age, his mother, with her children, emigrated to Liberia. His intellectual culture had been nearly all obtained in the colony, and his political experience had been wholly acquired there. He was evidently a fair specimen of the class of public men whom the colony might be expected to produce. The letters of other intelligent Liberians, published at the same time, sufficed to shew that Governor Roberts was not a remarkable exception, or very strikingly superior in ability to his fellow-colonists. The favourable reaction in public opinion now became very rapid;

nobody could doubt that the colonisation experiment had thus far proved successful; the largest hopes of its most ardent advocates ceased to be considered visionary. The opinion began to prevail, that the fearful and perplexing anomaly of negro slavery in republican America, would be, in some manner or other, removed through the success of this experiment. Many persons saw reason for believing that the whole coloured population of the United States would in time be transferred to the shores of Africa; while, on the other hand, the far-sighted advocates of the immediate abolition of slavery began to perceive that Liberia was about to supply them with their most powerful argument. The opposition from this quarter gradually abated; the travelling agents of the society found themselves again received with favour in all parts of the country; the collections rapidly increased. At length, in the annual report of January 1846, the directors had the satisfaction, for the first time in many years, of announcing that the society was out of debt, and had a handsome surplus in its treasury. The various local societies in the several states were now revived, and new ones were formed. The Colonisation Society of Massachusetts mention, in their report for 1847, that their agent, the Rev. Dr Tenney, had recently advocated their cause before 139 congregations in that state, and before nine ministerial associations—‘a mighty change,’ they add, ‘since the time, but a few years ago, when not six pulpits in the state were open to us, and not a single ecclesiastical body would listen to an argument in favour of opening them, or of allowing us any other privilege.’

While this change of feeling was taking place in America, events were occurring in Africa which were destined to awaken a strong interest in other countries for the colony, and to exert a favourable influence upon its fortunes. The British government had observed with pleasure the gradual extension of a settlement, which was evidently doing much to check the slave-trade in its vicinity. Complaints, however, began to be made by British traders on the coast, that their commerce with the natives was checked by the import duties, levied by the new legislature of the colony, for the support of the colonial government. The question of the legality of these imposts at once arose. Had the settlement been a recognised dependency of the United States, or had it, on the other hand, been an independent state, there would have been no doubt about the matter: in either case, its government would have had a perfect right to impose these taxes within the limits of the colony; but it was just as clear that a mere collection of private individuals could have no such right. In September 1844, Commodore Jones, who then commanded the British squadron on the coast of Africa, apprised Governor Roberts of the decision of the British government. The letter was couched in terms of great courtesy and kindness. The respectable character and benevolent purposes of the Colonisation Society were acknowledged, and the governor was assured of the sympathy and cordial satisfaction with

which the progress of the settlement had been remarked in Great Britain. But he was told, while the British government would fully recognise the rights of property on that coast, as they might appear to be acquired by purchase, it could not admit that property so acquired could confer sovereign rights upon a private association, or justify the imposition of state duties, or the exclusion of British commerce from its accustomed resorts.

This decision was evidently well founded; and soon after it was announced, some perplexing circumstances happened which shewed the necessity of settling the difficulty without delay. A British merchant-captain landed some goods in Bassa Cove, and refused to pay the harbour dues, on the ground that these charges were illegal. The collector, thereupon, seized a portion of the goods equivalent to these duties; and the trader left the harbour to report the case to Commodore Jones. By an extraordinary mischance, a British man-of-war brig came into the harbour on the following day, seized a small coasting schooner belonging to a respectable colonist, and sent it off to Sierra Leone, on the ground that it was engaged in the slave-trade. The colonists were naturally thrown into great consternation, believing that the seizure had been made by way of reprisal, and that the ground alleged for it was a mere pretence. Even the subsequent release of the schooner by the vice-admiralty court of Sierra Leone, with an official expression of regret for the seizure, did not wholly disabuse the minds of the colonists of this impression. At the next session of the Liberian legislature, the whole subject was brought under the consideration of that body by Governor Roberts. The council came to the conclusion, that the colony could not long continue to exist without possessing absolute political jurisdiction over its territory. This conclusion was communicated to the Colonisation Society, and its justice was so evident, that the society did not hesitate to adopt a resolution expressing its opinion, that 'the time had arrived when it was expedient for the people of the commonwealth of Liberia to take into their own hands the whole work of self-government, including the management of all their foreign relations.' The Liberian council on being apprised of this resolution, determined to submit the question to a general vote of the electors, who were to pronounce, by their ballots, whether the colony should be declared an independent state or not. This portion of Liberian history, it may be observed, offers a valuable lesson to every mother-country on the most effectual method of securing the affection of her colonies. The Colonisation Society was regarded by the Liberians as their home-government. The society had always treated them with the greatest consideration, and had left to them the uncontrolled management of their local affairs. So strong, consequently, was the attachment of the colonists to the society, that most of them were extremely unwilling to dissolve their connection with it. The leading colonists saw the necessity for the step, but the others clung to the home-government; and nothing but the positive

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assurance that the society itself considered the separation advisable, induced them to vote for it. Even under that persuasion, the majority in favour of independence was but small. It was, however, legally sufficient; and a convention was consequently called, in July 1847, to frame a new constitution for the nascent state, and to proclaim its independence to the world. These duties were performed in a satisfactory manner. A national flag and seal were at the same time adopted by the convention. The flag consists of red and white stripes alternately displayed, to denote, as in the American ensign, the number of the original states of the Union, in which, of course, the coloured as well as the white population dwelt at the time of the separation from Great Britain. In the upper and inner angle of the flag is a square blue ground, with a single white star in its centre. The seal of the state has for its device a dove on the wing, bearing in its claws an open scroll; beneath is a view of the ocean, with a ship under sail, the sun just emerging from the waters; and at one side is a palm-tree, with a plough and spade at its foot. Above the emblems is the national motto: 'The love of liberty brought us here.'

On the 24th of August 1847, the Liberian flag was for the first time hoisted on Cape Montserrado, with ceremonies and rejoicings appropriate and natural on such an occasion. A few weeks afterwards, it was saluted by English and American men-of-war in due form, as the ensign of an independent state. In September following, the new constitution was submitted to the vote of the people, and accepted by them; and in the next month the first election of officers took place. Mr Roberts was chosen president of the republic. The first session of the new legislature was held in January 1848. A brief abstract of the Liberian constitution, which has hitherto been found to work very well, will not be considered out of place here. It is fashioned, as may be supposed, on the well-known American model. It commences with a 'bill of rights,' comprising various miscellaneous provisions and maxims, some of them of an abstract character, and others of great practical importance. Thus, after announcing that 'all men are born equally free and independent,' that 'all power is inherent in the people, all free governments are instituted by their authority and for their benefit, and they have the right to alter and reform the same when their safety and happiness require it'—this bill declares that 'all men have a natural and inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences;' and 'no sect of Christians shall have exclusive privileges or preference over any other sect, but all shall be alike tolerated; and no religious test whatever shall be required as a qualification for civil office or the exercise of any civil right.' Slavery is not to exist within the republic, and all dealing in slaves, directly or indirectly, is forbidden to citizens of the state or to persons resident in it. No person is to be deprived of life, liberty, property, or privilege but by judgment of his peers, or

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the law of the land. All elections are to be by ballot, and 'every male citizen of twenty-one years of age, possessing real estate, shall have the right of suffrage.' It should be observed, in reference to this provision, that every colonist, on arriving in Liberia from America, receives a few acres of land. The suffrage, at present, is therefore virtually universal. But it is obvious that, as population becomes dense, a large and intelligent class must be gradually formed in the towns, consisting of persons who are occupiers but not owners of real estate, and who will be disfranchised by this provision. It may be presumed that an amendment will then be made to suit this change of circumstances.

The right of holding public meetings, the subordination of the military to the civil power, the liberty of the press, the right of bail, except for capital offences, and the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus*, are all guaranteed by this bill of rights.

The frame of government is divided into three distinct departments—legislative, executive, and judicial. The legislature consists of two branches—a senate and a house of representatives. The senate is composed of two members from each county, there being at present three counties in the republic—Montserrado, Bassa, and Sinoe. The members of the senate hold their seats for four years, one half of them going out of office every two years. A senator must be an inhabitant of the county which he represents, must be twenty-five years of age, and must own real estate of not less value than 200 dollars, or about L.40. The senate, in addition to the legislative power which it possesses concurrently with the house of representatives, has the exclusive functions of trying impeachments, confirming all appointments of public officers made by the president, and sanctioning treaties. The members of the house of representatives are to be apportioned among the several counties in the ratio of their population; and in addition, every town of 10,000 inhabitants is to have a representative. They are to be elected for three years. A representative must be an inhabitant of the county in which he is elected, must be twenty-three years of age, and must possess real property of not less value than 150 dollars—about L.30. Both senators and representatives are to receive a compensation for their services, to be fixed by law. A bill or resolution, after passing both houses, is to be signed by the president before it becomes a law. If he does not approve it, he returns it to the legislature with his objections; and should the legislature then pass it by a vote of two-thirds in each branch, it becomes a law.

The president, who exercises the 'supreme executive power,' is elected by the people for the term of two years. He must be thirty-five years of age, and must possess 'unencumbered real estate' of the value of 600 dollars, or about L.120. He receives for his services a compensation 'which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected.' He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and

he makes treaties and appoints public functionaries—including ambassadors, secretaries of state, judges, sheriffs, coroners, and justices of the peace—with the concurrence of the senate; but all these officers, except the judges, may be removed by the president at his pleasure. A vice-president, having the same qualifications as the president, is elected for the same term, and succeeds to the office in case of the president's removal, resignation, or death. At other times, the vice-president acts as speaker of the senate. The judicial department is composed of one supreme court, and such subordinate courts as the legislature may from time to time establish. All the judges hold their seats during good behaviour, but may be removed by the president on the address of two-thirds of both houses, or by impeachment. The salaries of the judges are established by law, and may be increased, but not diminished, during their continuance in office. They are to receive no other perquisites or emoluments on account of the duties required of them.

Then come some miscellaneous sections: two—rather singular provisions to be inserted in a constitution—declare that the private property of a woman shall not be held responsible for her husband's debts, whether contracted before or after marriage; and that the widow of an insolvent person shall be entitled to one-third of the real estate during her life, and one-third of the personal estate as her absolute property.

'The great object of forming these colonies being to provide a home for the dispersed and oppressed children of Africa, and to regenerate and enlighten this benighted continent, none but persons of colour shall be admitted to citizenship in this republic.'

It will be seen that this is a system of pure republicanism, though not, properly speaking, of pure democracy, inasmuch as the power of the electoral majority is limited by numerous artificial checks. These restraints are, however, self-imposed, and there is no doubt that the system is one which requires great intelligence, moderation, and self-control in the people who are to manage it. Thus far, the experiment has undoubtedly been successful. The government of the republic, during the four years of its independent existence, has been conducted with much prudence, and the settlement has been more prosperous than at any former period. The most important events in its recent history may here be briefly narrated.

After the close of the first session of the Liberian legislature, President Roberts left the colony on an official visit to America and Europe, with the object of procuring the recognition of the new state. He arrived in the United States in May 1848, and was very well received. The prejudice against colour seems, in his case, to have been quite put aside for the time—a fact shewing the purely accidental and ephemeral nature of this prejudice. The civic authorities of Boston and New York paid him attentions as honourable to themselves as to him. The national government

evinced an equally favourable disposition, but did not formally recognise the republic. The refusal was dictated not by any unkindly feelings, but by obvious motives of state policy. The presence of a black ambassador at Washington might, it was supposed, exert a dangerous influence upon the minds of the coloured people, and dispose them to assert their claims to freedom and to equal political rights with the white citizens. It is doubted, however, by many persons, whether this effect would be really produced. They are of opinion, that the sight of a coloured minister from Liberia, holding, as he must, a respectable position in American society, would rather induce the more intelligent members of the coloured class in that country to desire to emigrate to the African republic; and this is the very result which American statesmen are now anxious to bring about. It is, therefore, now supposed that the recognition of Liberia by the American government will not be long delayed.

From the United States, Mr Roberts came to England, where his reception was perfectly satisfactory. The republic was at once recognised, and a very liberal commercial treaty was concluded. The British government presented a beautiful cutter, mounting four guns, to the new state; and authorised the president to call upon the ships of the African coast squadron for assistance whenever he required it, for breaking up any slave-trading establishments on that coast. The reception which Mr Roberts experienced in private society, is shewn by the following extract from a letter written at that time by an American gentleman in this country to a friend in the United States, where it was published. The letter also records an act of munificent generosity, which ought not to pass unnoticed:—‘I do not recollect whether I have already told you of the very interesting interview which Mr Roberts had with the Bishop of London, and also what took place at the Prussian ambassador’s house, where the president dined with Lord Ashley, Mr Gurney, and others. The bishop was exceedingly interested in what the president told him, and took down notes of the conversation, which filled three sides of a large sheet of paper. He promised all the aid in missionary efforts possible. At Chevalier Bunsen’s table, Mr Roberts sat beside the excellent and benevolent Lord Ashley, who was very minute in his inquiries about Liberia and the suppression of the slave-trade. Mr Roberts told him, the most effectual way to put down the latter would be to purchase the Gallinas territory, which is between the Sierra Leone colony and the republic of Liberia, and thus 700 miles of coast would be for ever guaranteed against the slave-trade. His lordship asked how much money would buy it; to which Mr Roberts replied, L.2000 would be ample to do the thing perfectly. Lord Ashley said the enterprise must be set about immediately; and, after they rose from the table, he went to Mr Gurney, and proposed to him to buy and present this territory to the new republic. Mr Gurney received the proposition favourably, and

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requested Mr Roberts to call upon him in Lombard Street next morning, when Mr Gurney gave him an obligation for half of the amount, L.1000, and a kind of promise that if the British government did not make the purchase for President Roberts, he himself would see that the purchase was made on his own responsibility, if he could not get some friends to join him in effecting this important object. I have now the pleasure to add, that when I called upon Mr Gurney a few days ago, he informed me that such arrangements have been made as will secure the acquisition of the Gallinas to the republic of Liberia.' This desirable object, it may here be stated, has since been accomplished. The slave-factories at Gallinas, which had once before been broken up by Captain Denman, R.N., were completely destroyed, in September 1849, by Commander Dunlop, of Her Majesty's ship *Alert*, who liberated about 1200 slaves, and conveyed away all the European traders to Sierra Leone. The native chiefs shortly afterwards transferred the sovereignty of their country to the Liberian government, and the slave-trade in that quarter was thus effectually extinguished.

From London, Mr Roberts proceeded to Paris, where he was received with similar kindness by General Cavaignac and other members of the government. The independence of Liberia was acknowledged, and the commanders of French ships of war on the African coast were instructed to assist the president in his efforts for putting down the slave-trade, and maintaining peace upon the coast. Mr Roberts afterwards visited Belgium, and attended the Peace Congress, which was then assembled at Brussels. Being called upon to address the congress, Mr Roberts made a speech which was much admired for its good sense, appropriateness, and prepossessing manner of delivery. On his return to England, having accomplished the duties of his mission in a way highly advantageous to his new country, he was offered a passage to Liberia in Her Majesty's ship *Amazon*, and accordingly, in December 1848, sailed in that vessel for the colony.

The Liberian republic has since been recognised by the governments of Prussia and Brazil. A Brazilian *charge d'affaires*, the Chevalier Niteroi, arrived in Liberia in 1852. An American paper, in noticing his appointment, observes: 'The chevalier is a captain in the Brazilian navy, and has served on the coast of Africa. There his sympathies became enlisted in the cause of African colonisation, and he has returned to Africa as the representative of his nation, with authority to recognise the independence of Liberia, and form treaties of alliance and commerce. He is also charged with the duty of establishing a colony of free blacks on the coast, under the auspices of that country.' This fact is worthy of notice, as an evidence of the sincerity of the Brazilian government in its endeavours to suppress the slave-trade.

Mr Roberts has been twice re-elected to the presidency for terms of two years. A brief account of the principal events which distinguished one year of his last term of office will give some idea of

the multifarious duties which a Liberian president has to perform. In December 1851, Mr Roberts delivered his annual 'message' to the Liberian legislature. He reviewed in this document, at considerable length, the progress of the commonwealth during the previous year, and pronounced it to have been in most respects highly satisfactory. The only serious drawback arose out of the conduct of a few turbulent native chiefs, who had recently committed acts of unprovoked hostility. They had treacherously attacked a small colonial settlement at Bassa Cove, and murdered nine of the inhabitants. Except in that quarter, the relations between the republic and the native tribes were on a most friendly footing. 'And generally,' adds the president, 'from a conviction that we consider them a part of ourselves, and cherish with sincerity their rights and interests, the attachment of the natives is daily gaining strength. Constant applications are being made to the government to supply them with school-teachers, and with other qualified persons to reside among them, to instruct them in the civilised modes of agriculture and the mechanic arts; and it is a matter of deep regret that the government, for want of pecuniary means, has not been able to meet their wishes, but to an exceedingly limited extent.' The president remarks, that 'the cause of colonisation seems to be gaining favour in the United States,' but he regrets that the government of that country has not yet seen fit to acknowledge the independence of Liberia. He notices with pleasure several proofs recently afforded of the kind feelings entertained by the British government towards the republic. He mentions a proposal made by a benevolent association in America to establish a college in Liberia, if the legislature would incorporate it, and furnish it with certain endowments. He recommends a revision of the navigation and revenue laws, the taking of a census, and some regulations for the new postal arrangements with Great Britain and America. The public income for the past year is stated at 32,000 dollars (L.6400), and the expenditure at 34,000 dollars (L.6800), the small deficiency being, however, more than covered by the surplus previously in the treasury.

The session of the legislature could not have lasted many weeks, as in the early part of January we find Mr Roberts acting in his capacity of commander-in-chief of the army, in an expedition against the hostile chiefs, Grando and Boyer, the perpetrators or instigators of the massacre at Bassa Cove. These chiefs had assembled a formidable force, numbering 'not less than 5000 effective men.' The Liberian army consisted of 550 colonial volunteers, and about the same number of native troops. The history of the brief campaign cannot be better given than in the president's own words, as we find them in a published letter: 'On the 6th instant [January 1852], we marched upon Grando's barricaded town, where he had made every warlike preparation to receive us; and which place he and his deluded followers believed impregnable. Within about two miles of the town, at a most

difficult swamp we had to cross, he had constructed a substantial breast-work, which was defended by a large force of about three times our number. There Grandin expected certainly to defeat us; but our men behaved well, and, after an action of one hour and thirty-five minutes, drove them out. They retreated to another strong position on the line of our march, and, as the head of our column cleared the heavy forest intervening, they opened upon us a heavy fire. They were, however, soon driven back, and panic-stricken fled to the town, two miles distant, which they fired immediately and dispersed, with instructions, as I afterwards learned, to join Boyer, of Trade-town. In these two attacks we had sixteen wounded, five badly, none mortally. Being joined, on the morning of the 15th instant, by the Second Regiment, which had been operating separately in the upper part of the Bassa country, we commenced our march upon Boyer's principal town. No sooner had our advanced guard cleared the woods, and sighted the barricade, than the enemy opened upon us a tremendous fire of musketry and big guns. The fire was promptly returned, and for an hour and three-quarters the conflict was desperate. We had to contend against fearful odds; but the hand of divine Providence was on our side, and we gloriously triumphed. The loss of the enemy was very considerable; Boyer had two brothers killed, and was himself badly wounded. We had four killed, and twenty-seven wounded—two since dead; the others will all doubtless recover. I exceedingly regretted the necessity of this campaign, but it could not be avoided. The effect, however, will be most salutary. It will convince the aboriginal inhabitants of every part of the republic of the ability of the government to maintain the majesty of the laws, and punish crime wherever committed within its jurisdiction.'

Having thus successfully performed the military part of his duties, the hard-worked president had next to turn his attention to his diplomatic functions. In connection with these hostilities, some difficulties had arisen with two or three English traders, who claimed certain portions of land at Bassa Cove, and who objected to pay import duties on the goods which they sold to the natives. This was a claim which, if sustained, would have been fatal to the authority, and ruinous to the revenue of the republic. The Liberians were naturally disquieted, being uncertain of the view which the British government might take of these disputed points. Under these circumstances, they adopted the judicious resolution of laying the whole case fully before that government. President Roberts sailed in May 1852 for England, where, on his arrival, he found the same friendly disposition existing as had been manifested on his former visit. All the points about which questions had been raised, were settled to his satisfaction, with much less delay than is usually exacted in diplomatic discussions. As on the former occasion, the government offered the president a passage to Liberia in a vessel of the royal navy. Such an offer was not a

mere empty honour, as it might have been in the case of a European ruler. There is reason to fear that white traders of all nations are too much disposed to look upon the Liberian settlers as an inferior race, and to treat them and their laws with a contempt and disregard which they would not venture to evince towards white colonists. Any conspicuous public act, therefore, by which the greatest maritime power shewed a determination to regard and treat the chief magistrate of Liberia as the representative of an independent and respectable state, must have a very salutary effect. President Roberts left England in Her Majesty's steamer *Dee*, in the early part of November 1852. Thus, in less than twelve months, he had held a session of the Liberian legislature, had conducted a difficult and laborious military expedition, and had completed an important diplomatic mission to a country 5000 miles distant from Liberia. And what will to some seem the circumstance most surprising of all is the fact, that these various functions of president, commander-in-chief, and ambassador-extraordinary, have been thus satisfactorily performed by an officer receiving the very modest salary of L.300 a year.

Having thus brought the history of Liberia down to the latest period, our account of this infant state may be suitably concluded by a brief description of its present condition.

In the statistics given at the commencement of this paper, the numbers include not only the area and population of the republic of Liberia, properly so called, but also those of the neighbouring settlement of Maryland in Liberia, concerning which nothing has yet been said. This settlement was commenced in the year 1834 by the Maryland State Colonisation Society, aided by an annual grant of 10,000 dollars (L.2000) from the treasury of the state. It was thought that the people of the state would take more interest in the enterprise if it were kept for a time distinct from that of the national society; but as an ultimate union of the two settlements was expected, the name of 'Maryland in Liberia' was given to the new colony. The experience derived in the formation of the older settlement enabled the promoters of the new undertaking to avoid the mistakes and mischances which had proved injurious to the other at the outset. An eligible site was found at Cape Palmas, a small promontory or peninsula, situated about 300 miles south-east of Monrovia, at the point where the African coast changes its general direction from south-east to east. On this promontory, which is about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, is situated the town of Harper, the capital of the settlement, containing about 800 inhabitants. On the mainland, at a distance of three or four miles, is a smaller town, with a fort and numerous farms. Care was taken, from the commencement, to keep on friendly terms with the natives: no serious differences have ever occurred; and ten of the native chiefs, occupying all the territory for about fifty miles on each side of the settlement, have placed themselves and their people, estimated

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at about 100,000 souls, under the protection of the colony. From the beginning, the colonists have had almost the whole management of their public affairs. A bill of rights was sent out with the first ship, and a republican government was shortly afterwards instituted. The agent or governor is indeed appointed for the present by the society in America, but the councillors and other officers are elected by the people. Every man in the colony, twenty years old, has the right of voting, provided he holds land in his own right, or pays a tax of one dollar for the support of education. No man can sit on a jury who does not know how to read and write. The use of ardent spirits as a beverage is prohibited by law. On this point, the board of directors in America make the following observations in one of their early reports:—‘At the end of seven years, the board can speak confidently of the temperance principle, which they made a fundamental law of the colony when it was established; and they firmly believe that, under Providence, the remarkable success that has attended the settlement—a success to which history affords no parallel—the harmony that has existed with the natives, and the general comparative prosperity, are to be attributed to the strict observance of the colonial laws in this particular. By none can the importance of the temperance principle be more highly appreciated than it is by the emigrants themselves.’

Along the whole sea-board of Liberia the land is generally low, and either marshy or sandy, though not deficient in fertility. There are, however, immediately on the coast, some conspicuous eminences, such as Cape Montserrado, rising 250 feet above the sea; and Cape Mount, about 1000 feet in height. A few miles from the sea, the land becomes more elevated, and gradually rises into irregular hills and mountain summits. Of the distant interior, nothing is yet known except from the reports of the natives. On the latest maps, this part of Africa, lying north and east of Liberia, and covering an extent of about 200,000 square miles—equal to the whole area of France—is a blank. A line of mountains is, indeed, traced along its northern border, with the designation of the Mountains of Kong. Of the existence of this range, the number and direction of the rivers which intersect the country leave no doubt; but beyond this circumstance, nothing is positively known. There is every reason to suppose, from the partial explorations that have been made, and from the accounts of the natives, that this region is a fine, elevated, fertile, well-wooded and well-watered country, occupied by a thin population, composed of small tribes, similar in character and in habits to those who dwell near the coast. As the Liberians have already begun to extend their settlements towards the interior, we may anticipate that at no very distant period the whole of this extensive country will be included within the limits of the republic. It deserves to be noticed, that on the north side of the Kong Mountains, about 300 miles from Monrovia, the famous river, variously known as

the Joliba, Quorra, or Niger, takes its rise. A time will doubtless come when this great navigable river, 2500 miles long, will become the chief commercial highway of civilised Africa.

There are no large rivers within the present limits of Liberia. There are, however, many fine streams, some of which are half a mile wide at a distance of fifty miles from the sea; but none of these are navigable for boats more than twenty miles from their mouths, their currents being obstructed by rapids. The St Paul's, the St John's, and the Junk, are the largest. The former, which falls into the sea a few miles north of Monrovia, is a beautiful stream, flowing through a picturesque and fertile country, in which many native hamlets and flourishing colonial villages are intermingled. The St Paul's, which is the chief river of Bassa County, is also a fine stream, studded with numerous islets, and bordered by a very productive country.

The climate of Liberia is warm, but equable, tempered by frequent rains and daily sea-breezes. The year is divided into but two portions, known as the rainy season and the dry season. The former commences about the middle of May, and the latter about the middle of November. It should be understood, however, that this absolute distinction is in some degree to be qualified, as there are rainy days, and clear, pleasant days, in every month of the year. The dry season is the warmest, and January is the hottest month of the year; the average height of the thermometer in that month is 85 degrees. June, on the other hand, is the wettest and the coldest month, the thermometer usually standing at about 75 degrees. Coloured emigrants from the United States do not find the heat in Liberia oppressive at any season; and Dr Lugeneel, a white man, states, that at the coldest season he generally found it necessary to wear woollen outer as well as under garments, and to sleep beneath thick covering at night.

It is one of the most mysterious and unaccountable facts in physiology, that a climate which is fatal to one race of men, should be not only innocuous, but congenial to another. If white men could have lived in Africa between the tropics, the whole continent would doubtless have long since been subjected, like America, to the domination of rulers of European origin. Many attempts have been made by different nations—Portuguese, Dutch, English, French, Danes, and Swedes—to establish settlements of white colonists on various intertropical portions of the African coast, and all have failed from the same cause—the deadly nature of the climate. Yet, at Sierra Leone and in Liberia, coloured men, whose ancestors for 200 years had resided within the temperate zone, find the climate salubrious, and live as long as others of their race in America. All emigrants, however, have to pass, shortly after their arrival, through what is known to foreigners as the African coast fever, but in Liberia more commonly as the acclimating fever. It is a bilious remittent fever, which usually passes into the intermittent form. The first settlers suffered severely from this disease; but now that its

treatment is better understood, and that proper accommodations and attendance are provided, it has ceased to be so much dreaded as formerly. Two or three deaths, indeed, usually happen out of every hundred emigrants who arrive; but it is observed that the fatal cases are almost always those of persons who were previously in bad health, or who neglected the simple precautions which are prescribed to new-comers. In many cases, on the other hand, the emigrants find their health sensibly improved by the change of country.

The vegetable productions of Liberia, natural and cultivated, are very numerous. In fact, it is said—and there is no reason for doubting the statement—that every species of tropical produce is found to thrive in that country. Rice is abundant, and is cultivated on the high lands as well as on the low grounds near the coast. Indian corn, sweet-potatoes, cassada or cassava root, beans, peas, water-melons, pine-apples, oranges, lemons, guavas, mangoes, plantains, bananas, papaws, tamarinds, pomegranates, and a great variety of other edibles, afford ample supplies for the tables of the inhabitants and for the demands of shipping. Among articles which already yield valuable exports, or are likely hereafter to do so, are mentioned coffee, cotton, sugar, ginger, pepper, indigo, ground-nuts, and arrow-root. Nearly all these productions are indigenous in the country. The wild coffee-tree may frequently be met with in the woods; it is the same species as that ordinarily reared in other parts of the world, but may be much improved by cultivation. Several of the colonists have applied themselves to this branch of agriculture, which may be carried on with smaller means than are required for the cultivation of sugar or cotton, though both of these have been tried by a few individuals, and with good success. Specimens of Liberian coffee, which have been sent to the United States, have been pronounced by good judges equal to the best received from the East or West Indies. It must be remembered, however, that the population of Liberia has hitherto been too small to warrant the expectation of any large amount of agricultural exports from the settlement. Some 8000 or 10,000 emigrants, of both sexes and all ages, have had to perform the work of founding a dozen settlements along 500 miles^{of} coast—clearing away the forest, building habitations, raising food for themselves and for a continual accession of new settlers, preserving peace among the native tribes, framing and executing laws, and labouring as teachers, physicians, traders, and mechanics of every description. The duty of the first generation of settlers has been to prepare the country for the residence of the thousands of emigrants who are expected to follow them, and most of whom, as they arrive, will naturally direct their attention to the agricultural pursuits which they followed in America. There can be but little doubt that cotton, sugar, coffee, and other tropical products, will in a few years begin to be largely exported from Liberia. At present, the chief articles of export are palm-oil and the camwood,

from which a valuable dye is extracted. The value of the annual exports was estimated in 1839 at 700,000 dollars, or L.140,000; and that of the imports at 400,000 dollars, or L.80,000. Since that time the amount of both exports and imports has considerably increased. The recent establishment (in 1852) of a monthly line of steam-packets, from Plymouth to the settlements on the western coast of Africa, including Liberia, will doubtless be of considerable advantage to the commerce of the young republic. The American Congress has lately had under its consideration a proposal for a monthly line of large steamers, to run between the United States and Liberia, for the conveyance of emigrants and merchandise. The project has been received with considerable favour, and has been recommended by the legislatures of several states. It will probably be soon adopted, and must greatly promote the progress of the little republic.

Nearly all the common domesticated animals of this country are now reared in Liberia. Cows are numerous, but do not give much milk, probably from not being properly attended to. Oxen are coming into use for ploughing and as beasts of burden. The horses which have hitherto been brought into the settlement have not thriven well, and many of them have perished of a disease similar to the fever which attacks newly arrived emigrants. They do better, however, in the inland villages. A colonist, in a recently published letter, speaks of having four horses in his stables. Sheep and goats are easily raised—the former, however, being covered with short hair instead of wool. Swine do not thrive so well, but are raised in sufficient abundance to supply the wants of the people. Fowls of every description are very numerous and cheap.

Little is yet known of the geology or mineralogy of Liberia. As in other parts of Guinea, gold is occasionally found along the banks of the streams. A colonist once accidentally discovered a quantity valued at fifty dollars, and the natives occasionally bring it in for sale. As they have been acquainted with its value for centuries, it is fortunately not probable that any large surface deposits of this metal remain to be discovered. Some of the more useful minerals, particularly copper, iron, and coal, are found in other parts of Africa, and it may reasonably be expected that future researches will bring to light similar stores of natural riches in Liberia. At present, were any mines to be discovered, the want of means to work them would render the discovery of little advantage.

For political and judicial purposes, the republic is divided into counties, which are further subdivided into townships. The counties are three in number—Montserrado, Bassa, and Sinoe—to which Maryland in Liberia will probably soon be added as a fourth. The townships are commonly about eight miles in extent. Each town is a corporation, its affairs being managed by officers chosen by the inhabitants. Courts of monthly-sessions, and of quarter-

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sessions, are held in each county. The civil business of the county is administered by three commissioners. There were, in 1850, eleven towns in Liberia, besides a few smaller settlements. Monrovia, the capital, has already been noticed. Other towns in Montserrado County are Caldwell, Virginia, Millsburg, and New Georgia, on or near the St Paul's River; and Marshall, on the Junk River. In Bassa County are the flourishing towns of Bassa Cove, Edina, and Bexley, on the St John's River and its branches. The last-mentioned was named in honour of the late Lord Bexley, who took a warm interest in the colony, and presented to the American Colonisation Society, of which he was one of the vice-presidents, the sum of L.500 for the purchase of the land on which the town is situated. Edina, in like manner, was so named in token of gratitude for contributions received from Edinburgh at an early period of the colony's existence. In Sinoe County is the pretty town of Greenville, at the mouth of the Sinoe River; and not far from it is the village of Readsville, formed by slaves manumitted by Mrs Read, a benevolent lady of Mississippi.

A few statistical facts remain to be added to the foregoing statement. In 1843, when the last census was taken, there were twenty-three churches in Liberia, with an aggregate of 1474 communicants, of whom 1104 were emigrants from America and their children, and 469 were native Africans, who had been converted from heathenism. In 1849, the number of churches had increased to about thirty, with, it may be presumed, a proportionate increase of members. The principal religious denominations in the republic of Liberia are the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians; the Protestant Episcopalians have churches and a mission in the colony of Maryland in Liberia, under the superintendence of a bishop. In 1843, there were sixteen schools, with 562 scholars. In 1849, the number of schools had been doubled, and the number of scholars exceeded 2000. There were, in 1851, three 'high schools' in Monrovia; and in 1852 an act was passed incorporating a board of trustees for a college, which is to be established in that town with the aid of funds from America.

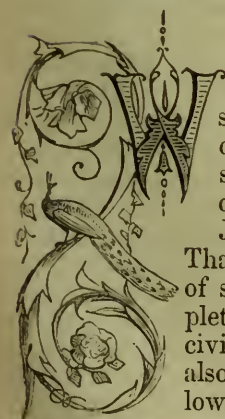
In view of the facts embodied in the foregoing narrative and description, it is not surprising that the interest generally felt in the progress of Liberia should have greatly increased throughout the United States. The free coloured people who, as a body, have hitherto been unwilling to leave America, are now preparing to emigrate in great numbers. Many slaveholders have emancipated their slaves for the purpose of allowing them to emigrate; and many more have given notice of their intention of doing the same. The Irish and German emigrants, who are arriving in the United States in such vast numbers, are gradually displacing the free coloured labourers, and diminishing the value of slave labour. The annual emigration to Liberia, under the pressure of these various influences, is already numbered by thousands. It is becoming a general opinion in the United States, that in this

manner the whole negro population of that country will finally be transferred to the shores of Africa. The probability is, however, that long before this result can take place, all the slaves in America will be emancipated. The great obstacle in the way of their liberation has hitherto been the not unreasonable apprehension that they would be found incapable of self-government, and that the sudden introduction of three millions of semi-barbarous freedmen into the civil polity of the country would be fatal to the stability of its institutions. The successful experiment of Liberia must in a short time remove this apprehension. It is impossible to believe that an intelligent, benevolent, and high-spirited people like the Americans, will continue to hold their fellow-men in slavery after it has been clearly shewn that the emancipation of all the slaves in the Union might, with proper precautions, be effected without danger to the country.

It is deserving of notice, in this connection, that a decided change of public feeling is known to have recently taken place in Brazil on the subject of the slave-trade, which has almost entirely ceased. Manumissions have long been common in that country, and a large free coloured class already exists in it. The recent appointment of a minister to Liberia, and the project of founding a Brazilian colony of free blacks on the African coast, would seem to indicate the existence of some amount of anti-slavery feeling in that empire. When we consider the rapid diffusion of opinions in this age, and the marvellous progress of social improvement, it does not seem too much to expect that the present generation may be fortunate enough to witness the complete extinction of slavery in all nations professing the Christian religion. Should Liberia continue to prosper, this consummation may be regarded as certain. The existence of a powerful nation of civilised and Christian negroes in Africa, must speedily render the maintenance of negro slavery in America impossible. In the prospect of such a result, and of the vast changes in Africa which must accompany it, there seems ample warrant for the assertion, that the founding of the colony of Liberia is likely to be ranked hereafter among the greatest historical events of our age.



CHRISTIAN SLAVERY IN BARBARY.



WE find in the records of the remotest antiquity, slavery mentioned as an established system as quite a common usage. Abraham had '318 servants born in his own house;' and thousands of children have wept when they heard how Joseph was sold by his unnatural brethren. That it is an 'institution' adapted to a rude state of society only, is satisfactorily proved by its complete extinction in almost all the more highly civilised and refined communities of the earth; and also by its origin being clearly traceable to the lowest conditions of savage life. Women, being the weaker, were undoubtedly the first slaves. The uncivilised man of the present day follows the chase or sallies forth upon the war-path, all labour and drudgery falling to the lot of his female partner. The mere savage hunter of antiquity compelled, by

scarcity of game and other circumstances, to tame and rear cattle for their flesh and skins, required more assistance than his wife could afford, and, consequently, the life of the enemy, vanquished in war, was spared on condition of being the conqueror's slave. The wife then became an overlooker, and woman was raised the first step in the social scale. Agriculture, requiring more labour still, was next discovered and practised; slaves became articles of value and merchandise; and the victorious warrior, instead of slaying his prisoners, sacrificing them to hideous heathen deities, or eating them, as he had formerly done, found it more advantageous to adopt the less cruel alternative of selling them. Thus we see that the horrible system of slavery, the offspring of brute force and barbarism, was, nevertheless, a forward step in the world's march to civilisation. So, as toil and suffering is the ordeal which mankind individually and nationally must pass through before their highest state of progress can be achieved, we may confidently cheer ourselves with the hope, that the last remnant of slavery still existing in Christian lands, and now writhing in its death-pangs, will be the means of raising a degraded race to their proper position among the people of the earth.

The ancient Greeks, puffed with the pride of their superficial refinement, deemed all the rest of the world barbarians, and only fit to be their slaves. The haughty republican Roman, selfish and intolerant, demanding unlimited and aggressive privileges for himself as a citizen, was a brutal master to his bondsman. Under the Empire, the number of slaves increased so much by wealth and conquest, that the poorer class of freemen were glad to secure a subsistence by working on the estates of the great landowners, to which they and their families became bound under the name of *adscripti*; and thus arose that mitigated system of slavery known as serfdom, which prevailed during the middle ages, and which, in some of the northern parts of Europe, is not yet abolished. War and conquest, however, were always the great sources of slavery. England, overrun by Romans, Saxons, Norwegians, and Normans, was long a country of slaves and slave-dealers. To the circumstance of English captives being exposed for sale in the market of Rome, we are indebted for the first gleam of the light of Gospel truth. The Anglo-Saxons held a great slave-mart at Bristol, where they sold large numbers of slaves to the Irish traders. Wolston, Bishop of Worcester, who died in 1095, went year after year to Bristol and preached against the odious traffic; and his zeal was crowned with success, for many of the leading merchants discontinued it. In the canons of a council held at London in 1102, it is written:—‘Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men in England have hitherto been sold like brute beasts.’ Still, however, to a very late period, prisoners taken in war were considered to be the property of their captors: the rich were held to ransom, and the poor condemned to slavery.

CHRISTIAN SLAVERY IN BARBARY.

Another prolific source of slavery was religious difference—it being long understood that any person who had the power, had also the right to enslave any other person professing a different faith. The Laws of Oleron, the maritime code of the middle ages, described infidels who did not receive the Christian faith, as ‘dogs to be attacked, despoiled, and enslaved by all true believers.’ The Venetians long carried on a prosperous trade in Slavonian infidel slaves from the shores of the Adriatic, and they honestly, as the word was then understood, bought and paid for them. But it was reserved for chivalry—Christian chivalry *par excellence*—to commence that hideous system of mingled piracy and slavery, which so long stained with blood and tears the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The ecclesiastical order of Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem—originally instituted for the purpose of sheltering and relieving sick pilgrims to the Holy Temple—assumed in course of time a military character and organisation, becoming a rich and powerful body of monastic warriors. When the Christian powers were driven from Palestine, the Knights Hospitallers took possession of Rhodes, and a few other smaller islands in the group so well known in ancient history as the Sporades. Shut up in these islands, yet bound by their vows to wage perpetual war against all infidels, the knights became a considerable naval power, and pursued a continual system of piracy upon their Mohammedan neighbours. All their prisoners were unconditionally doomed to life-long slavery. Manacled to the oars, they rowed the galleys of their knightly captors, who impiously used to boast, that they cared not how the winds of heaven blew, as they carried their own winds in the sinews of their slaves. Four times did the plundered Ottomans unsuccessfully endeavour to expel the priestly pirates from their stronghold. At last Solymán the Magnificent beleaguered Rhodes with an immense fleet and army, and summoned the knights to surrender in the following words:—‘The constant robberies with which you molest our faithful subjects, oblige us to require you to deliver up to us the island and fortress of Rhodes.’ The summons was treated with scorn; a series of sanguinary battles ensued; and ultimately, after performing prodigies of valour, the order was almost annihilated, and their feeble remnant expelled from Rhodes. After some years’ wandering in various parts of Europe, they received the island of Malta from Charles V. Recruiting their numbers, they established themselves on that almost impregnable rock, and pursued their former system of piracy with greater vigour than ever. Al Makbari, an Arabic writer, speaks of Malta in language similar to that which, no doubt, our ancestors have used respecting Algiers. He terms it ‘that accursed island, from the neighbourhood of which whoever escapes may well say that he has deserved favour; that dreaded spot which throws its deadly shade on the pleasant waters; that den of iniquity; that place of ambush, which is like a net to ensnare all Moslems who sail the sea.’

Barbary is the general and somewhat vague denomination adopted by Europeans to designate that part of the northern coast of Africa which, bounded on the south by the desert of Sahara, is comprised between the frontiers of Egypt on the Mediterranean, and Cape Nun, the western spur of the lofty Atlas range, on the Atlantic. Imperfectly known even at the present day, in ancient legend it was peculiarly the land of mystery and fable. It was there the Grecian poets, giving their airy nothings a local habitation and a name, placed the site of the delightful gardens of the Hesperides, whose trees bore apples of the purest gold; there dwelt the terrible Gorgon, whose snaky tresses turned all living things into stone; there the invincible Hercules wrestled and overthrew the mighty Antæus; there the weary Atlas supported the ponderous arch of heaven on his stalwart shoulders. Almost as mythical and mysterious is the little we know of the Phœnicians, the greatest maritime people of antiquity, who planted their most powerful colony, the proud city of Carthage, on these fertile shores of Northern Africa. Of the Carthaginians, we can glean a little from the Greek and Roman historians. We know that in turn becoming the rulers of the seas, they explored and founded colonies and trading-depôts in what were at that time the most distant regions; extending their commercial relations from the tropical banks of the Niger to the frost-bound beach of the Baltic. A powerful people ere Rome was built, they long enjoyed their supremacy; at last, the thirst of territorial conquest brought the two great nations into rivalry, and the rich temples of Carthage fell a prey to the legions of Scipio. For a short period after the destruction of Carthage, the energetic subtlety of Jugurtha prevented the conquerors from extending their dominion; but in a few years, the whole coast, as far as the waves of the Atlantic, became a Roman province. It remained so till about the year 428 of the Christian era, in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, when Genseric, king of the Vandals, crossed over to Africa, conquered the Roman territory, and founded a dynasty which reigned for about 100 years. The Greek emperor Justinian then sent Belisarius to reconquer the country; he defeated the Vandals, made their king prisoner, and added Northern Africa to the Greek Empire.

History presents us with a series of conquering races, following each other as the waves upon the sea-beach, each washing away the impression made upon the sand by its forerunner, and each leaving a fresh impression to be washed out by its successor. The irruption of the Saracens followed hard upon the conquering footsteps of Belisarius. Swarm after swarm of the Arabs came up out of Egypt, till Northern Africa was under the rule of the caliphs, excepting a small part of the sea-coast held by the Spanish Goths. They at last were driven out by Musa, about the year 710; and then Tarik, Musa's lieutenant, crossing the narrow straits, carried the war into Europe, defeated Roderick, the last Gothic

king, and laid the foundation of Arab dominion in Spain. The ruthless spirit of religious fanaticism which inspired the followers of Mohammed, destroyed everything it could not change. Romans, Vandals, Greeks, Goths, their laws, literature, and religions, all have disappeared in Northern Africa; the recollection of the most powerful of them is only preserved in the word *Romi*—a term of reproach to the Christians of all nations. Of their more material works, the learned antiquary still finds some traces of Roman edifices, and the remains of a sewer are supposed to indicate the site of Carthage. The warlike enthusiasm of the Saracens was better adapted for making conquests than for preserving them. The great distance from the seat of empire, the revolutions caused by rival houses contending for the caliphate, the ambitious projects of the viceroys inclining them to league with native chiefs, led to a dissolution of the Arabian power in Northern Africa. Consequently, when the dawn of modern history begins to throw a clearer light upon the scene, we find the territory divided into a number of petty sovereignties.

The Saracens in Africa intermixing with the barbarous native tribes, never reached the high position in the arts of peace and civilisation attained by their brethren, the conquerors of Spain. The devastating instinct of Islamism seems to have yielded to a more benign influence, as soon as it entered Europe. When Spain was thoroughly subdued, the natives were permitted, with but few restrictions, the full enjoyment of their own laws and religion; and the Arabs, enjoying almost peaceable possession for nearly three centuries after the conquest, devoted their fiery energies to the acquisition of knowledge. Enriched by a fertile soil and prosperous commerce, they blended the acquirements and refinements of intellectual culture with Arabian luxury and magnificence; the palaces of their princes were radiant with splendour, their colleges famous for learning, their libraries overflowing with books, their agricultural and manufacturing processes conducted with scientific accuracy, when all the rest of Europe was buried in midnight barbarism. To those halcyon days of comparative peace succeeded four centuries of bitter conflict between the invaders and the invaded, exhibiting one of the grandest romances of military history on record. It was long doubtful on which side the honours of victory would descend. At last, the ardour and audacity of the Mussulman succumbed to the patriotic courage of the Christian, and the reluctant Moor was compelled to abandon the lovely region he had rendered classical by the exercise of his peculiar taste and genius.

Immediately after the fall of Granada, in 1492, about 100,000 Spanish Moors passed over into Africa with their unfortunate king Boabdil. Some ruined and deserted cities on the sea-coast, the remains of Carthaginian and Roman power and enterprise, were allotted to the exiles; for though of the same religion, and almost of the same race and language as the people they sought refuge

amongst, yet they were strangers in a strange land; the African Moors termed them *Tigarins* (Andalucians); they dwelt and intermarried together, and were long known to Europeans, in the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean, by the appellation of Moriscos. At the period of this forced migration, the Barbary Moors knew nothing of navigation; what little commerce they had was carried on by the ships of Cadiz, Genoa, and Ragusa. But the Moriscos, confined to the sea-coast, and debarred from agriculture, had no sooner rendered the ancient ruins habitable, than they turned their attention to naval affairs. Building row-boats, carrying from fourteen to twenty-six oars, they boldly put to sea, and incited by feelings of the deadliest enmity, revenged themselves on the hated Spaniard, at the same time that they plundered for a livelihood. Crossing the narrow channel which separates the two continents, and lying off out of sight of the Spanish coast during the day, they landed at night—not as strangers, but on the shores of their native land, where every bay and creek, every path and pass, every village and homestead, were as well known to them as to the Christian Spaniard. In the morning, mangled bodies and burning houses testified that the Moriscos had been there; while all portable plunder, every captured Christian not too old or too young to be a slave, was in the row-boat speeding swiftly to the African coast. The harassed Spaniards kept watch and ward, winter and summer, from sunrise to sunset, and sometimes succeeded in cutting off small parties of the piratical invaders; yet such was the audacity of the Moriscos, and so well were their incursions planned, that frequently they plundered villages miles in the interior. Then ensued the hasty flight and hot pursuit; the freebooters retreating to the boats, driving before them, at the lances' point, unfortunate captives, laden with the plunder of their own dwellings; the pursuers, horse and foot, following into the very water, and firing on the retiring row-boats till their long oars swept them out of gunshot. The Barbary Moors soon joined the Moriscos in those exciting and profitable adventures; and thus originated the atrocious practice, which being subsequently recognised in treaties made by the various European powers, became, according to the laws of nations, a legally organised system of Christian slavery.

In 1509, Ferdinand the Catholic, anxious to stop the Morisco depredations on the Spanish coast, sent a considerable force, under the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, to invade Barbary. During this expedition, the Spaniards released 300 captives, and took possession of Oran and a few other unimportant places on the coast. One of those was a small island, about a mile from the main, lying exactly opposite the town since known as Algiers, but previously so little recognised by history, that it is not certain when it received the name. In all probability, it acquired the high-sounding appellation of *Al Ghezire* (The Invincible) at a subsequent period. Carefully fortifying this insulated rock, the

Spaniards, by the superiority of their artillery, held possession of it for several years, as a sort of outpost, and a curb upon the piratical tendencies of the native powers.

One of these extraordinary adventurers, who, rising from nothing, carve out kingdoms for themselves with the edge of their sabres, and gleaming at intervals on an astonished world, vanish into utter darkness, like comets in their erratic orbits, appeared at this time, and changed the destinies of the greater part of Northern Africa. The son of a poor Greek potter in the island of Mitylene worked with his father till a younger brother was able to take his place in assisting to support the family; then going on board a Turkish war-vessel, he signified his desire to become a Mussulman, and enter the service. His offer was accepted, he received the Turkish name of Aroudje—his previous appellation is unknown—and in a short time, his fierce intrepidity and nautical skill raised him to the command of a vessel belonging to the sultan. Intrusted with a considerable sum of money, to pay the Turkish garrisons in the Morea, he sailed from Constantinople, and having passed the Dardanelles, he mustered his crew, and declared his intentions of renouncing allegiance to the Porte. He told them that, if they would stand by him, he would lead them to the western waters of the Mediterranean, where prizes of all nations might be captured in abundance, where there were no knights of Rhodes to contend against, and where they would be completely out of the power of the sultan. A project so much in unison with the predilections of the rude crew was received with enthusiastic acclamations of assent. Aroudje then steered for his native island of Mitylene, where he landed, and gave a large sum of money to his mother and sisters; and being joined by his brother, who, becoming a Mohammedan, assumed the name of Hayraddin, he weighed anchor, and turned his prow to the westward. Arriving off the island of Elba, he fell in with two portly argosies under papal colours. Piracy in these western seas having previously been carried on in the Morisco row-boats only, the Christians were not alarmed, but believing Aroudje to be an honest trader, permitted him to run alongside, as he seemed to wish to communicate some information. They were quickly undeceived. Boarding the nearest one, he immediately took possession of her, and then dressing his men in the clothes of the captured crew, he bore down upon her unsuspecting consort. She was captured also, with scarcely a blow; and Aroudje found himself in possession of two ships, each much larger than his own, with cargoes of great value, and some hundreds of prisoners. The fame of this bold action resounded from the southern shores of Europe to the opposite coast of Africa. Such captives as were ransomed, when describing the appearance of Aroudje, did not fail to recount the ferocious aspect of his huge red beard, so unusual an appendage to a native of the south, and thus he obtained the name of Barbarossa (Redbeard), so long the terror of

the Mediterranean. Taking his prizes to Tunis, one of the small states that had once been part of the great Saracen Empire in Barbary, Aroudje was well received by the king, who allowed him to use the island and fort of Goleta as a naval depôt, on condition of paying a certain percentage on all prizes. Adding daily to his wealth and fleet, the daring sea-rover had no lack of followers: Turkish and Moorish adventurers eagerly enrolled themselves under his fortunate banner.

The precarious position of the petty Barbary states, threatened by the Berbers and Bedouins of the interior on the land-side, and menaced by the Spaniards on the sea-board, was highly favourable to the ambitious aspirations of the potter's son. The district of Jijil being attacked by famine, he seized the corn-ships of Sicily, and distributed the grain freely and without price among the starving inhabitants, who gratefully proclaimed him their king; and in a few years his army equalled in magnitude his still increasing fleet. The fort built by the Spaniards on the island off Algiers was a great annoyance to Eutemi, the Moorish king of that little state. Unwisely, he applied to Barbarossa for aid to evict the Spaniard, and eagerly was the request granted. With 5000 men, the pirate chief marched to Algiers, where the people hailed him as a deliverer; Eutemi was murdered, and Aroudje proclaimed king. The throne thus usurped by audacity, he established by policy; profusely liberal to his friends, ferociously cruel to his enemies, he was loved and dreaded by all his subjects. His reign, however, was short, being defeated and killed in battle by the Spaniards, only two years after he ascended the throne. In such estimation was this victory held, that the head, shirt-of-mail, and gold-embroidered vest of the slain warrior were carried on a lance, in triumphant procession, through the principal cities of Spain, and then deposited as sacred trophies in the church of St Jerome at Cordova. Hayraddin, who is styled by the old historians Barbarossa II., succeeded his brother, but, feeling his position insecure, he tendered the sovereignty of Algiers to the Grand Seigneur, on condition of being appointed viceroy and receiving a contingent of troops. Sultan Selim, gladly accepting the offer, sent a firman creating Hayraddin pacha, and a force of 2000 janizaries. From that period, the Ottoman supremacy over the Moorish and Morisco inhabitants of Algiers was firmly established.

Piracy upon all Christian nations was still vigorously carried on from Tunis and other ports of Barbary; but the harbour of Algiers being commanded by the island fort in possession of the Spaniards, was deprived of that nefarious source of wealth. This island was long the 'Castle Dangerous' of the Spanish service; nor was it till 1530, that, betrayed by a discontented soldier, it fell into the hands of Hayraddin. Don Martin, the Spanish governor, who had long and nobly defended the isolated rock, was brought a wounded captive before the truculent pacha. 'I respect you,' said Hayraddin, 'as a brave man and a good soldier. Whatever

favour you may ask of me I will grant, on condition that you will accede to whatever I may request.'

'Agreed,' replied Don Martin. 'Cut off the head of the base Spaniard who betrayed his countrymen.'

The wretch was immediately brought in, and decapitated on the spot.

'Now,' rejoined Hayraddin, 'my request is that you become a Mussulman, and take command of my army.'

'Never!' exclaimed the chivalrous Don Martin; and immediately, at a signal from the enraged pacha, a dozen yataghans leaped from their sheaths, and the faithful Christian was cut to pieces on the floor of the presence-chamber.

The island, so long a source of danger and annoyance to the Algerines, was now made their safest defence, Hayraddin conceiving the bold idea of uniting it to the mainland by a mole and breakwater. This really great undertaking, which still evinces the engineering and mechanical skill of its promoters, was the work of thousands of wretched Christian slaves, who laboured at it incessantly for three years before it was completed. Thus the Algerines obtained a commodious harbour for their shipping, secure against all storms, and, at that time, impregnable to all enemies.

In 1532, the people of Tunis rebelling, deposed their king, and invited the willing Hayraddin to become their ruler. With this increase of power his boldness increased also. Out of his many daring exploits at this period, we need mention only one. Hearing that Julian Gonzago, the wife of Vespasian Colonna, Count of Fondi, was the most beautiful woman in Europe, Hayraddin made a descent in the night on the town of Fondi; scaling the walls, the fierce Moslems plundered the town, and carried off numbers of the inhabitants into slavery. Fortunately, the countess escaped to the fields in her night-dress, and thus evaded the clutches of the pirate, who, to revenge his disappointment, ravaged the whole Neapolitan coast before he returned to Tunis.

The eyes of all Europe were now turned imploringly to the only power considered capable of contending with this 'monstrous scourge of Christendom.' The emperor Charles V. eagerly responded to the appeal, and summoned forth the united strength of his vast dominions to equip the most powerful armada that had ever ploughed the waves of the Mediterranean; the Low Countries, Spain, Italy, Portugal, and Genoa, furnished their bravest veterans and best appointed ships; the Knights of St John supplied a few vessels, small, yet formidable from the well-known valour of the chevaliers who served in them; the pope contributed his blessing; and the immense armament, inspired with all the enthusiasm of the Crusades, but directed to a more rational and legitimate object, rendezvoused at Cagliari—a convenient harbour in Sardinia.

Hayraddin, aware of the object and destination of this vast armament, energetically prepared to give it a suitable reception.

Night and day the miserable Christian slaves, rivetting their own fetters, were employed in erecting new, and strengthening old fortifications; and as a last resource, in case of defeat, the shrewd pacha sent eighteen sail of his best ships to Bona. In July 1537, the emperor's fleet was descried from the towers of Tunis; and Hayraddin made the last dispositions for defence by placing his treasure, seraglio, and slaves in the citadel, under a strong guard, with the intention of retreating thither if the city and port were taken.

Charles, after landing his troops, commenced a simultaneous attack by land and sea. Hayraddin, with much inferior force, yet greater advantage of position, conducted the defence with skill and determination. But in the heat of the conflict, the Christian slaves, distracted with suspense, and excited to frenzy by the thunder of the cannonade, burst their bonds, overpowered their guards, and turned the guns of the citadel upon their Moslem masters. Hayraddin, then seeing that the day was irrecoverably lost, fled with the remnant of his army to the ships at Bona. Charles reinstated the deposed king of Tunis as his vassal, and on condition, that for the future, all Christians brought as captives to Tunis should be liberated without ransom. With 20,000 Christians released from slavery by the power of his arms—the noblest trophy conqueror ever bore—Charles returned in triumph to Europe. Not only did he restore these unfortunate captives to liberty, but he furnished all of them with suitable apparel, and the means of returning to their respective countries. Such munificence spread the fame of Charles over all the world; for though it entailed on him immense expense, he had personally gained nothing by the conquest of Tunis: disinterestedly he had fought for the honour of the Christian name, for Christian security and welfare. Yet we regret to have to add one fact, highly characteristic of the age: when Charles left Africa, he also carried off 10,000 Mohammedans to be slaves for life, chained to the oars in the galleys of Spain, Italy, and Malta.

We must now return to Hayraddin, the second Barbarossa, whom we left in full retreat to Bona, where he had sagaciously sent his ships to be out of harm's way at Tunis. As soon as he arrived at Bona, he embarked his men, and put to sea.

'Let us go to the Levant,' said his officers, 'and beg assistance from the sultan.'

'To the Levant, did you say?' exclaimed the incensed pirate. 'Am I a man to shew my back? Must I fly for refuge to Constantinople? Depend upon it, I am far more likely to attack the emperor's dominions in Flanders. Cease your prating; follow me, and obey orders.' Steering for Minorca, he soon appeared off the well-fortified harbour of Port Mahon. The incautious Minorcans believing the pirates utterly exterminated, and that the gallant fleet entering their harbour was returning from the conquest of Tunis, ran to the port to greet and welcome the supposed victors.

Not a gun was loaded, not a battery manned, when Hayraddin, swooping like an eagle on its prey, sacked the town, carried off an immense booty in money and military stores, and with 6000 captive Minorcans, returned in triumph to Algiers. This was his last exploit that falls within our province to relate. Earnestly solicited by the sultan, he relinquished the pachalic to take supreme command of the Ottoman fleet. After a life spent in stratagem and war, he died at an advanced age; and still along the Christian shores of the Mediterranean, mothers frighten their unruly children with the name of Barbarossa.

Hassan Aga, a Sardinian renegade, was next appointed to the vice-royalty. A corsair from his youth, he was well fitted for the office, and during his rule the piratical depredations increased in number and audacity. The continuous line of watch-towers that engirdle the southern coast of Spain, and have so picturesque an effect at the present day, were built as a defence against Hassan's cruisers. Once more all Europe turned to the emperor Charles for relief and protection. Pope Paul III. wrote a letter imploring him 'to reduce Algiers, which, since the conquest of Tunis, has been the common receptacle of all the freebooters, and to exterminate that lawless race, the implacable enemies of the Christian faith.' Moved by such entreaties, and thirsting for glory, Charles equipped a fleet equal in magnitude to that with which he had conquered Tunis. A navy of 500 ships, an army of 27,000 picked men, and 150 Knights of Malta, with noblemen and gentlemen volunteers of all nations, many of them English, sailed on this great expedition. To oppose such a powerful force, Hassan had only 800 Turks and 5000 Moors and Moriscos. On arriving at Algiers, Charles summoned the pacha to surrender, but received a most contemptuous reply. The troops were immediately disembarked, though with great difficulty, owing to stormy weather; and the increasing gale cutting off communication with the fleet, before sufficient stores and camp equipage could be landed, Charles and his army were left with scanty provision, and exposed to torrents of rain. A night passed in this miserable condition. The next day, the tempest increased. The next night, the troops, exhausted by want of food and exposure to the elements, were unable to lie down, the ground being knee-deep in mud. Hassan was too vigilant a warrior not to take advantage of this state of affairs. Before daybreak, on the second morning, with a strong body of horse and foot, he sallied out upon the Christian camp. Weak from hunger and want of rest, benumbed by exposure to the cold and rain, their powder wet, and their matches extinguished, the advanced division of Charles's army were easily defeated by Hassan's fresh and vigorous troops. The main body advanced to the rescue, and after a sharp contest, Hassan's small detachment was repulsed, and driven back into the city. The Knights of Malta, among whom a chivalrous emulation existed with respect to which of them would first stick his dagger

in the gate of Algiers, rashly following the retreating Hassan, led the army up to the city, where they were mowed down in hundreds by the fire from the walls. Retreating in confusion from this false position, they were again charged by Hassan's impetuous cavalry, and the knights of Malta, to save the whole army from destruction, drew up in a body to cover the rear. Conspicuous by their scarlet upper garments, embroidered with a white cross, they served for a short time as a rallying-point; but it was not till Charles, armed with sword and buckler, joined his troops, and stimulated them to fresh exertions by fighting in their ranks, that the Algerines were compelled to return to their strongholds. In this desperate conflict the Knights of Malta were nearly all killed. Only one of them, Ponce de Salignac, the standard-bearer, had reached and stuck his dagger in the gate, but, pierced with innumerable wounds, he did not live to enjoy the honour of the foolhardy feat. Another night of tempest and privation followed this discouraging battle; hundreds of the debilitated troops were blown down by the violence of the wind, and smothered in the mud. When the day broke, Charles saw 200 of his war-ships and transports, containing 8000 men, driven on shore, and such of their crews as were not swallowed up by the waves, led off into captivity by the exulting enemy. The rest of the fleet sought shelter under a headland four miles off, and thither Charles followed them; but his famished troops, continually harassed by the enemy, were two days in retreating that short distance. With great difficulty, Charles, and a small remnant of his once powerful army, reached the ships, and made sail from the inhospitable coast. So many captives were taken, and such was their enfeebled condition, that numbers were sold by the captors for an onion each. 'Do you remember the day when your countryman was sold for an onion?' was for years afterwards a favourite taunt of the Algerine to the Spaniard. Enriched with slaves, valuable military and naval stores, treasure, horses, costly trappings—all brought to their own doors—the pride of the Algerines knew no bounds, and they sneeringly said that Charles brought them this immense plunder to save them the trouble of going to fetch it. Hassan generously refused to take any part of the spoil, saying that the honour of defeating the most powerful of Christian princes was quite sufficient for his share.

After this great victory, the Algerines, confident of the impregnability of their city, turned their attention to increasing their power on sea. The vessels hitherto used for warlike purposes in the Mediterranean were galleys, principally propelled by oars rowed by slaves; and in quickness of manœuvre and capability of being propelled during a calm, were somewhat analogous to the steam-boat of the present day, and had a decided advantage over the less easily managed sailing-vessels. Not constructed to mount heavy ordnance, the system of naval tactics adopted in the galleys was to close with the enemy, whenever eligible, and then the

battle was fought with small-arms—arrows, and even stones, being used as weapons of attack and defence. The Algerines, however, labouring in their vocation, as Falstaff would have said, captured many large ships of Northern Europe, built for long voyages and to contend with stormy seas. Equipping these with cannon, they were enabled to destroy the galleys before the latter could close with them; and thus introducing a new system of naval warfare, they gained a complete ascendancy in the waters of the Mediterranean. Nor did they long confine their depredations to that sea. In 1574, an Algerine fleet surprised the tunny fishery of the Duke of Medina, near Cadiz, and captured 200 slaves; but one of the piratical vessels running ashore, a large number were retaken by their countrymen. In 1585, Morat, a celebrated corsair, landed at night on Lancelote, one of the Canary Islands, and carried off a large booty, with 300 prisoners; among whom were the wife, mother, and daughter of the Spanish governor. Standing out to sea the next morning, until out of gun-range, the pirate hove-to, and shewing a flag of truce, treated for the ransom of his captives; and afterwards, eluding by seamanship and cunning a Spanish fleet waiting to intercept him at the mouth of the Straits, exultingly returned to Algiers. In the following century, pushing their piracies still further, the English Channel became one of their regular cruising-grounds. In 1631, the town of Baltimore, in Ireland, was plundered by Morat Rais, a Flemish renegade, and 237 men, women, and children, 'even to the babe in the cradle,' carried off into captivity. Aware of the strong family affections of the Irish, we can well believe Pierre Dan, a Redemptionist monk, who saw those poor creatures in Algiers. He says: 'It was one of the most pitiable of sights to see them exposed for sale. There was not a Christian in Algiers who did not shed tears at the lamentations of these captives in the slave-market, when husband and wife, mother and child, were separated.* Is it not,' indignantly adds the worthy father, 'making the Almighty a bankrupt, to sell His most precious property in this cruel manner?' About the same time, two corsairs, guided by a Danish renegade, proceeded as far as Iceland, where they captured no less than 800 persons, a few of whom were ransomed several years afterwards by Christian IV., king of Denmark.

The existence of such an organised system of piracy may well excite our wonder at the present day; but the truth is, that since the time of the Vikings, to the latter part of the last century, the high seas were never clear of pirates belonging to one nation or another. Besides, the commercial jealousies and almost continual wars of the European nations, prevented them from uniting to crush the Barbary rovers. The English and Dutch maintained an extensive commerce with the Algerines, supplying them with gunpowder, arms, and naval stores; and found it more profitable to pay their

* At a later period, the Algerines did not separate slave-families.

customers a heavy tribute for a sort of half-peace, than to be at open war with them. De Witt, the famous Dutch admiral and statesman, in his *Interest of Holland*, thus views the question. 'Although,' he says, 'our ships should be well guarded by convoys against the Barbary pirates, yet it would by no means be proper to free the seas from those freebooters—because we should thereby be put on the same footing as the French, Spanish, and Italians; wherefore it is best to leave that thorn in the sides of those nations.' An English statesman, in an official paper written in 1671, amongst other objections to the surrender of Tangier, urges the advantage of making it an open port for the Barbary pirates to sell their prizes and refit at, in the same manner as they were permitted to do in the French ports. It is an actual fact that, in the seventeenth century, when England and France were at peace, Algerine cruisers frequently landed their English captives at Bordeaux, whence they were marched in handcuffs to Marseille, and there reshipped in other vessels, and taken to Algiers. This proceeding was to avoid the risk of recapture in the Straits of Gibraltar, and also to allow the pirates to remain out longer on their cruise, unencumbered with prisoners. Numerous instances of the complicity of European powers with this nefarious system might be adduced. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in 1703, protected a Barbary pirate from receiving a well-merited chastisement from a Dutch squadron; but that need not surprise the reader, for at the same time the gallant admiral had power under the Great Seal to visit Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, make the usual presents, and 'if he could prevail with them to make war against France, and that some act of hostility was thereupon committed, he was to give such further presents as he should think proper.'

The political system of the Algerines requires a few words. The authority of the Porte was soon shaken off, and then the janizaries, or soldiers, forming a kind of aristocratic democracy, chose a governor from their own number, under the familiar title of Dey (Uncle); and ruled the native Moors as an inferior and conquered race. Neither Moor nor Morisco was permitted to have any voice in the government, or to hold any office under it; the wealthiest native, if he met a janizary in the street, had to give way to let the proud soldier pass. The janizaries were all either Turks or renegades (slaves who had turned Mohammedans): so strictly was this rule carried out, that the son of a janizary by a Moorish woman was not allowed the privileges of his father, though the offspring of a janizary and a Christian slave was recognised as one of the dominant race. The janizaries were in number about 12,000; their ranks were annually recruited by renegades and adventurous Turks from the Levant; they served by sea as well as by land, and were employed in controlling the tributary native chiefs of the interior, and sailing in the piratical cruisers. Piracy being the basis of this system, the whole foreign policy of the Algerines consisted in claiming the right of maintaining constant war with all Christian

nations that did not conciliate them by tribute and treaties. When a European consul arrived at Algiers, he always carried a large present to the dey, and as the latter would, in a short time, quarrel with and send away the consul, in expectation of receiving the usual present with his successor, it was found more convenient to make an occasional present, than incur the trouble and risk of a continual change of consuls. In course of time, these occasional presents became a tribute of 17,000 dollars, regularly paid every two years.

The miseries of Algerine bondage have long been proverbial over all the Christian world, yet they appear light when calmly examined and contrasted with other systems of slavery. Most travellers in Mohammedan countries have remarked the general kindness with which slaves are treated. General Eaton, consul of the United States at Tunis in 1799, writes thus :—‘Truth and justice demand from me the confession, that the Christian slaves among the barbarians of Africa are treated with more humanity than the African slaves among the Christians of civilised America.’ John Wesley, when addressing those connected with the negro slave-trade, said : ‘You have carried them into the vilest slavery, never to end but with life—such slavery as is not found with the Turks at Algiers.’ In fact, the creed of Islam, not recognising perpetual and unconditional bondage, gave the slave a right of redemption by purchase, according to a precept of the Koran. This right of redemption was daily claimed and acknowledged in Barbary ; and though it was only the richer class that could immediately benefit by it, yet it was a great alleviation to the general hardship of the system ; and numbers of the poorer captives, by exercise of their various trades and professions, realised money, and were in a short time able to redeem themselves. Again, no prejudice of race existed in the mind of the master against his unhappy bondsman. The meanest Christian slave, on becoming a Mohammedan, was free, and enrolled as a janizary, having superior privileges even to the native Moor or Morisco, and he and his descendants were eligible to the highest offices in the state. Ladies, when captured, were invariably treated with respect, and, till ransomed, lodged in a building set apart for the purpose, under the charge of a high officer, similar to our mayor. The most perfect toleration was extended to the exercise of the Christian religion ; the four great festivals of the Roman Church—Christmas, Easter, and the natiivities of St John and the Virgin—were recognised as holidays for the slaves. We read of a large slaveholder purchasing a priest expressly for the spiritual comfort of his bondsmen ; and of other masters who regularly, once a week, marched their slaves off to confession. The Algerines were shrewd enough to prefer a religious slave to his less conscientious fellows. ‘Christianity,’ they used to say, ‘was better for a man than no religion at all.’ Nor were they zealous to make adult converts. ‘A bad Christian,’ they said, ‘can never make a good Mussulman.’ It was only slaves of known good character

and conduct who were received into the Moslem community. Children, however, were brought up Mohammedans, adopted in families, and became the heirs of their adopters. Captured ecclesiastics were treated with respect, never set to work, but allowed to join the religious houses established in Algiers.

One of the greatest alleviations to the miseries of the captives was the hospital founded for their benefit, by that noble order of monks, the Trinitarian Brothers of Redemption. This order was instituted in 1188, during the pontificate of Innocent III. Its founder, Jean Matha, was a native of Provence, and, according to the old chronicles, a saint from his birth; for when a baby at the breast, he voluntarily abstained every fast-day! Having entered the priesthood, on performing his first mass, an extraordinary vision was witnessed by the congregation. An angelic being, clothed in white raiment, appeared above the altar, with an imploring expression of countenance, and arms crossed; his hands were placed on the heads of two fettered slaves, as if he wished to redeem them. The fame of this miracle soon spread to Rome. Journeying thither, Matha said mass before the pope; and the wonderful apparition being repeated, Innocent granted the requisite concessions for instituting the order of Redemptionists, whose sole object was to collect alms, and apply them to the relief and redemption of Christian slaves. With whatever degree of suspicion such conventual legends may be regarded, it is gratifying to find that the order was truly a blessed charity, and that our own countrymen were among the earliest and most zealous of its members. Within a year from its institution, Brother John of Scotland, a professor at Oxford, and Brother William of England, a priest in London, departed on the first voyage of redemption, and after many dangers and hardships, returned from the East with 1286 ransomed slaves. It was not, however, till 1551 that the order was enabled to form a regular establishment at Algiers. In that year, Brother Sebastian purchased a large building, and converted it into an hospital for sick and disabled slaves. As neither work nor ransom could be got out of a dead slave, the masters soon perceived the benefit of the hospital, and they levied a tax on all Christian vessels frequenting the port to aid in sustaining it. Among so many captives, there were always plenty of experienced medical men to perform the requisite duties; and no inconsiderable revenue to the funds of the institution was derived by dispensing medicines and advice to the Moslems. A Father Administrator and two brothers of the order constantly resided in Algiers to manage the affairs of the hospital, which from time to time was extended and improved, till it became one of the largest and finest buildings in the city. The owners of slaves who received the benefit of this charity, contributed nothing towards it, but on each slave being admitted, his proprietor paid one dollar to the Father Administrator, which, if the patient recovered, was returned to the master, but if he died, was kept to defray his funeral expenses. For a long period, there was no place of interment

allotted to the captives; their dead bodies were thrown outside the city walls, to be devoured by the hordes of street-dogs which infest the towns of Mohammedan countries. At length, by the noble self-denial of a private individual, whose name, we regret to say, we are unable to trace, a slave's burial-ground was obtained. A Capuchin-friar, the friend and confessor of Don John of Austria, natural son of the Emperor Charles V., was taken captive. Knowing the esteem in which he was held by the prince, an immense sum was demanded for his ransom. The money was immediately forwarded; but instead of purchasing his freedom, the disinterested philanthropist bought a piece of ground for a burial-place for Christian slaves, and, devoting himself to solace the spiritual and temporal wants of his unhappy co-religionists, uncomplainingly passed the rest of his life in exile and captivity.

A few years after the founding of this House of the Spanish Hospital, as it was termed, another Christian religious establishment, the House of the French Mission, was planted in Algiers. A certain Duchess d'Eguillon, at the suggestion of the celebrated philanthropist Vincent de Paul, who had himself been an Algerine captive, commenced this good work by an endowment of 4000 livres per annum. These two religious houses were exempted from all duties or taxes, and mass was performed in them daily with all the pomp and splendour of the Romish Church. There was also a chapel in each of the six bagnes—the prisons where the slaves were confined at night—in which service was performed on Sundays and holidays. The Greek Church had also a chapel and small establishment in one of the bagnes. Brother Comelin, of the order of Redemption, tells us, in his *Voyage*, that they celebrated Christmas in the Spanish Hospital 'with the same liberty and as solemnly as in Christendom. Midnight mass was chanted to the sound of trumpets, drums, flutes, and hautboys; so that in the stillness of night the infidels heard the worship of the true God over all their accursed city, from ten at night till two in the morning.' Such was Mohammedan toleration in Algiers, at the period, too, we should recollect, of the high and palmy days of the Inquisition. We may easily conceive what would have been the fate of the infidels if they, by any chance, had invaded the midnight silence of Rome or Madrid with the sounds of their worship. The only exceptions to the general good treatment and respect bestowed upon Christian ecclesiastics in Algiers was, when inspired by a furious zeal for martyrdom, they openly insulted the Mohammedan religion; or when the populace were excited by forced conversions and other intolerant cruelties practised upon Mussulman slaves in Europe. We shall briefly mention two instances of such occurrences.

One Pedro, a brother of Redemption, had travelled to Mexico and Peru, and collected in those rich countries a vast amount of treasure for the order. He then went to Algiers, where he employed half the money in ransoming captives, and the other half

in repairing and increasing the usefulness of the hospital, where he resided, constantly attending and consoling the sick slaves. At last, thirsting for martyrdom, he one day rushed into a mosque, and, with crucifix in hand, cursed and reviled the false Prophet Mohammed. In all Mohammedan countries, the penalty of this offence is death. But so much were the piety and good works of Pedro respected by the Algerine government, that they anxiously endeavoured to avoid inflicting the punishment of their law. Earnestly they solicited him, with promise of free pardon, to acknowledge that he was intoxicated or deranged when he committed the rash act, but in vain. Pedro was burned; and one of his leg-bones was long carefully preserved as a holy relic in the Spanish Hospital.

In 1612, a young Mohammedan lady, fifteen years of age, named Fatima, daughter of Mehemet Aga, a man of high rank in Algiers, when on her way to Constantinople to be married, was captured by a Christian cruiser, carried into Corsica, and a very large sum of money demanded for her ransom. The distressed father speedily sent the money by two relatives, who were furnished with safe-conduct passes by the brothers of Redemption. On their arrival in Corsica, they were informed that the young lady had become a Christian, was christened Maria Eugenia, and married to a Corsican gentleman; and that the money brought for her ransom must be appropriated as her dowry. The relatives were permitted to see Maria; she declared her name was still Fatima; and that her baptism and marriage were forced upon her. The return of the relatives without either the lady or the money caused great excitement in Algiers. By way of retaliation, the brothers of Redemption were loaded with chains, and thrown into prison, and compelled to pay Mehemet Aga a sum equal to that which he had sent for his daughter's ransom. In a short time, however, they were released, and permitted to resume their customary duties.

When returning from a successful cruise, as soon as an Algerine corsair arrived within sight of the harbour, her crew commenced firing guns of rejoicing and triumph, and continued them at intervals until she came to anchor. Summoned by these signals of success, the inhabitants would flock in numbers to the port, there to learn the value of the prize, the circumstances of its capture, and to congratulate the pirates. Morgan, a quaint old writer, many years attached to the British consulate, says:— 'These are the times when Algiers very visibly puts on a quite new countenance, and it may well be compared to a great bee-hive. All is hurry, every one busy, and a cheerful aspect succeeds a strange gloom and discontent, like what is to be seen everywhere else, when the complaint of dulness of trade, scarcity of business, and stagnation of cash reigns universal; and which is constantly to be seen in Algiers during every interval between the taking of good prizes.' The day received the eighth part of the value of

all prizes, for the service of the government, and had the privilege of selecting his share of the captives, who were brought from the vessel to the courtyard of his palace, where the European consuls attended to claim any of their countrymen who might be considered free in accordance with the terms of previous treaties. In many instances, however, little respect was paid by the strong-handed captors to such documents. The following reply of one of the deys to a remonstrance of the English consul, contains the general answer given on such occasions:—‘The Algerines being born pirates, and not able to subsist by any other means, it is the Christians’ business to be always on their guard, even in time of peace; for if we were to observe punctilios with all those nations who purchase peace and liberty from us, we might set fire to our shipping, and become degraded to be camel-drivers.’ When the newly-made captives were mustered in the dey’s courtyard, their names, ages, countries, and professions, were minutely taken down by a *hojia*, or government secretary, appointed for the purpose; and then the dey proceeded to make his selection of every eighth person, and of course took care to choose such as, from their appearance and description, were likely to pay a smart ransom, or those acquainted with the more useful professions and the mechanical arts. After the dey had taken his share, the remainder of the prisoners, being the property of their captors, were taken to the *bestian*, or slave-market, and appraised, a certain value being set upon each individual. From the slave-market the unfortunates were then led back to the courtyard, and there sold by public auction; and whatever price was obtained higher than the valuation of the slave-market, became the perquisite of the dey.

The government, or, in other words, the dey, was the largest slaveholder in Algiers. All the slaves belonging to the government were termed deylic slaves, and distinguished by a small ring of iron fastened round the wrist or ankle; and excepting those who were employed in the palace, or hired out as domestic servants, were locked up every night in six large buildings called *bagnes*. Rude beds were provided in the *bagnes*, and each deylic slave received three small loaves of bread per day, and occasionally some coarse cloth for clothing. All the carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, ropemakers, and others among the deylic slaves who worked at trades connected with house and ship building, received a third part of what they earned, when hired out to private persons, and even the same sum was paid to them when employed on government works. Besides, both at the laying down of the keel and launch of a new ship, a handsome gratuity was given to all the slave-mechanics employed upon her. Indeed, all the work connected with ship-building was performed by Christian slaves.

The janizaries never condescended to do any kind of work; the native Moors were too lazy and too ignorant; and the Moriscos being forbidden, by the jealous policy of the dominant Turkish

race, to practise the arts they brought with them from Spain, sank, after the first generation, to a level with the native Moor. Shipwrights were consequently well treated, many of them earning better wages than they could in their own countries. Numbers were thus enabled to purchase their freedom; but many more, seduced by the sensual debaucheries so prevalent wherever slavery is recognised, preferred remaining in Algiers as slaves or renegades, to returning as freemen to their native lands. Deylic slaves, when hired out as sailors, received one-third of their hire, and one-third of a freeman's share in the prize-money. Invariably at the hour of prayer termed *Al Aasar*, all work was stopped for the day, and the remaining three hours between that time and sunset were allowed to the slaves for their own use; on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, they were never set to work; and besides the Christian holidays already mentioned, they had a week's rest during the season of Ramadam. Such of the deylic slaves as were employed at the more laborious work of drawing and carrying timber, stone, and other heavy articles, were divided into gangs, and taken out to work only on alternate days.

Many slaves never did an hour's work during their captivity; for by the payment of a monthly sum, equivalent to about three shillings of our money, any one might be exempted from labour; and even those who could afford to fee their overseers only with a smaller sum, were put to the lightest description of toil. Slaves when in treaty for ransom were never required to work; and as no person was permitted to leave Algiers in debt, money was freely lent at moderate interest to those whose circumstances entitled them to hope for ransom. Money, also, was readily obtained through the Jews, by drawing bills of exchange on the various mercantile cities of Europe. Many slaves, however, by working at trades and other means, were enabled to pay the tax for immunity from public labour, and support themselves comfortably in the *bagnes*. Of this latter class were tailors, shoemakers, toy-makers for the Moorish children, letter-writers, and others; and, strange to say, a good many managed to live well by theft alone. In each *bagne* were five or six licensed wine-shops, kept by slaves. This was the most profitable business open to a captive—a wine-shop keeper frequently making the price of his ransom in one year; but, preferring wealth to liberty, these persons generally remained slaves until they were able to retire with considerable fortunes. As there was constantly free ingress and egress to and from all the *bagnes* during the day, the wine-shops were always crowded with people of all nations; and though nominally for the use of the slaves, yet the renegades, who had not forgotten their relish for wine, drank freely therein; and even many of the 'turbaned Turks,' forgetting the law of their Prophet, copiously indulged in the forbidden beverage. The Moslem, however, was, like Cassio, cholerick in his drink, and frequently, brandishing his weapon, and threatening the lives of all about him, would refuse

to pay his shot. As no Christian dare strike a Mussulman, an ingenious device was resorted to on such occasions. A stout slave, regularly employed for the purpose, would, at a signal from the landlord, adroitly drop a short ladder over the reeling brawler's head; by this means, without striking a blow, he was speedily brought to the ground, where he was secured till his senses were restored by sleep; and then, if found to have no money, the landlord was entitled to retain his arms until the reckoning was paid.

The largest private slaveholder in Algiers was one Alli Pichellin, Capitan Pasha, or High-Admiral of the fleet, who flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, and holds a conspicuous position in the Algerine history of the period. He generally possessed from 800 to 900 slaves, whom he kept in a *bagne* of his own. Emanuel d'Aranda, a Flemish gentleman, who was for some time Pichellin's slave, gives a curious account of *bagne*-life as he witnessed it. The *bagne* resembled a long narrow street, with high gates at each end, which were shut every evening after the slaves were mustered at sunset, and opened at sunrise every morning. Though the deylic slaves each received three loaves of bread per day for their sustenance, Pichellin never gave any food whatever to his slaves unless they were employed at severe labour; for he said that 'a man was unworthy the name of slave, if he could not earn or steal between Al Aasar and Al Magrib' (the three hours before sunset allowed to the slaves) 'sufficient to support him for the rest of the day.' We may observe here, that a Moor, Morisco, or Jew, if detected in theft, was punished by the loss of his right hand, and by being opprobriously paraded through the streets mounted upon an ass. At the same time, neither Moor nor Jew dare even accuse a janizary of so disgraceful a crime. Slaves, however, might steal from Moor or Jew with open impunity; for even if caught in the act, neither dare strike a slave; and if complaint was made to the dey, he would merely order the restitution of the stolen goods, refusing to inflict punishment on the following grounds: 'That as the Koran did not condemn a man who stole to satisfy his hunger, and as a slave was not a free agent, but compelled to depend upon his master for food, he could not legally be punished for theft.' Under such circumstances, we may readily believe that the *bagnes*, and especially that of Pichellin, were complete dens of thieves. Every evening, as soon as the gates were closed, the plunder of the day was brought forth and sold by auction; the sale being conducted, to the great amusement of the slaves, with all the Turkish gravity and formalities of the slave-market. Articles not thus disposed of were left in the hands of one of the captives, who made it his business, for a small commission, to negotiate between the loser and the thief, and accept ransom for the stolen property. An Italian in Pichellin's *bagne*, named Fontimana, was so expert and confident a thief, that without possessing

the smallest fraction of money in the morning, he would invite a party of friends to sup with him in the evening, trusting to his success in thieving throughout the day to provide the materials for the feast. Of course no satisfaction was obtained when the sufferers complained to Pichellin. 'The Christians,' he would say, 'are all pilfering rascals. I cannot help it. You must be more careful for the future. Have you yet to learn that all my slaves wear hooks at the ends of their fingers?' Indeed, he seems to have recognised the slaves' right of theft so fully, that he was not angry when he himself became the victim. On one occasion, Fontimana stole and sold the anchor of his master's galley. 'How dare you sell my anchor, you Christian dog?' said Pichellin. 'I thought,' replied the thief, 'that the galley would sail better without the additional weight.' The master laughed at the impudent reply, and said no more on the subject. Another characteristic anecdote is recorded of Pichellin and a Portuguese slave, his confidential steward and chamberlain. One day, when cruising off the coast of Portugal, the Capitan Pasha ran his vessel close in towards the land, and having ordered the small boat to be lowered, called the slave, and pointing to the beach said: 'There is your native country. You have served me faithfully for seventeen years. I now give you your freedom.' The Portuguese, falling on his knees, kissed the hem of his late master's robe, and was profuse in his thanks; but Pichellin stopped him, coolly saying: 'Do not thank me, but God, who put it into my heart to restore you to liberty.' While the boat was being prepared to land him, the Portuguese, apparently overpowered with feelings of joy, descended into the cabin, as if to conceal his emotions, but in reality to steal Pichellin's most valuable jewels and other portable property, which he quickly concealed round his person. As soon as the boat was ready, Pichellin ordered him to be set ashore, and not long after discovered his loss when the wily Portuguese was far out of his reach. Pichellin had some rough virtues: he prided himself on being a man of his word. A Genoese, who had made a fortune by trade at Cadiz, was returning to his native country with his only child, a girl nine years of age, when his vessel was taken on the coast of Spain by Pichellin's cruiser. Not being far from land, the crew of the Christian vessel escaped to the shore, the terrified Genoese going with them, leaving his daughter in the hands of the pirates. Immediately when he saw that his child was a captive, he waded into the water, and waved his hat as a signal to the Algerines, who, thinking he might be a Moslem captive about to escape, sent a boat for him. On reaching the cruiser, Pichellin, seeing a Christian, exclaimed: 'What madman are you that voluntarily surrenders himself a slave?' 'That girl is my daughter,' said the Genoese: 'I could not leave her. If you will set us to ransom, I will pay it; if not, the satisfaction of having done my duty will enable me to support the hardships of slavery.' Pichellin appeared struck, and after musing a moment

said: 'I will take fifteen hundred dollars for the ransom of you and your daughter.' 'I will pay it,' replied the Genoese. 'Hold, master!' exclaimed one of Pichellin's slaves; 'I know that man well: he was one of the richest merchants in Cadiz, and can afford to pay ten times that amount for ransom.' 'Silence, dog!' said the old pirate. 'I have said it: my word is my word.' Pichellin was further so accommodating as to take the merchant's bill for the money, and set him and his daughter ashore at once.

Each slave who, from poverty, ignorance of a trade, or want of cunning, was compelled to work in the gangs, always carried a bag and a spoon—the bag, to hold anything he might chance to steal; the spoon, in case any charitable person, as was frequently the case, should present him with a mess of pottage. Only those, however, worked in the gangs who could not by any possibility avoid it; and numberless were the schemes adopted by the slaves to raise money to support themselves and secure their exemption from that description of labour. Some, at the risk of the bastinado, smuggled brandy—a strictly forbidden article—into the bagnes, and sold it out in small quantities to such as wanted it. Scholars were well employed, by their less learned fellow-captives, to correspond with friends in Europe. Latin was the language preferred for this correspondence, because it was unintelligible to the masters; and the letters frequently contained allusions to property, family affairs, and other circumstances, which, if known, would raise the price of ransom. The great object of all the captives whose wealth entitled them to hopes of ransom, was to simulate poverty, concealing their real circumstances or station in life as much as possible; and not unfrequently the Algerines, deceived by those professions, permitted persons of wealth and consequence to redeem themselves for a trifling sum. On the other hand, persons in much poorer circumstances were often detained a long time in slavery, ill treated, and held to a high ransom, on the bare suspicion of their being wealthy. The Jews, though not permitted to possess slaves, had, through their commercial ramifications in Europe, means of obtaining correct intelligence respecting the property and affairs of many captives, which they did not fail to profit by, receiving a percentage on the increased ransom gained by their information. In a similar way, some artful old slaves, of various countries, lived well by making friends with new captives, treating them at the wine-shops, and, under the pretext of advising them how to act, inducing them to reveal their true circumstances, which the spy immediately communicated to his master. A grave Spanish cavalier made his living by settling quarrels among his countrymen, and deciding all disputes respecting rank, precedence, and the code of honour; a small fee being paid by each of the parties, and his decision invariably respected. A French gentleman contrived to live, and dress well, and give frequent dinner-parties, by a curious financial scheme he invented and practised. Knowing many of the French renegades,

he borrowed money from them for certain periods at moderate interest; and as one sum fell due, he met it by a loan from a new creditor. This system, at first sight, would not appear to be profitable; but the renegades being constantly employed in the cruisers, as in a state of continual warfare, some of the creditors were either killed or captured yearly, and having no heirs, the debts were thus cancelled in the French captive's favour. 'In fine,' says D'Aranda, to whom we are indebted for the preceding peculiarities of bagne-life, 'there can be no better university to teach men how to shift for their livelihood; for all the nations made some shift to live save the English, who, it seems, are not so shiftful as others. During the winter I spent in the bagne, more than twenty of that nation died from pure want.' It is clear that the unfortunate captives here alluded to must have been persons unfit for labour, and unable to procure ransom; and thus, being of no service to their brutal master, were suffered to live or die as it might happen. There can be no doubt that the English and Dutch captives, of the reformed churches, suffered more privations than any others at that period, ere knowledge and intercourse had dulled the fiery edge of religious bigotry. All the public charities for slaves were founded by the Roman Church, and their bounties exclusively bestowed on its followers. No relief was ever given to a heretic unless he became a convert; and it is an exceedingly curious illustration of this religious hatred, that it was as rife and virulent in the breasts of the renegades who had adopted Mohammedanism, as it was amongst those who remained Christians. Another great disadvantage which the English captives must have laboured under, was their ignorance of the language. The *lingua franca* spoken in Algiers was a compound of French, Spanish, and Italian, with a few Arabic words; consequently, any native of those countries could acquire it in a few days, while the unfortunate Briton might be months before he could express his meaning or understand what was said to him.

The hardships of slavery were, in all truth, insufficient to extinguish the religious and national animosities of the captives. Dreadful conflicts frequently occurred between the partisans of the eastern and western churches—Spaniards and Italians uniting to batter orthodoxy into the heads of schismatic Greeks and Russians. Nor were such disturbances quelled until a strong body of guards, armed with ponderous cudgels, vigorously attacking both parties, beat them into peaceful submission. Life was not unfrequently lost in these contests. A most serious one, in which several hundred slaves took part on both sides, occurred during D'Aranda's captivity. At the feast of the Assumption, the altar of one of the churches was decorated with the Portuguese arms, with the motto: 'God will exalt the humble, and bring down the haughty.' The Spaniards, conceiving this to be an insulting reflection on their national honour, tore down the obnoxious decoration, and trampled it under their feet. The

Portuguese immediately retaliated, and a battle ensued between the captives of the two nations, which lasted a considerable time, and cost several lives. The ringleaders were severely bastinadoed by their masters, who tauntingly told them to sell their lands and purchase their freedom, and then they might fight for the honour of their respective countries as long and as much as they liked. It is pleasing, however, after reading of such scenes, to find that the slaves frequently got up theatrical performances. One of their favourite pieces was founded on the history of Belisarius.

The negotiations for ransom were either carried on through the Fathers of Redemption, the European consuls, or by the slaves themselves. When a province of the order of Redemption had raised a sufficiently large sum, the resident Father Administrator in Algiers procured a pass from the dey, permitting two fathers to come from Europe to make the redemption. The rule of the order was, that young women and children were to be released first; then adults belonging to the same nation as the ransomers; and after that, if the funds permitted, natives of other countries. But, in general, the fathers brought with them a list of the persons to be released, who had been recommended to their notice by political, ecclesiastical, or other interest. Slaves, who had earned and were willing to pay part of their ransom, found favour in the eyes of the fathers; and slaves with very long beards, or of singular emaciated appearance, were purchased with a view to future effect, in the grand processional displays made by the Redemptionists on their return to Europe.

From a published narrative of a voyage of Redemption made in 1720, we extract the following amusing account of an interview between two French Redemptionists and the dey. The fathers had redeemed their contemplated number of captives with the exception of ten belonging to the dey, but he, piqued that his slaves had not been purchased first, demanded so high a price for each, that they were unwillingly compelled to ransom only three—a French gentleman, his son, and a surgeon. ‘These slaves being brought in, we offered the price demanded (3000 dollars) for them. The dey said he would give us another into the bargain. This was a tall, well-made young Hollander, one of the dey’s household, who was also present. We remonstrated with the dey, that this fourth would not do for us, he being a Lutheran, and also not of our country. The dey’s officers laughed, and said, he is a good Catholic. The dey said he neither knew nor cared about that. The man was a Christian, and that he should go along with the other three for 5000 dollars.’

After a good deal of fencing, and the dey having reduced his demand by 500 dollars, the father continues: ‘We yet held firm to have only the three we had offered 3000 dollars for. “All this is to no purpose,” said the dey; “I am going to send all four to you, and, willing or unwilling, you shall have them at the price I specified, nor shall you leave Algiers until you have paid it.” But

we still held out, spite of all his threats, telling him that he was master in his own dominions, but that our money falling short, we could not purchase slaves at such a price. We then took leave of him, and that very day he sent us the three slaves we had cheapened, and let us know we should have the fourth on the day of our departure.' The reader will not be sorry to learn that the fathers were ultimately compelled to purchase and take away with them the 'young Lutheran Hollander.'

The primary object of the Redemptionists being to raise money for the ransom of captives, every advantage was taken to appeal successfully to the sympathies of the Christian world, and no method was more remunerative than the grand processions which they made with the liberated slaves on their return to Europe. Father Comelin gives us full particulars of these proceedings. The ransomed captives, dressed in red Moorish caps and white bornouses, and wearing *chains*—they never wore in Algiers—were met at the entrance of each town they passed through by all the clerical, civil, municipal, and military dignitaries of the place. Banners, wax-candles, music, and '*angels* covered with gold, silver, and precious stones,' accompanied them in grand procession through the town; the chief men of the district carrying silver salvers, on which they collected money from the populace, to be applied to future redemptions.

The first general ransom of British captives was made by money apportioned by parliament for the purpose, during the exciting events of the civil war. The first vessel despatched was unfortunately burned in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the treasure lost. A fresh sum of money was again granted; and in 1646, Mr Cason, the parliamentary agent, arrived at Algiers. In his official dispatch to the 'Committee of the Navy,' now before us, he states that, counting renegades, there were then 750 English captives in Algiers; and proceeds to say that 'they come to much more a head than I expected; the reason is, there be many women and children, which cost L.50 per head, first penny, and might sell for L.100. Besides there are divers which were masters of ships, calkers, carpenters, sailmakers, coopers, and surgeons, and others who are highly esteemed.' The agent succeeded in redeeming 244 English, Scotch, and Irish captives at the average cost of L.38 each. From the official record of their several names, places of birth, and prices, it appears that more money was paid for the females than the males. The three highest sums on the list are L.75, paid for Mary Bruster of Youghal; L.65 for Alice Hayes of Edinburgh; and L.50 for Elizabeth Mancor of Dundee. The names of several natives of Baltimore—in all probability, some of those carried off when that town was sacked fifteen years before—are in this list of the redeemed. It will scarcely be believed, that strong opposition was made by the mercantile interest against money being granted by parliament for the ransom of those poor captives—on the grounds, as the opposers' petition expresses: 'That if the slaves be redeemed

upon a public score, then seamen will render themselves to the mercy of the Algerines, and not fight in defence of the goods and ships of the merchants.' A more curious instance of our ancestors' wisdom in relation to this subject, occurred during the profligate reign of the second Charles. A large sum of money appropriated for the redemption of captives having been *lost*, somehow, between the Navy Board and the Commissioners of Excise, it was gravely proposed: 'That whatever loss or damage the English shall sustain from Algerines, shall be required and made good to the losers out of the estates of the Jews here in England. Because such a law may save a great expense of Christian treasure and blood!'

The first attempt to release English captives by force from Algiers was made in 1621, after the project had been debated in the privy-council for nearly four years. With the exception of rescuing about thirty slaves of various nations, who swam off to the English ships, this expedition turned out a complete failure. In 1662, another fleet was sent, a treaty was made with the dey, and 150 captives ransomed with money raised by the English clergy in their several parishes. In 1664, 1672, 1682, and 1686, other treaties were made with the Algerines: the frequent recurrence of those treaties shews the little attention paid to them by the pirates.

In 1682, Louis XIV. determined to stop the Algerine aggressions on France; and at the same time to try a new and terrible invention in the art of war. Renau d'Elicagarry had just laid before the French government a plan for building ships of sufficient strength to bear the recoil caused by firing bombs from mortars. Louis, accordingly, sent Admiral Duquesne with a fleet and some of the new bomb-vessels to destroy Algiers. The expedition was unsuccessful, the bombs proving nearly as destructive to the French as to their enemies. The next year, Duquesne returned, and taught by experience, succeeded in firing all his bombs into the pirate city. The terrified dey capitulated, and surrendered 600 slaves to the fleet; but sixty-four of those unfortunate captives being discovered by the French officers to be Englishmen, were sent back to the dey! While a treaty was in preparation, the janizaries, indignant at the loss of their slaves, murdered the dey, elected another, and manning their forts, commenced firing upon the French. Duquesne's bombs being all expended, he was obliged to sheer off and return to France. In 1688, Marshal d'Estrées, with a powerful fleet, arrived off Algiers. The bombs told with terrible effect, and the dey soon sued for peace; but D'Estrées replied that he came not to treat, but to punish. On this occasion, 10,000 bombs were thrown into Algiers; the city was reduced to ruins, and the humbled pirates compelled to sign a treaty dictated by the conqueror. In a few years, however, the demolished fortifications were re-erected stronger than ever, and the incorrigible Algerines busy at their old trade of piracy.

Algerine slavery at last came to an end. At the close of the long European war in 1814, the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith

proposed a union of all orders of knighthood for the abolition of white slavery. His plan was to form 'an amphibious force, to be termed the Knights Liberators, which, without compromising any flag, and without depending on the wars or the political events of nations, should constantly guard the Mediterranean, and take upon itself the important office of watching, pursuing, and capturing all pirates by sea and land.' Though Sir Sidney's project fell to the ground, yet it had the good effect of calling the attention of the British nation to the subject; and in 1816, Lord Exmouth, with an English fleet, sailed to Algiers, destroyed the dey's shipping, levelled the fortifications, released altogether about 3000 captives, and abolished for ever the atrocious system of Christian slavery. The subsequent history of Algiers is foreign to our subject; we may merely add, that in 1830 it became, by right of conquest, a French colony.

Limited space compels us to say but little respecting the other piratical states of Barbary—Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco. They, however, only dabbled in piratical slavery, not making it a systematised profession like the Algerines. When, about the middle of the seventeenth century, there were upwards of 30,000 Christian slaves in Algiers, there were not more than 7000 in Tunis, 5000 in Tripoli, and 1500 in Morocco. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Tunis and Tripoli fell under the power of the Porte, and for some time were ruled by Turkish viceroys; but in a few years the janizaries, as at Algiers, elected their own rulers; and subsequently the native race, overpowering the janizaries, gained the ascendancy over their Ottoman masters. Since Blake humbled the pride of the Tunisians in 1665, and Narbro burned the Tripolitan fleet in 1676, neither of those states has inflicted much injury on British shipping. The treatment of slaves at Tunis and Tripoli was considered to be even milder than at Algiers: the brothers of Redemption had establishments at both places. It was with Tripoli in 1796 that the United States, through their envoy, Joel Barlow, made the treaty which caused so much animadversion. In that treaty, Mr Barlow, to conciliate the Mohammedan powers, declared that 'the government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion.' Notwithstanding so bold an assertion, the faithless Tripolitans declared war against the United States in 1801; and after a contest highly creditable to the American navy, then in its infancy, peace was concluded between the two powers, and 200 captives released from slavery. Both Tunis and Tripoli quietly renounced the practice of Christian slavery, when solicited to do so by Lord Exmouth in 1816.

All the territories which formed part of the Roman Empire in Africa, subsequently fell under the sway of Constantinople, except Morocco. Its fertile soil, almost within cannon-shot of Europe, 'on the very verge and hem of civilisation,' has ever attracted European cupidity, and the patriotic energy of its people

has ever repelled Christian domination. Almost all the semi-barbarous states of the world have fallen a prey to European ambition and enterprise, not only dynasties but races have been extinguished, and yet Morocco is still as free from foreign influence as the surf of the Atlantic that thunders on its sands. At one period, indeed, almost subjugated, it was little more than a Portuguese province, when the Cherifs, a family of mendicant fanatics, claiming to be the lineal descendants of Mohammed, expelled the invaders, and founded the present dynasty. Spain, it is true, still holds two fortresses as penal settlements on the coast; but no Spaniard can even look over an embrasure on the land-side without being saluted by a long Moorish rifle. It is an actual fact, that the governors of those prison forts receive intelligence of what passes in the interior of Morocco, from Madrid.

As in other parts of Barbary, it was the Moriscos, after their expulsion from Spain, that founded the system of piratical slavery in Morocco. Who has not read of the Sallee rovers in *Robinson Crusoe*, and our old ballads? Yet, compared with the Algerine, theirs was, after all, a very petty kind of piracy. The harbour of Sallee, the principal port of Morocco, being only suitable for vessels drawing little water, the piracy was carried on in galleys and row-boats, and was formidable only to small unarmed vessels. In 1637, an English fleet, under Admiral Rainborough, took Sallee, and released 290 British captives—‘as many as would have cost L.10,000.’ Soon after, the emperor of Morocco sent an ambassador to London, who, on his presentation to Charles I., went to court in procession, taking with him a number of liberated captives dressed in white, and many hawks and Barbary horses splendidly caparisoned. Christian slaves in Morocco were invariably the property of the emperor, and were mostly employed in constructing buildings of *tapia*—a composition somewhat resembling our concrete. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, during the reign of Muley Ishmael, a cruel tyrant to his own subjects, and who had a mania for building, the captives in Morocco were ill treated, and compelled to work hard. Yet even then, one Thomas Phelps, who made his escape from Mequinez, tells us that the emperor came frequently amongst the slaves when at work, and would ‘bolt out encouraging words to them, such as: “May God send you all safe home to your own countries!”’ and any captive was excused from work by the payment of a *blanquil*—a sum equivalent to our 2d.—per day. In 1685, the emperor had 800 Christian slaves, 260 of whom were English; many of those, however, were subsequently ransomed. After Muley Ishmael’s death, the captives were much better treated. Captain Braithwaite, who accompanied Mr Russell on a mission from the English government in 1727, thus describes the condition of the Christian captives in Morocco: ‘Most part of them,’ he says, ‘have expectations of getting back to their native country at one time or another. The emperor keeps most of them at work upon his buildings, but not to such

hard labour that our labourers go through. The *Canute*, where they are lodged, is infinitely better than our prisons. In short, the captives have a much greater property in what they get than the Moors; several of them being rich, and many have carried considerable sums out of the country. Several keep their mules, and some their servants, to the truth of which we are all witnesses.' Morocco was the first of the Barbary states that gave up the practice of Christian slavery. In a treaty made with Spain in 1799, the emperor declared his desire that the name of slavery might be effaced from the memory of mankind.

The adventures of corsairs and captives, being ever of a singularly romantic character, have afforded many subjects to the writers of fiction. At one period, the French, Spanish, and Italian novelists and dramatists borrowed all their plots from this prolific source. Only one, however, was original. Cervantes, having been for nearly six years an Algerine slave, drew captivity from the life; the other writers merely present us with copies of his graphic delineations. The tale of *The Captive*, the novel of *The Generous Lover*, the dramas of *Life in Algiers* and *The Bagnes of Algiers*,* are evidently not mere works of amusing fiction, but were written for a purpose—that purpose being to excite public opinion in the favour of unfortunate Christian slaves, and to arouse the nations of Christendom to efforts for their liberation. The above-mentioned works decidedly appertain to the literature of anti-slavery; and the renowned author of *Don Quixote* must be placed high on the roll of those whom our transatlantic brethren would term 'abolitionist writers.'

The great romance of slavery consists in the escape of the bondsman, whether it be effected by cunning or courage. The contest is so unequal, the chances of the game so much against the runaway, and the stake so high, that the more generous sentiments of human nature are compelled to feel an interest in the event, and shew a sympathy to the struggling captive's weakness, even when prejudice of race and legal enactments deny it to his cause. The working of the fugitive slave-bill in the United States exemplifies this feeling in a remarkable degree. The old romancists and ballad-writers generally connect a love-affair with the escapes of their imaginary captives: from the peculiar customs and social relations of Mohammedans, such an occurrence is highly improbable. In fact, after no little research, we must confess that we never met with an authenticated instance of the kind. A few real escapes are still worth mentioning, although the romantic element of a 'Moorish lady' does not enter into the story.

In 1714, a captive, noticing the outlet of a sewer in the port, determined to go down the sewer of his bagné at night, and discover if it were the same. Finding it to be so, he communicated

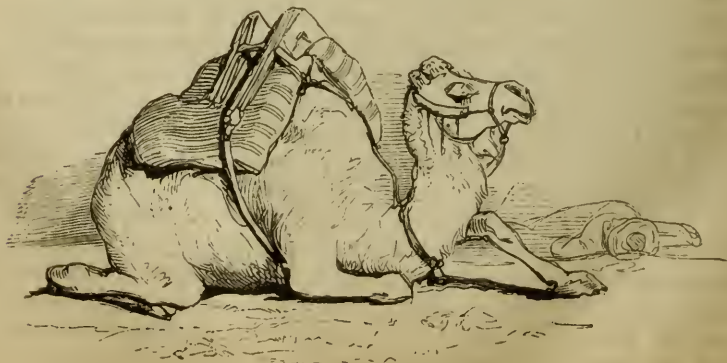
* *El Cautivo, El Liberal Amante, El Trato de Argel, Los Baños de Argel.*

the fact to several of his fellow-captives, and they anxiously waited for a chance of escape. In a short time their wishes were gratified by observing a small row-boat ready for sea, lying close to the mouth of the sewer. At dead of night, a number of slaves descended the sewer; but on reaching the harbour, were attacked by the street-dogs. The noise aroused the guards, who, crying 'Christians! Christians!' ran to the spot, and a fearful conflict ensued. About forty of the slaves, notwithstanding, boarded the row-boat, and throwing her crew into the water, attempted to push out of the harbour. At this eventful moment they were met by a series of unforeseen obstacles—namely, the hawsers of the vessels, which, according to the usual custom of mooring in Mediterranean ports, formed a net-work across the harbour. Dismayed, yet undaunted, the escaping captives, jumping into the water, swam and pushed the boat before them, and when they reached a hawser, got on it, and, as sailors term it, rode it down by their weight, so as to push their light bark over. In a short time, the last hawser was passed; and a dark night and fair wind favouring the fugitives, the second morning afterwards saw them freemen on the island of Majorca. The greatest confusion reigned in Algiers during that night. At first, it was supposed that all the slaves had broken out of the bagnes. The dey, half-dressed, and raving with anger, ran up and down the mole, at one moment inciting his men to the pursuit with the most extravagant promises; at another, reproving their dilatoriness with blows of his sabre. Foaming with rage, he cursed the guards, and sneeringly uttered these prophetic words: 'I believe the dogs of Christians will one day or other come and take us out of our houses.'

In Purchas's *Pilgrims*, we have a quaint account of a gallant escape from slavery. In 1621, the *Jacob* of Bristol was taken by a Barbary cruiser; all the crew were removed to the pirate vessel with the exception of four lads, named Cook, Jones, Long, and Tuckey; and a guard of thirteen pirates, with an officer, put on board the *Jacob*, to carry her to Algiers. 'These four poor youths,' says Purchas, 'being fallen into the hands of merciless infidels, began to study and complot all the means they could for the obtaining of their freedom.' On the fifth night after their capture, Tuckey being at the helm, the other three were ordered to take in the mainsail; the wind being fresh, the Algerine officer went to assist, 'when they took him by the hams, and turned him overboard; but by fortune he fell into the belly of the sail, where, quickly catching hold of a rope, he being a very strong and vigorous man, had almost gotten into the ship again; which Cook perceiving, leaped speedily to the pump, and took off the pump brake or handle, and cast it to Long, bidding him knock him down, which he was not long in doing; but lifting up the wooden weapon, he gave him such a palt on the pate as made his brains forsake the possession of his head, with which his body fell into the sea.' Fortunately, owing to the noise made by the flapping sail, the scuffle was

unheard by the other pirates, of whom four more were attacked and killed, and the rest secured under hatches. The brave lads succeeded in carrying the ship into a Spanish port, 'where they sold the nine Turks for galley-slaves, for a good sum of money, and, as I think, for a great deal more than they were worth!' Honest Purchas thus concludes the narration: 'He that shall attribute such things as these to the arm of flesh and blood, is forgetful, ungrateful, and in a manner atheistical.'

We cannot conclude without alluding to what is at least a curious coincidence. Barbary, situated between the 29th and 38th degrees of north latitude, occupies nearly the same parallel, extends over nearly the same degrees of longitude, and covers nearly the same space as the district termed the Slave States of the American Union. Still more, Algiers, called by an old writer 'the wall of the Christian world,' lies on the parallel of $36^{\circ} 30'$ north, which is the very line that in the United States is known as the 'Missouri Compromise,' and which marks the wall of Christian negro slavery west of the Mississippi. Those two districts, separated by the broad waters of the Atlantic—the most northerly, continental points on both hemispheres, where Christian slavery sought a last hiding-place for its disgusting features—have still other important resemblances which justify us in respectively terming them African and American Barbary. They have both about the same distance of sea-coast—African Barbary being bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, on the west by the Atlantic; and American Barbary on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic. A reference to an atlas will prove to the reader that there are no two places on the globe of equal extent which present so many distinctive features of resemblance common to both. Mr Sumner, the celebrated American philanthropist, who first pointed out this remarkable resemblance, says, that 'perhaps the common peculiarities of climate breeding indolence, lassitude, and selfishness, may account for the insensibility to the claims of justice and humanity which seems to have characterised both regions.'





HISTORY OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

SLAVERY, in one form or other, has existed in the world from the most remote period of history. It existed, as we know, among the patriarchs, and it was a recognised institution among the Jews. So also it existed among the ancient pagan nations—the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Romans. When we are engaged in reading the history of any ancient state, we are apt to forget that it is only the free inhabitants whom we hear much about; and that, under the same roofs with these free men, there was living an immense population of bondsmen or slaves, who made no appearance in public affairs, and who, by their unhappy fate, were doomed to the performance of menial offices, without the hope of alleviation in their condition.

And was no remorse experienced by nations or individuals in reducing members of the human family to compulsory and perpetual servitude? History discloses no such sentiment. The practice arose out of the selfishness of barbarism, and did not appear to its perpetrators either sinful or unjust. Debtors were seized, and, in liquidation of petty claims, sold like ordinary property by their ruthless creditors. Gamblers, having lost everything, staked their persons as a last chance; and being unsuccessful, became the bondsmen of the fortunate winner. Men, for their crimes, were deprived of liberty, and publicly sold into bondage. In cases of famine, parents disposed of children as a marketable commodity, to relieve their own wants, and at the same time provide food for their remaining offspring. And lastly, came war, the scourge of mankind, and the fruitful cause of slavery in

all ancient nations. "It was a law established from time immemorial among the states of antiquity," says a Greek author, "to oblige those to undergo the severities of servitude whom victory had thrown into their hands." There was an exception, however, in the case of civil war, the prisoners taken in which were not made slaves, but generally massacred. Besides the regular wars between nation and nation, it sometimes happened that a vagrant population overran an adjoining country, and made the peaceful and dispossessed inhabitants their slaves. Thus the Spartans were served by a race of hereditary bondsmen, the old inhabitants of the district, called Helots—a term afterwards used by the Romans to designate men in a servile condition. The unfortunate Helots of Sparta occasionally rose in rebellion against their masters, and attempted to gain their liberty; but these efforts were always suppressed with merciless slaughter.

We have, in these and other circumstances, the most conclusive evidence that slavery in ancient times existed on no ground of philosophy or morals—was not sustained on any fine-spun plea that one man was radically inferior to another; but was, as it is still, only a result of rapacity and force. It was long, indeed, before mankind could be brought to recognise its iniquity or impropriety; and even yet, certain nations find a difficulty in viewing it in its true light. There being thus still some controversy on the subject, and liability to misconception, we think it proper to state that, according to an enlightened philosophy, each human being retains inherently the right to his own person, and can neither sell himself, nor be legally bound by any act of aggression on his natural liberty. "Slavery, therefore, can never be a legal relation. It rests entirely on force. The slave, being treated as property, and not allowed legal rights, cannot be under legal obligations. Slavery is also inconsistent with the moral nature of man. Each man has an individual worth, significance, and responsibility; is bound to the work of self-improvement, and to labour in a sphere for which his capacity is adapted. To give up this individual liberty, is to disqualify himself for fulfilling the great objects of his being. Hence political societies, which have made a considerable degree of advancement, do not allow any one to resign his liberty, any more than his life, to the pleasure of another. In fact, the great object of political institutions in civilised nations, is to enable man to fulfil, most perfectly, the ends of his *individual* being. Christianity, moreover, which enjoins us, while we remain in this world, to regulate our conduct with reference to a better, lays down the doctrine of brotherhood and mutual love, of 'doing as we would be done by,' as one of its fundamental maxims, which is wholly opposed to the idea of one man becoming the property of another. These two principles of mutual obligation, and the worth of the individual, were beyond the comprehension

of the states of antiquity, but are now at the basis of morals, politics, and religion.”*

Regardless, or ignorant of such principles, the most enlightened nations of antiquity, as we have said, gave the broadest sanction to slavery; and to this, among other causes, was doubtless owing their final dismemberment. In ancient Rome, the slaves formed a motley population. Some of these unfortunate beings were foreigners from far distant countries, others were natives—some were less civilised than their masters, others much more so—some were employed in tilling their masters’ fields, others in teaching their masters the sciences—some were working in chains, and enduring the lash, others living in comfort, and even petted. Thus a rich citizen of Rome, at the commencement of the Christian era, would possess slaves of all nations, filling appropriate offices in his establishment—dark-haired beauties from the east, and golden-haired beauties from the north; cooks from the south of Italy; learned men and musicians from Greece or Egypt; menials and drudges from the remotest part of Scythia, the interior of Africa, or the savage island of Britain. Yes, eighteen centuries ago, when Britain was a distant colony of Rome, the unfortunate inhabitants of our own dear island, torn from their homes, toiled for a Roman master, along with the dark-skinned and more pliant native of Ethiopia.

Out of this promiscuous system of slavery arose the form of slavery with which we in modern times are best acquainted—Negro slavery.

Negroland, or Nigritia, is that part of the interior of Africa stretching from the great desert on the north to the unascertained commencement of Caffreland on the south, and from the Atlantic on the west to Abyssinia on the east. In fact, the entire interior of this great continent may be called the land of the negroes. The ancients distinguished it from the comparatively civilised countries lying along the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by calling the latter Libya, and the former Ethiopia. It is upon Ethiopia in an especial manner that the curse of slavery has fallen. At first, as we have already said, it bore but a share of the burden; Britons and Scythians were the fellow-slaves of the Ethiopian: but at last all the other nations of the earth seemed to conspire against the negro race, agreeing never to enslave each other, but to make the blacks the slaves of all alike. Thus, this one race of human beings has been singled out, whether owing to the accident of colour, or to their peculiar fitness for certain kinds of labour, for infamy and misfortune; and the abolition of the practice of promiscuous slavery in the modern world was purchased by the introduction of a slavery confined entirely to negroes.

The nations and tribes of negroes in Africa, who thus ulti-

mately became the universal prey of Europeans, were themselves equally guilty in subjecting men to perpetual bondage. In the most remote times, every Ethiopian man of consequence had his slaves, just as a Greek or Roman master had. Savage as he was, he at least resembled the citizen of a civilised state in this. He possessed his domestic slaves, or bondmen, hereditary on his property; and besides these, he was always acquiring slaves by whatever means he could, whether by purchase from slave-dealers, or by war with neighbouring tribes. The slaves of a negro master in this case would be his own countrymen, or at least men of his own race and colour; some of them born on the same spot with himself, some of them captives who had been brought from a distance of a thousand miles. Of course, the farther a captive was taken from his home, the more valuable he would be, as having less chance of escape; and therefore it would be a more common practice to sell a slave taken in war with a neighbouring tribe, than to retain him as a labourer so near his home. And just as in the cities of the civilised countries we find the slave population often outnumbering the free, so in the villages of the interior of Africa the negro slaves were often more numerous than the negro masters. Park, in his travels among the negroes, found that in many villages the slaves were three times as numerous as the free persons; and it is likely that the proportion was not very different in more ancient times. Now, the modern form of negro slavery has its origin in this system of internal slavery among the negroes themselves. If the negroes had not been in the practice of making slaves of each other at the time when they became known to the Europeans, negro slavery as it now exists would not probably have arisen. The negroes being in the habit of buying and selling each other, it soon became a custom for the negroes living on the southern border of the great desert to sell their countrymen to the foreigners with whom they came in contact. Thus, in ancient times, the Garamantes used to sell negroes to the Libyans; and so a great proportion of the slaves of the Carthaginians and the Egyptians must have been blacks brought northwards across the desert. From Carthage and Egypt, again, these negroes would be exported into different countries of southern Europe; and a stray negro might even find his way into the more northern regions. They seem always to have been valued for their patience, their mild temper, and their extraordinary power of endurance; and for many purposes negro slaves would be preferred by their Roman masters to all others, even to the shaggy, scowling Picts. But though it is quite certain that negroes were used as slaves in ancient Europe, still the negro never came to enjoy that miserable pre-eminence which later times have assigned to him, treating him as the born drudge of the human family. White-skinned men were slaves as well as he; and if, among the Carthaginians and Egyptians, negro

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slaves were more common than any other, it was only because they were more easily procurable.

RISE OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

Although the use of negroes as slaves by the Arabs may be said to have given the first hint of negro slavery to the Europeans, the Europeans are quite entitled to the credit of having found it out for themselves. The Portuguese were the first to set the example of stealing negroes; they were the first to become acquainted with Africa. Till the fifteenth century, no part of Africa was known except the chain of countries on the coast of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, beginning with Morocco, and ending with Abyssinia and the adjoining desert. The Arabs and Moors, indeed, traversing the latter, knew something about Ethiopia, or the land of the negroes, but what knowledge they had was confined to themselves; and to the Europeans the whole of the continent to the south of the desert was an unknown and unexplored land. There were traditions of two ancient circumnavigations of the continent by the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians, one down the Red Sea, and round the Cape of Good Hope from the east, the other through the Straits of Gibraltar, and round the same cape from the west; but these traditions were vague and questionable. They were sufficient, however, to set the brains of modern navigators a-working; and now that they were possessed of the mariner's compass, they might hope to repeat the Carthaginian feat of circumnavigating Africa; if, indeed, Africa were circumnavigable. In the year 1412, therefore, a series of attempts was begun by the Portuguese, at the instigation of Prince Henry, to sail southward along the western coast. In every succeeding attempt, the bold navigators got farther and farther south, past the Canaries, past the Cape Verds, along the coast of Guinea, through the Bight of Biafra, down that long unnamed extent of coast south of the equator, until at last the perseverance of three generations succeeded, and the brave Vasco de Gama, in 1497, rounded the great cape itself, turned his prow northward, sailed through the Mozambique Channel, and then, as if protesting that he had done with Africa all that navigator could, steered through the open ocean right for the shores of India. The third or fourth of these attempts brought the Portuguese into contact with the negroes. Before the year 1470, the whole of the Guinea coast had been explored. As early as 1434, Antonio Gonzales, a Portuguese captain, landed on this coast, and carried away with him some negro boys, whom he sold to one or two Moorish families in the south of Spain. The act seems to have provoked some criticism at the time. But from that day, it became customary for the captains of vessels landing on the Gold Coast, or other parts of the coast of Guinea, to carry away a few young negroes of both sexes. The labour of these negroes, whether on board the ships which carried them away,

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or in the ports to which the ships belonged, being found valuable, the practice soon grew into a traffic; and negroes, instead of being carried away in twos and threes as curiosities, came to form a part of the cargo, as well as gold, ivory, and gum. The ships no longer went on voyages of discovery, they went for profitable cargoes; and the inhabitants of the negro villages along the coast, delighted with the beads, and knives, and bright cloths which they got in exchange for gold, ivory, and slaves, took care to have these articles ready for any ship that might land. Thus the slave trade, properly so called, began. The Spaniards were the first nation to become parties with the Portuguese in this infamous traffic.

At first, the deportation of slaves from Africa was conducted on a limited scale; but about seventy years after Gonzales had carried away the first negro boys from the Guinea coast, an opening was all at once made for negro labour, which made it necessary to carry away blacks, not by occasional ship-loads, but by thousands annually.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN SLAVE TRADE.

America was discovered in 1493. The part of this new world which was first colonised by the Spaniards consisted of those islands scattered through the great gap of ocean between North and South America; which, as they were thought to be the outermost individuals of the great Eastern Indies, to which it was the main object of Columbus to effect a western passage, were called the West Indies. When the Spaniards took possession of these islands, they employed the natives, or Indians, as they were called, to do all the heavy kinds of labour for them, such as carrying burdens, digging for gold, &c. In fact, these Indians became the slaves of their Spanish conquerors; and it was customary, in assigning lands to a person, to give him, at the same time, all the Indians upon them. Thus, when Bernal Diaz paid his respects to Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, the governor promised him the first Indians he had at his disposal. According to all accounts, never was there a race of men more averse to labour, or constitutionally more unfit for it, than these native Americans. They are described as the most listless improvident people on the face of the earth, and though capable of much passive endurance, drooped and lost all heart whenever they were put to active labour. Labour, ill-usage, and the small-pox together, carried them off in thousands, and wherever a Spaniard trod, he cleared a space before him, as if he carried a blasting influence in his person. When Albuquerque entered on his office as governor of St Domingo in 1515, he found that, whereas in 1508 the natives numbered 60,000, they did not then number 14,000. The condition of these poor aborigines under the Spanish colonists became so heart-breaking, that the Dominican priests stepped out in their behalf, asserting them to be

free men, and denying the right of the Spaniards to make them slaves. This led to a vehement controversy, which lasted several years, and in which Bartholomew de Las Casas, a benevolent priest, figured most conspicuously as the friend of the Indians. So energetic and persevering was he, that he produced a great impression in their favour upon the Spanish government at home.

Unfortunately, the relaxation in favour of one race of men was procured at the expense of the slavery of another. Whether Las Casas himself was led, by his extreme interest in the Indians, to be so inconsistent as to propose the employment of negroes in their stead, or whether the suggestion came from some other person, does not distinctly appear; but it is certain, that what the Spaniards spared the Indians, they inflicted with double rigour upon the negroes. Labourers must be had, and the negroes were the kind of labourers that would best suit. As early as 1503, a few negroes had been carried across the Atlantic; and it was found that not only could each of these negroes do as much work as four Indians, but that, while the Indians were fast becoming extinct, the negroes were thriving and propagating wonderfully. The plain inference was, that they should import negroes as fast as possible; and this was accordingly done. "In the year 1510," says the old Spanish historian Herrera, "the king of Spain ordered fifty slaves to be sent to Hispaniola to work in the gold mines, the natives being looked upon as a weak people, and unfit for much labour." And this was but a beginning; for, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Cardinal Ximenes, ship-load after ship-load of negroes was carried to the West Indies. We find Charles V. giving one of his Flemish favourites an exclusive right of shipping 4000 negroes to the new world—a monopoly which that favourite sold to some Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats. These merchants organised the traffic; many more than 4000 negroes were required to do the work; and though at first the negroes were exorbitantly dear, they multiplied so fast, and were imported in such quantities, that at last there was a negro for every Spaniard in the colonies; and in whatever new direction the Spaniards advanced in their career of conquest, negroes went along with them.

The following extract from the Spanish historian already quoted will show not only that the negroes were very numerous, but that sometimes also they proved refractory, and endeavoured to get the upper hand of their masters. "There was so great a number of blacks in the governments of Santa Marta and Venezuela, and so little precaution was used in the management of them, or rather the liberty they had was so great, being allowed the use of arms, which they much delight in, that, prompted by their natural fierceness and arrogance, a small number of the most polished, who valued themselves for their valour and gaiety, resolved to rescue themselves from servitude,

and become their own masters, believing that they might live at their own will among the Indians. Those few summoning others, who, like a thoughtless brutish people, were not capable of making any reflection, but were always ready at the beck of those of their own colour for whom they had any respect or esteem, they readily complied; assembling to the number of about 250, and repairing to the settlement of New Segovia, they divided themselves into companies, and appointed captains, and saluted one King, who had the most boldness and resolution, to assume that title; and he, intimating that they should all be rich, and lords of the country, by destroying the Spaniards, assigned every one the Spanish woman that should fall to his lot, with other such insolent projects and machinations. The fame of this commotion was soon spread abroad throughout all the cities of those two governments, where preparations were speedily made for marching against the blacks, as well to prevent their being joined by the rest of their countrymen that were not yet gone to them, as to obviate the many mischiefs which those barbarians might occasion to the country. In the meantime, the inhabitants of Tucuyo sent succours to the city of Segovia, which was but newly founded; and the very night that relief arrived there, the blacks, who had got intelligence of it, resolved to be beforehand with the Spaniards; and in order that, greater forces thus coming in, they might not grow too strong for them, they fell upon those Spaniards, killing five or six of them, and a clergyman. However, the success did not answer their expectation, for the Spaniards being on their guard, readily took the alarm, fought the blacks courageously, and killed a considerable number. The rest, perceiving that their contrivance had miscarried, retired. The next morning Captain James de Lassado arrived there with forty men from the government of Venezuela, and, judging that no time ought to be lost in that affair, marched against the blacks with the men he had brought, and those who were before at New Segovia. Perceiving that they had quitted the post they had first taken, and were retired to a strong place on the mountain, he pursued, overtook, and attacked them; and though they drew up and stood on their defence, he soon routed and put them all to the sword, sparing none but their women and some female Indians they had with them, after which he returned to Segovia, and those provinces were delivered from much uneasiness."

The Spaniards did not long remain alone in the guilt of this new traffic. At first the Spaniards had all America to themselves; and as it was in America that negro labour was in demand, the Spaniards alone possessed large numbers of negroes. But other nations came to have colonies in America, and as negroes were found invaluable in the foundation of a new colony, other nations came also to patronise the slave trade. The first recognition of the trade by the English government was in 1562, in the reign of Elizabeth, when an act was passed legalising the

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purchase of negroes; yet, as the earlier attempts made by the English to plant colonies in North America were unsuccessful, there did not, for some time after the passing of this act, exist any demand for negroes sufficient to induce the owners of English trading vessels visiting the coast of Africa to make negroes a part of their cargo. It was in the year 1616 that the first negroes were imported into Virginia; and even then it was not an English slave-ship which supplied them, but a Dutch one, which chanced to touch on the coast with some negroes on board bound for the Spanish colonies. These negroes the Virginian planters purchased on trial; and the bargain was found to be so good, that in a short time negroes came to be in great demand in Virginia. Nor were the planters any longer indebted to the chance visits of Dutch ships for a supply of negro-labourers; for the English merchants, vigilant and calculating then as they are now, immediately embarked in the traffic, and instructed the captains of their vessels visiting the African coast to barter for negroes as well as wax and elephants' teeth. In a similar way the French, the Dutch, and all other nations of any commercial importance, came to be involved in the traffic; those who had colonies, to supply the demand there; those who had no colonies, to make money by assisting to supply the demand of the colonies of other countries. Before the middle of the seventeenth century the African slave trade was in full vigour; and all Europe was implicated in the buying and selling of negroes.

SLAVE FACTORIES IN AFRICA.

So universal is the instinct for barter, that the immediate effect of the new and great demand for slaves was to create its own supply. Slavery, as we have said, existed in Negroland from time immemorial, but on a comparatively limited scale. The effect of the demand by the European ships gave an unhappy stimulus to the natural animosities of the various negro tribes skirting the west coast; and, tempted by the clasp-knives, and looking-glasses, and wonderful red cloth, which the white men always brought with them to exchange for slaves, the whole negro population for many miles inland began fighting and kidnapping each other. Not only so, but the interior of the continent itself, the district of Lake Tchad, and the mystic source of the fatal Niger, hitherto untrodden by the foot of a white invader, began to feel the tremor caused by the traffic on the coast; and ere long, the very negroes who seemed safest in their central obscurities, were drained away to meet the increasing demand; either led captive by warlike visitants from the west, or handed from tribe to tribe till they reached the sea. In this way, eventually, Central Africa, with its teeming myriads of negroes, came to be the great mother of slaves for exportation, and the negro villages on the coast the warehouses, as it were, where the slaves

were stowed away till the ships of the white men arrived to carry them off.

European skill and foresight assisted in giving constancy and regularity to the supply of negroes from the interior. At first the slave vessels only visited the Guinea coast, and bargained with the negroes of the villages there for what quantity of wax, or gold, or negroes they had to give. But this was a clumsy way of conducting business. The ships had to sail along a large tract of coast, picking up a few negroes at one place, and a little ivory or gold at another; sometimes even the natives of a village might have no elephants' teeth and no negroes to give; and even under the most favourable circumstances, it took a considerable time to procure a decent cargo. No coast is so pestilential as that of Africa, and hence the service was very repulsive and very dangerous. As an improvement on this method of trading, the plan was adopted very early of planting small settlements of Europeans at intervals along the slave-coast, whose business it should be to negotiate with the negroes, stimulate them to activity in their slave-hunting expeditions, purchase the slaves brought in, and warehouse them until the arrival of the ships. These settlements were called slave factories. Factories of this kind were planted all along the western coast from Cape Verd to the equator, by English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese traders. Their appearance, the character of the men employed in them, their internal arrangements, and their mode of carrying on the traffic, are well described in the following extract from Mr Howison's book on "European Colonies."

"As soon as the parties concerned had fixed upon the site of their proposed commercial establishment, they began to erect a fort of greater or less magnitude, having previously obtained permission to that effect from the natives. The most convenient situation for a building of the kind was considered to be at the confluence of a river with the sea, or upon an island lying within a few miles of the coast. In the first case, there was the advantage of inland navigation; and in the second, that of the security and defensibleness of an insular position, besides its being more cool and healthy than any other.

The walls of the fort always enclosed a considerable space of ground, upon which were built the necessary magazines for the reception of merchandise, and also barracks for the soldiers and artificers, and a dépôt for slaves; so that, in the event of external hostilities, the gates might be shut, and the persons and the property belonging to the establishment placed in security. The quarters for the officers and agents employed at the factory were in general erected upon the ramparts, or at least adjoining them; while the negroes in their service, and any others that might be attracted to the spot, placed their huts outside of the walls of the fort, but under the protection of its guns.

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The command of the establishment was vested in the hands of one individual, who had various subordinates, according to the extent of the trade carried on at the place; and if the troops who garrisoned the fort exceeded twenty or thirty, a commissioned officer usually had charge of them. The most remarkable forts were St George del Mina, erected by the Portuguese, though it subsequently fell into the hands of the Dutch; Cape Coast Castle, the principal establishment of the English; Fort Louis, at the mouth of the Senegal, generally occupied by the French; and Goree, situated upon an island of the same name, near Cape Verd. Most of these forts mounted from fifty to sixty pieces of cannon, and contained large reservoirs for water, and were not only impregnable to the negroes, but capable of standing a regular siege by a European force.

The individuals next in importance to the director or governor were the factors, who ranked according to their standing in the company's service. The seniors generally remained at headquarters, and had the immediate management of the trade there, and the care of the supplies of European merchandise which were always kept in store. The junior factors were employed in carrying on the traffic in the interior of the country, which they did sometimes by ascending the rivers in armed vessels, and exchanging various articles for slaves, gold-dust, and ivory, with the negroes inhabiting the neighbourhood; and sometimes by establishing themselves for several months in a large town or populous district, and, as it were, keeping a shop to which the natives might resort for traffic.

The European subordinates of the establishment consisted of clerks, book-keepers, warehousemen, artificers, mechanics, gunners, and private soldiers, all of whom had particular quarters assigned for their abode, and lived under military discipline. The soldiers employed in the service of the different African companies were mostly invalids, and persons who had been dismissed from the army on account of bad conduct. Destitute of the means of subsistence at home, such men willingly engaged to go to the coast of Africa, where they knew that they would be permitted to lead a life of ease, indolence, and licentiousness, and be exposed to no danger except that of a deadly climate, which was in reality the most certain and inevitable one that they could anywhere encounter. Few of the troops in any of the forts were fit for active duty, which was of the less consequence, because they were seldom or never required to fight except upon the ramparts of the place in which they might be quartered, and not often even there. Hence they spent their time in smoking, in drinking palm wine, and in gaming, and were generally carried off by fever or dissipation within two years after their arrival in the country. A stranger on first visiting any of the African forts, felt that there was something both horrible and ludicrous in the appearance of its garrison; for the individuals composing it

appeared ghastly, debilitated, and diseased, to a degree that is unknown in other climates; and their tattered and soiled uniforms, resembling each other only in meanness, and not in colour, suggested the idea of the wearers being a band of drunken deserters, or of starved and maltreated prisoners of war.

Each company was in the practice of annually sending a certain number of ships to its respective establishments, freighted with European goods suitable for traffic; while its factors in Africa had in the meantime been collecting slaves, ivory, gum-arabic, and other productions of the country; so that the vessels on their arrival suffered no detention, but always found a return cargo ready for them.

Though the forts were principally employed as places of safe deposit for merchandise received from Europe, or collected at outposts, they were also generally the scene of a considerable trade, being resorted to for that purpose not only by the coast negroes, but often also by dealers from the interior of the country, who would bring slaves, ivory, and gold-dust for traffic. Persons of this description were always honourably, and even ceremoniously received by the governor or by the factors, and conciliated in every possible way, lest they might carry their goods to another market. They were invited to enter the fort, and were treated with liqueurs, sweetmeats, and presents, and urged to drink freely; and no sooner did they show symptoms of confusion of ideas, than the factors proposed to trade with them, and displayed the articles which they were disposed to give in exchange for their slaves, &c. The unsuspecting negro-merchant, dazzled by the variety of tempting objects placed before him, and exhilarated by wine or brandy, was easily led to conclude a bargain little advantageous to himself; and before he had fully recovered his senses, his slaves, ivory, and gold-dust were transferred to the stores of the factory, and he was obliged to be contented with what he had in his moments of inebriety agreed to accept in exchange for them."

From this extract, it appears that not only did the managers of these factories receive all the negroes who might be brought down to the coast, but that emissaries, "junior factors," as they were called, penetrated into the interior, as if thoroughly to infect the central tribes with the spirit of commerce. The result of this was the creation of large slave-markets in the interior, where the negro slaves were collected for sale, and where slave-merchants, whether negro, Arabic, or European, met to conclude their wholesale bargains. One of these great slave-markets was at Timbuctoo; but for the most part the slaves were brought down in droves by *Slatées*, or negro slave-merchants, to the European factories on the coast. At the time that Park travelled in Africa, so completely had the negroes of the interior become possessed with the trading spirit, so much had the capture and abduction of negroes grown into a profession, that these native

slave-merchants were observed to treat the slaves they were driving to the coast with considerable kindness. The negroes were, indeed, chained together to prevent their escape. Those who were refractory had a thick billet of wood fastened to their ankle; and as the poor wretches quitting their native spots became sullen and moody, their limbs at the same time swelling and breaking out in sores with the fatigue of travelling, it was often necessary to apply the whip. Still, the Slatees were not wantonly cruel; and there was nothing they liked better than to see their slaves merry. Occasionally they would halt in their march, and encourage the negroes to sing their snatches of song, or play their games of hazard, or dance under the shade of the tamarind tree. This, however, was only the case with the professional slave-driver, who was commissioned to convey the negroes to the coast; and if we wish to form a conception of the extent and intricate working of the curse inflicted upon the negroes by their contact with white men, we must set ourselves to imagine all the previous kidnapping and fighting which must have been necessary to procure every one of these droves which the Slatees carried down. What a number of processes must have conspired to bring a sufficient number of slaves together to form a drove! In one case, it would be a negro master selling a number of his spare slaves; and what an amount of suffering even in this case must there have been arising from the separation of relatives! In another case, it would be a father selling his son, or a son selling his old father, or a creditor selling his insolvent debtor. In a third, it would be a starving family voluntarily surrendering itself to slavery. When a scarcity occurred, instances used to be frequent of famishing negroes coming to the British stations in Africa and begging "to be put upon the slave-chain." In a fourth case, it would be a savage selling the boy or girl he had kidnapped a week ago on purpose. In a fifth, it would be a petty negro chief disposing of twenty or thirty negroes taken alive in a recent attack upon a village at a little distance from his own. Sometimes these forays in quest of negroes to sell are on a very large scale, and then they are called slave-hunts. The king of one negro country collects a large army, and makes an expedition into the territories of another negro king, ravaging and making prisoners as he goes. If the inhabitants make a stand against him, a battle ensues, in which the invading army is generally victorious. As many are killed as may be necessary to decide that such is the case; and the captives are driven away in thousands, to be kept on the property of the victor till he finds opportunities of selling them. In 1794, the king of the southern Foulahs, a powerful tribe in Nigritia, was known to have an army of 16,000 men constantly employed in these slave-hunting expeditions into his neighbours' territories. The slaves they procured made the largest item in his revenue.

SLAVE-HUNTS IN NUBIA.

While a wholesale deportation of slaves from Central Africa was actively organised and conducted in order to supply the American market, Nubia and some other districts were equally laid under contribution for slaves by Egyptian and Turkish invaders. The main difference between the two trades was, that while the Europeans generally bought slaves after they had been captured, the less fastidious Turks captured slaves for themselves. The slave markets of the Levant have long been supplied in this manner. On Mohammed Ali, the present ruler of Egypt, lies the disgrace of having brought this system of plundering to a high degree of perfection; Nubia being his principal slave-preserve, into which he permits no intruder with similar objects to his own.

Mohammed's slave-hunts are conducted on a grand scale; the expeditions taking place annually after the rainy season, with as much regularity as the collecting of a tax, and are called *The Gasna*. In Dr Madden's work, entitled "*Egypt and Mohammed Ali*," we have a description, from personal inquiry, of these expeditions as they are conducted at the present time. Dr Madden went to Egypt in 1840, as the bearer of a letter from the Anti-Slavery Convention to Mohammed Ali, congratulating him upon his having issued an order abolishing the slave-hunts; but to his surprise, on arriving in Egypt, he found that the order, though issued, had never been executed, and apparently had never been meant to be so. The following is from Dr Madden's work:—"The capturing expedition consists of from 1000 to 2000 regular foot soldiers; 400 to 800 Mograbini (Bedouins on horseback), armed with guns and pistols; 300 to 500 of the militia (half-naked savages) on dromedaries, with shields and spears; and 1000 more on foot, with bucklers and small lances. As soon as everything is ready, the march begins. They usually take from two to four field-pieces, and only sufficient bread for the first eight days. Oxen, sheep, and other cattle, are generally taken by force before at Kordofan, although the tax upon cattle may have been paid. When they meet with a flock, either feeding or at the watering-places, they steal the cattle, and do not care whether it belongs to one or more persons; they make no reparation for necessary things, whoever may be the sufferer; and no objection or complaint is listened to, as the governor himself is present.

As soon as they arrive at the nearest mountains in Nubia, the inhabitants are asked to give the appointed number of slaves as their customary tribute. This is usually done with readiness; for these people live so near Kordofan, and are well aware that, by an obstinate refusal, they expose themselves to far greater sufferings. If the slaves are given without resistance, the inhabitants of that mountain are preserved from the horrors of an

open attack ; but as the food of the soldiers begins to fail about that time, the poor people are obliged to procure the necessary provisions as well as the specified number of slaves, and the Turks do not consider whether the harvest has been good or bad. All that is not freely given, the soldiers take by force. Like so many bloodhounds, they know how to discover the hidden stores, and frequently leave these unfortunate people scarcely a loaf for the next day. They then proceed on to the more distant mountains : here they consider themselves to be in the land of an enemy : they encamp near the mountain which they intend to take by storm the following day, or immediately, if it is practicable. But before the attack commences, they endeavour to settle the affair amicably : a messenger is sent to the sheik, in order to invite him to come to the camp, and to bring with him the requisite number of slaves. If the chief agrees with his subjects to the proposal, in order to prevent all further bloodshed, or if he finds his means inadequate to attempt resistance, he readily gives the appointed number of slaves. The sheik then proceeds to procure the number he has promised ; and this is not difficult, for many volunteers offer themselves for their brethren, and are ready to subject themselves to all the horrors of slavery, in order to free those they love. Sometimes they are obliged to be torn by force from the embraces of their friends and relations. The sheik generally receives a dress as a present for his ready services.

But there are very few mountains that submit to such a demand. Most villages which are advantageously situated, and lie near steep precipices or inaccessible heights, that can be ascended only with difficulty, defend themselves most valiantly, and fight for the rights of liberty with a courage, perseverance, and sacrifice, of which history furnishes us with few examples. Very few flee at the approach of their enemies, although they might take refuge in the high mountains with all their goods, especially as they receive timely information of the arrival of the soldiers ; but they consider such flights cowardly and shameful, and prefer to die fighting for their liberty.

If the sheik does not yield to the demand, an attack is made upon the village. The cavalry and bearers of lances surround the whole mountain, and the infantry endeavour to climb the heights. Formerly, they fired with cannon upon the villages and those places where the negroes were assembled, but, on account of the want of skill of the artillerymen, few shots, if any, took effect : the negroes became indifferent to this prelude, and were only stimulated to a more obstinate resistance. The thundering of the cannon at first caused more consternation than their effects, but the fears of the negroes ceased as soon as they became accustomed to it. Before the attack commences, all avenues to the village are blocked up with large stones or other impediments, the village is provided with water for several days, the

cattle and other property taken up to the mountain; in short, nothing necessary for a proper defence is neglected. The men, armed only with lances, occupy every spot which may be defended; and even the women do not remain inactive; they either take part in the battle personally, or encourage their husbands by their cries and lamentations, and provide them with arms; in short, all are active, except the sick and aged. The points of their wooden lances are first dipped into a poison which is standing by them in an earthen vessel, and which is prepared from the juice of a certain plant. The poison is of a whitish colour, and looks like milk which has been standing; the nature of the plant, and the manner in which the poison is prepared, is still a secret, and generally known only to one family in the village, who will not on any account make it known to others.

The signal for attack being given, the infantry sound the alarm, and an assault is made upon the mountain. Hundreds of lances, large stones, and pieces of wood, are then thrown at the assailants; behind every large stone a negro is concealed, who either throws his poisoned lance at the enemy, or waits for the moment when his opponent approaches the spot of his concealment, when he pierces him with his lance. The soldiers, who are only able to climb up the steep heights with great difficulty, are obliged to sling their guns over their backs, in order to have the use of their hands when climbing, and, consequently, are often in the power of the negroes before they are able to discover them. But nothing deters these robbers. Animated with avarice and revenge, they mind no impediment, not even death itself. One after another treads upon the corpse of his comrade, and thinks only of robbery and murder; and the village is at last taken, in spite of the most desperate resistance. And then the revenge is horrible. Neither the aged nor the sick are spared; women, and even children in the womb, fall a sacrifice to their fury; the huts are plundered, the little possession of the unfortunate inhabitants carried away or destroyed, and all that fall alive into the hands of the robbers are led as slaves into the camp. When the negroes see that their resistance is no longer of any avail, they frequently prefer death to slavery; and if they are not prevented, you may see the father rip up first the stomach of his wife, then of his children, and then his own, that they may not fall alive into the hands of the enemy. Others endeavour to save themselves by creeping into holes, and remain there for several days without nourishment, where there is frequently only room sufficient to allow them to lie on their backs, and in that situation they sometimes remain for eight days. They have assured me, that if they can overcome the first three days, they may, with a little effort, continue full eight days without food. But even from these hiding-places the unfeeling barbarians know how to draw them, or they make use of means to destroy them: provided with combustibles, such as pitch, brimstone, &c. the

soldiers try to kindle a fire before the entrance of the holes, and, by forcing the stinking smoke into them, the poor creatures are obliged to creep out and surrender themselves to their enemies, or they are suffocated with the smoke.

After the Turks have done all in their power to capture the living, they lead these unfortunate people into the camp; they then plunder the huts and the cattle; and several hundred soldiers are engaged in searching the mountain in every direction, in order to steal the hidden harvest, that the rest of the negroes, who were fortunate enough to escape, and have hid themselves in inaccessible caves, should not find anything on their return to nourish and continue their life.

When slaves to the number of 500 or 600 are obtained, they are sent to Lobeid, with an escort of country people, and about fifty soldiers, under the command of an officer. In order to prevent escape, a sheba is hung round the necks of the adults. A sheba is a young tree, about eight feet long, and two inches thick, and which has a fork at the top; it is so tied to the neck of the poor creature, that the trunk of the tree hangs down in the front, and the fork is closed behind the neck with a cross-piece of timber, or tied together with strips cut out of a fresh skin; and in this situation the slave, in order to be able to walk at all, is obliged to take the tree into his hands, and to carry it before him. But none can endure this very long; and to render it easier, the one in advance takes the tree of the man behind him on his shoulder." In this way, the men carrying the sheba, the boys tied together by the wrists, the women and children walking at liberty, and the old and feeble tottering along leaning on their relations, the whole of the captives are driven into Egypt, there to be exposed for sale in the slave-market. Thus negroes and Nubians are distributed over the East, through Persia, Arabia, India, &c.

It is to be observed, then, that there have been two distinct slave trades going on with Africa—the slave trade on the west coast, for the supply of America and the European colonies, which is the one we are best acquainted with; and the slave trade on the north-east, for the supply of Egypt, Turkey, and the East. The one may be called the Christian, the other the Mohammedan slave trade. We have been accustomed to interest ourselves so much in the western or Christian slave trade, that we are apt to forget that the other exists. But the fact is, that while the one trade has been *legally* abolished, the other is carried on as vigorously as ever. A traffic in negroes is at present going on between Negroland and the whole of the East, as well as the semi-Asiatic countries of Africa. While it is illegal for a European to carry away a negro from the Guinea coast, negroes are bought and sold daily in the public slave-markets of Cairo and Constantinople. The Mohammedans, it is said, treat their negroes with more kindness than the Christians do. In the East, it is cus-

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tomary to hear a poor wretch boast that he is a slave, and not a servant. And there is this difference to be observed between the slavery of the East and the slavery of the West, that whereas in the West the negroes are the only slaves known, it is not so in the East. In the East there are slaves of all countries, Asiatics as well as Africans; as was the case in Greece, Rome, and other countries of the ancient world.

MODERN AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

To return to the western slave trade, with whose history we are most concerned. About the year 1750 this trade was carried on with extraordinary vigour. All the great nations had factories or negro warehouses on the Guinea coast, and ships of all nations came periodically to carry off their valuable cargoes. It is impossible to arrive at any exact conclusion as to the number of negroes annually carried off by the traders of various nations about this time; but there is every reason to believe that it fell little short of 100,000. In the year 1789, it was stated in parliament that the number of negroes carried away in British vessels alone was 38,000 annually. Now, supposing the other nations to have been equally active up to their means, it will be rather under than above the mark to say that Africa discharged itself annually of about 90,000 negroes by the western trade alone. Europe and her colonies were responsible to the extent of an annual demand for 90,000 negroes! In thirty years, at this rate, Scotland would be emptied of its present population. And if we think that the trade had been going on for two centuries, not always at the same enormous rate perhaps, but still continually going on, it is remarkable to conclude that, up to the end of last century, Africa must have been defrauded of a population equal in numbers to that of the British islands, or nearly 30,000,000. And it was not a mere experiment in emigration that these poor negroes were undergoing for the sake of a country overburdened with population; they were torn from Africa, not because Africa was tired of them, and desired to spew them forth—instead of that, Africa could have received the whole of Europe, and never felt the difference, its vegetation is so rank, its fertility so inexhaustible, its streams so full of fish, its forests so stocked with game—but they were torn away to be the drudges of the white races, wherever they chose to take them. The principal slave-importing places were the West Indian islands, the British colonies in North America, Brazil, and other settlements in South America. So much has the demand for slaves been confined to America, that it may be said that, but for the discovery of America, negro slavery would never have existed. Negro slavery was a device struck out in a bold and unconscientious age to meet a great emergency. When Europe, as we have seen, had discovered the new world with all its riches, and found that the aborigines there were useless as labourers, and were fast dis-

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appearing broken-hearted into their graves, provoked at so untoward an occurrence, she looked about, in no very scrupulous mood, for some other population less delicately framed, whom she might compel to help her through the crisis. Her eye lighted on the brawny figure of the negro, and the whole difficulty vanished. Here was the individual that had been specially designed to dig in mines and work in sugar plantations. What so convenient as to use the old continent for the purpose of subjugating the new one? Looked at in this way, there is a species of savage magnificence in the idea of negro slavery, worthy of the age in which it originated—the age of Columbus, and Cortez, and Pizarro. But how much more magnificent, because how much more difficult, is that mode of thinking which rejects a device, however efficient, if it is not also agreeable to the eternal laws of justice!

NOMINAL ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

Having sketched the origin and progress of the slave trade, and presented an idea of its extent, we have now to trace the history of its nominal abolition. Possibly, if we had the means of knowing, we should find that, from the year 1512, when Cardinal Ximenes protested against the introduction of negroes into America, down to the year 1787, when Clarkson and Wilberforce began the great struggle of abolition, there were never wanting in the world good and benevolent men who saw the injustice of the trade, were grieved inwardly when they thought of it, and even denounced it in conversation. As cultivated feeling advanced, so was there a growing feeling that the slave trade was a wrong thing.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, Morgan Godwyn, an English clergyman, publicly broached the subject by writing upon it. About a century later, two members of the Society of Friends in America, John Woolman and Anthony Benezet, were fully possessed with the abolition spirit. Woolman travelled far and near among the people of his own persuasion, trying to get them to relinquish all connection with the traffic in negroes. Benezet founded and taught a negro school in Philadelphia, and denounced the slave trade in various publications. So powerful was the effect produced by these two men, especially on persons of the sect to which they belonged, that in 1754 the Friends in America came to a resolution, declaring “that to live in ease and plenty by the toil of those whom fraud and violence had put into their power, was consistent neither with Christianity nor with common justice.” This declaration was followed up by the abolition of the use of slave labour among the Friends—the penalty for keeping a slave being excommunication from the body. By emancipating their negroes, and employing them at regular wages, the Friends effected a great saving; and showed that, where labourers abound, free labour is cheaper than slave

labour. In England, about the year 1765, the case of a poor negro, whom his master had cast adrift in London, attracted the notice of the benevolent Granville Sharpe. Led by this case to take up the cause of the negroes in general, Mr Sharpe, by persevering in making public all instances of the sale or seizures of negroes in London, drew from the bench in 1772 the famous decision, that "when a slave puts his foot on English ground he is free." What could be done for the negroes, became now a subject of conversation among educated people.

In 1783 Bishop Porteus made the slave trade the subject of a public sermon. Next year the Rev. James Ramsay, vicar of Teston, in Kent, who had resided for nineteen years in the island of St Christopher, and become acquainted there with the practice of slavery in its worst details, published an essay on the treatment of slaves, which produced an immediate sensation. The excitement of the attacks upon his character by the planters and their friends which this publication occasioned, is said to have hastened poor Ramsay's end. In the year 1785 Dr Peckard proposed the slave trade as the subject of a prize essay at Cambridge. The prize was gained by Thomas Clarkson. From that day, Mr Clarkson devoted his life to the abolition of slavery. We do not suppose that any other prize essay ever did as much. Besides Mr Clarkson, there was another individual of whose mind the subject, when mooted in his presence by a lady, took a deep hold. This was William Wilberforce. On Sunday the 28th of October 1787, Wilberforce made this entry in his journal—"God Almighty has placed before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave trade, and the reformation of manners." The reformation of manners he did not accomplish, but the suppression of the slave trade he did. A very striking instance how great any educated man may make himself, if only he fix early upon a great object, and devote his life exclusively to it. Clarkson and Wilberforce, the twin spirits of the movement, were soon able to form a powerful confederacy including men of all parties, and to shake the mind of the nation.

In England, as well as in America, members of the Society of Friends have the honour of having been the first and the most energetic abolitionists. In 1787 Wilberforce mooted the question in parliament, and procured the appointment of a committee to collect evidence. Next year a temporary measure, called the Middle Passage Bill, was carried by Sir William Dolben, providing for the better treatment of slaves during the voyage. The abolitionists went on gaining strength, till in 1792 Dundas's Resolutions for the Abolition of the Slave Trade were carried in the House of Commons. Next year, however, the house would not confirm its former vote; and though the motion for abolition was brought forward annually, for seven successive sessions, it was regularly lost; owing, it is supposed, to the help which the

slave-owning interest derived from the aversion which existed at that time to everything that seemed to breathe the spirit of freedom. Unfortunately for the cause of abolition, during these seven years the phrases liberty, equality, the rights of men, &c. so hackneyed by the speakers and writers of the French Revolution, were exactly those which the friends of the negro required to use. When the revolutionary mania waned, the cause of abolition revived in Britain. In 1799, though Wilberforce's annual motion was lost, another bill was carried, limiting the traffic to a certain extent of coast. For the three succeeding years, the state of European affairs occasioned the postponement of the question of the slave trade. In 1804, however, Wilberforce's motion was carried in the Commons; but the Lords threw it out. At this time there was such an increase in the number of slaves imported in British ships, owing to the capture of the Dutch colonies, that the nation became indignant, and would have no more delay. Accordingly, in 1805, the importation of slaves into the new colonies was prohibited; next year the slave trade with foreign countries was also abolished; and in 1807 came the climax. The bill for the total abolition of the British slave trade on and after the 1st of January 1808 received the royal assent on the 25th of March 1807. At first, the only punishment for continuing the traffic, now declared illegal, was a penalty in money; but this was found so utterly insufficient, and the number of offences was so great, that in 1811 an act was carried by Lord Brougham making slave-dealing felony, punishable by transportation for fourteen years, or imprisonment with hard labour. Even this was found inadequate as a check; and in 1824 the slave trade was declared to be piracy, and the punishment death. In 1837, when the number of capital offences was diminished, the punishment for trading in slaves was changed to transportation for life.

Meanwhile the example and the diplomatic influence of Great Britain were rousing the governments of other countries. Ere long all the foreign powers imitated Great Britain in prohibiting the traffic to their subjects. Two of them went the length of making the traffic piracy, punishable with death, as England had; namely, North America and Brazil. The rest did not go quite so far, but all of them made the traffic illegal, and, with the exception of the United States, have agreed to what is called the Mutual Right of Search; that is, each has agreed to permit its ships to be searched at sea by the ships of the others, so as to detect any slaves who may be on board. And at this day a line of British cruisers is stationed along the African coast, to chase and capture slave vessels.

It is necessary here to remind our readers, that the abolition of the *slave trade*, and the abolition of *slavery*, are two distinct things. It was not till 1833 that Great Britain abolished slavery in her colonies. Other states, though they have abolished the

slave trade, or declared the importation of any more negroes from Africa to be illegal, have not abolished slavery; that is, emancipated the negro population already formed. In the United States, for instance, to import any more negroes from Africa is piracy by the law; but at the same time slavery exists in all its horror in the southern states; negroes are bought and sold, and marched in droves from one state into another, and if any one is daring enough to say a word in behalf of the race, he runs a risk of being injured in person, or even assassinated. It is important, then, to bear in mind that the abolition of the slave trade is a different thing from the abolition of slavery. The British government, in abolishing *slavery*, has in effect laid down the proposition, that no human being has a right to enslave another; the government of the United States, in stopping short at the prohibition of the *slave trade*, has only said, "We can do with the negroes we have, and we don't need any more."

To import negroes from Africa is now, therefore, an illegal act by the law of all civilised nations. Some states still keep up slavery, but all have abolished the slave traffic with Africa. Those nations, accordingly, which do keep up slavery, such as Cuba, Brazil, and the United States, are supposed to breed all the slaves they require within their own territories out of the existing slave population, and not to receive any ship-loads from Africa. But is such the fact? Is the slave trade suppressed? Does Brazil, does Cuba, does Porto Rico, does Buenos Ayres, does Texas, do the United States, import no negroes now? Are there no slave-ships packed with negroes crossing the Atlantic at this moment? Is it only wax, teakwood, and elephants' teeth that form the cargoes for which vessels now visit the Guinea coast? Are there no slave warehouses now on the line of shore between Cape Verd and Biafra? Are the inhabitants of Timbuctoo and the banks of Lake Tchad wondering what strange thing has befallen the whites, that there is now no demand for negroes; and finding it useless now to kidnap one another as they did before? Do no droves of slaves come westward now? Has the stream of traffic, disappointed of its western outlet, turned northward in the direction of the Barbary states and the isthmus of Suez? Have the labours of our Clarksons and Wilberforces, our philanthropists and statesmen, the struggles and negotiations of forty years, been crowned with success? Have the fifteen millions of pounds which England lavished in the suppression of the traffic been well-spent money? Are the nations of the world entitled now to join in huzzas and mutual congratulations on what they have done? In one word, is the slave trade at an end?

Startling as the assertion is, the slave trade is no more abolished at this moment than ever it was. In the year 1844, thirty-five years after the British Abolition Act was passed, more negroes were carried away in ships from the coast of Africa than

in 1744, fifty years before abolition was heard of. This appalling fact is every day receiving confirmation. It is proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that all that has been done has only aggravated the evil it was intended to destroy. While we are congratulating ourselves on having abolished the slave trade, and prevailed on other nations to do the same, it turns out that it would have been greatly better for the poor negro if the Abolition Act had never been passed. Instead of being a boon to Africa, it has proved a curse. Not, as will be seen hereafter, that the Abolition Act was not a grand and heroic achievement, not that it was not a right and proper step; but only that much more is required to effect the end it aimed at. An assertion so startling as that which we have made, requires strong evidence to support it, and unfortunately the evidence is but too strong. The fact, as we have stated it, was first distinctly brought out by Sir Fowell Buxton, and every subsequent investigation has corroborated his assertions.

All that has been done, has been to change what was formerly a legal trade, pursued openly by respectable persons, into a contraband trade, pursued secretly by blackguards and desperadoes. According to Sir Fowell Buxton, it is an axiom at the custom-house that no illicit trade can be suppressed if the profits be more than 30 per cent. This is an ascertained fact. Now, the profits of the slave trade, as determined from a number of random cases, average 180 or 200 per cent. Therefore, even supposing the risks of an illicit trade in slaves to be considerably greater than the risks of an illicit trade in anything else (though there is no reason to believe that such is the case), still, according to the ascertained rule, it might have been foreseen that the slave trade would continue to be carried on even after it had been abolished by law. Accordingly, since the slave trade was declared illegal by the consent of the various states interested, a vigorous contraband traffic has been carried on by French, Spanish, Portuguese, and American crews. Britons are occasionally found in such crews: Spaniards and Portuguese, however, predominate. The pay is frequently forty dollars a month. The captain, and often the sailors in these ships, are said to be men of ability, not only as seamen, but in other respects. They carry their cargoes across the Atlantic to Cuba, Brazil, Porto Rico, Monte Video, &c.; nay, there is good evidence that negroes are still imported into the southern states of North America, being secretly landed in Florida, and conveyed thence to Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. That thousands of negroes are annually imported into these southern states of the Union, has been asserted over and over again in Congress; and, besides, there is no other way of explaining the fact, that in these states there are so many slaves who cannot speak English. But Brazil and Cuba are the principal slave-importing countries. Sir Fowell Buxton calculates that Brazil imports annually about 80,000 negroes, and

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Cuba about 60,000. To these two countries alone, therefore, the annual delivery of negroes amounts to 140,000; and if we add only 10,000 for all other places, the annual delivery of negroes into the slave-using countries of the new world will amount to 150,000; that is to say, nearly double the largest annual delivery ever known to have been made before Wilberforce began his labours.

Africa, however, loses far more than America gains. It is calculated that the whole wastage or tare of the traffic is seven-tenths; that is to say, for every ten negroes whom Africa parts with, America receives only three; the other seven die. This enormous wastage may be divided into three portions—the wastage in the journey from the interior of Negroland to the coast, the wastage in the passage across the Atlantic, and the wastage in the process of seasoning after landing. The first is estimated at one-half of the original number brought from the interior, the second at one-fourth of the number shipped, and the third at one-fifth of the number landed. In other words, if 400,000 negroes are collected in the interior of Africa, then of these one-half will die before reaching the coast, leaving only 200,000 to be shipped; of these one-fourth will die in the passage across the Atlantic, leaving only 150,000 to be landed; and of these one-fifth will die in the process of seasoning, leaving only 120,000 available for labour in America. Now, this wastage is more than twice as large as the wastage which took place under the legal traffic; whereas, now, it requires 400,000 Africans to give America 120,000 available negro labourers, it would only have required 250,000 to do so while the traffic was legal. It may be thought that the first and the third of the three sources of wastage we have mentioned would continue the same whether the traffic were legal or not, and that the amount of wastage during the passage across the Atlantic *alone* could be affected by the traffic being contraband. But this is not the case; for, in the first place, the traffic being now illegal; it is prosecuted by a more debased and brutal class of men, and this would increase the number of deaths all through; in the second place, greater precaution against detection must now be used not only during the voyage, but also before the shipping and after the landing; and the effect of increased precaution is to increase the number of deaths. But unquestionably it is the mortality during the voyage that has been increased most. On this point the information that is daily pouring in upon us is appalling. The substance of that information is, that the horrors of the passage before the abolition were as nothing when compared with the horrors of the passage now.

HORRORS OF THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.

While the trade was legal, the ships designed for carrying slaves were in a great measure constructed like other vessels;

though, in order to make the cargo as large as possible, the negroes were packed very closely together. The number of negroes which a vessel was allowed to carry was fixed by law. British vessels of 150 tons and under, were not to carry more than five slaves to every three tons of measurement. In 1789, a parliamentary committee engaged in inquiries connected with Sir W. Dolben's bill, found, by actual measurement of a slave ship, that, allowing every man six feet by one foot four inches, every woman five feet by one foot four inches, every boy five feet by one foot two inches, and every girl four feet six inches by one foot, the ship would hold precisely 450 negroes. The actual number carried was 454: and in previous voyages she had carried more. This calculation, illustrated as it was by an engraving, caused an immense sensation at the time, and assisted in mitigating the miseries of the passage. But all this is altered now. By making the traffic illegal, we have lost the power of regulating it. In order to escape the British cruisers, all slave ships now are built on the principle of fast sailing. The risk of being captured takes away all inducement, from mere selfish motives, to make the cargo moderate; on the contrary, it is an object now to make the cargo as large as possible, for then the escape of one cargo out of three will amply repay the dealer. Accordingly, the negroes now are packed in the slave ships literally (and this is the comparison always used) like herrings in a barrel. They have neither standing room, nor sitting room, nor lying room; and as for change of position during the voyage, the thing is impossible. They are cooped up anyhow, squeezed into crevices, or jammed up against the curved planks. The allowance in breadth for an adult negro is nine inches, so that the only possible posture is on the side. The following is a brief description given by an eye-witness of the unloading of a captured slaver which had been brought into Sierra Leone. "The captives were now counted; their numbers, sex, and age, written down, for the information of the court of mixed commission. The task was repulsive. As the hold had been divided for the separation of the men and the women, those on deck were first counted; they were then driven forward, crowded as much as possible, and the women were drawn up through the small hatchway from their hot, dark confinement. A black boatswain seized them one by one, dragging them before us for a moment, when the proper officer, on a glance, decided the age, whether above or under fourteen; and they were instantly swung again by the arm into their loathsome cell, where another negro boatswain sat, with a whip or stick, and forced them to resume the bent and painful attitude necessary for the stowage of so large a number. The unfortunate women and girls, in general, submitted with quiet resignation, when absence of disease and the use of their limbs permitted. A month had made their condition familiar to them. One or two were less philosophical, or suffered

more acutely than the rest. Their shrieks rose faintly from their hidden prison, as violent compulsion alone squeezed them into their nook against the curve of the ship's side. I attempted to descend in order to see the accommodation. The height between the floor and ceiling was about twenty-two inches. The agony of the position of the crouching slaves may be imagined, especially that of the men, whose heads and necks are bent down by the boarding above them. Once so fixed, relief by motion or change of posture is unattainable. The body frequently stiffens in a permanent curve; and in the streets of Freetown I have seen liberated slaves in every conceivable state of distortion. One I remember who trailed along his body, with his back to the ground, by means of his hands and ankles. Many can never resume the upright posture."

One item of the enormous mortality during the passage consists of negroes thrown overboard when the slaver is chased, or when a storm arises. Many thousands perish annually in this way. Even when a slave vessel is captured by a British cruiser, and carried into port, the negroes are not set at liberty, or, if they be, they are little better than cast adrift among strangers. Very frequently it is decided, upon trial, that the capture of the vessel has been illegal; and then the slaver sails away triumphantly, the poor negroes on board having only been tantalised with the hope of freedom. A remarkable case of this kind is told by Mr Rankin in his account of a visit to Sierra Leone in 1834.

"On the morning after my arrival at Sierra Leone," says Mr Rankin, "I was indulging in the first view of the waters of the estuary glittering in the hot sun, and endeavouring to distinguish from the many vessels at anchor the barque which had brought me from England.

Close in-shore lay a large schooner, so remarkable from the low sharp cut of her black hull, and the excessive rake of her masts, that she seemed amongst the other craft as a swallow seems amongst other birds. Her deck was crowded with naked blacks, whose woolly heads studded the rail. She was a slaver with a large cargo. In the autumn of 1833 this schooner, apparently a Brazilian, and named with the liberty-stirring appellation of 'Donna Maria da Gloria,' had left Loando, on the slave coast, with a few bales of merchandise, to comply with the formalities required by the authorities from vessels engaged in legal traffic; for the slave trade, under the Brazilian flag, is now piracy. No sooner was she out of port than the real object of her voyage declared itself. She hastily received on board four hundred and thirty negroes, who had been mustered in readiness, and sailed for Rio Janeiro. Off the mouth of that harbour she arrived in November, and was captured as a slaver by his majesty's brig Snake. The case was brought in December before the court established there; and the court decided that, as her Brazilian character had not been fully made out, it was incompetent to the

final decision of the case. It was necessary to apply to the court of mixed commission at Sierra Leone for the purpose of adjudication. A second time, therefore, the unfortunate dungeon-ship put to sea with her luckless cargo, and again crossed the Atlantic amidst the horrors of a two months' voyage. The Donna Maria da Gloria having returned to Africa, cast anchor at Freetown in the middle of February 1834, and on arrival, found the number reduced by death from four hundred and thirty to three hundred and thirty-five.

Continuance of misery for several months in a cramped posture, in a pestilential atmosphere, had not only destroyed many, but had spread disease amongst the survivors. Dropsy, eruptions, abscesses, and dysentery, were making ravages, and ophthalmia was general. Until formally adjudicated by the court, the wretched slaves could not be landed, nor even relieved from their sickening situation. With the green hills and valleys of the colony close to them, they must not leave their prison. I saw them in April; they had been in the harbour two months, and no release had been offered them. But the most painful circumstance was the final decision of the court. The slaver was proved to have been sailing under Portuguese colours, not Brazilian; and the treaty with the Portuguese prohibits slave traffic to the *north* of a certain line only, whereas the Donna Maria had been captured a few degrees to the *south*. No alternative remained. Her capture was decided to have been illegal. She was formally delivered up to her slave-captain; and he received from the British authorities written orders to the commanders of the British cruisers, guaranteeing a safe and free passage back to the Brazils; and I saw the evil ship weigh anchor and leave Sierra Leone, the seat of slave liberation, with her large canvass proudly swelling, and her ensign floating as if in contempt and triumph. Thus a third time were the dying wretches carried across the Atlantic after seven months' confinement; few probably lived through the passage."

Even where slavers are not so lucky as the Donna Maria was, the consequences are not more severe to the crews than to the poor cargo of negroes. The whole amount of punishment is generally nothing more than the forfeiture of the ship. Formerly, the forfeited slave-ships at Sierra Leone used to be sold; and there were frequent instances of a forfeited slaver sold in one year plying the same trade the next. Now, however, the vessels are sawn asunder, and sold as old timber. With regard to the crews, Sir Fowell Buxton remarks, that the law by which Great Britain, Brazil, and North America, have made slave-dealing piracy, and liable to capital punishment, is, practically, a dead letter, there being no instance of an execution for that crime. The poor negroes, on the other hand, when they are taken out of the captured vessel, have very little attention paid to them, and are thrown adrift to shift for themselves.

Lastly, it has been clearly proved that the condition of the poor negroes at sea is far from being improved when the slaver falls into British hands. Perhaps never was the utter inefficacy, the utter foolishness we may say, of all that has yet been done towards the suppression of the slave trade, been more strikingly made out than in the harrowing pamphlet recently published by the Rev. Pascoe Grenfell Hill, entitled "Fifty Days on Board a Slave Vessel in the Mozambique Channel, in April and May 1843." The *Progresso*, a Brazilian slaver, was captured on the 12th of April, on the coast of Madagascar, by the British cruiser *Cleopatra*, on board of which Mr Hill was chaplain. The slaver was then taken charge of by a British crew, who were to navigate her to the Cape of Good Hope. Mr Hill, at his own request, accompanied her; and his pamphlet is a narrative of what took place during the fifty days which elapsed before their arrival at the Cape. We cannot here quote the details of the description of the treatment of the negroes given by Mr Hill; but the following account of the horrors of a single night will suffice. Shortly after the *Progresso* parted company with the *Cleopatra*, a squall arose, and the negroes, who were breathing fresh air on the deck, and rolling themselves about for glee, and kissing the hands and the clothes of their deliverers, were all sent below. "The night," says Mr Hill, "being intensely hot, 400 wretched beings thus crammed into a hold 12 yards in length, 7 in breadth, and only $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air. Being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the after-hatch was forced down on them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. To this, the sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and perhaps panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press; and thus great part of the space below was rendered useless. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length 14 inches, and barely 6 inches in breadth, and in some instances succeeded. The cries, the heat—I may say without exaggeration, 'the smoke of their torment'—which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequence would be 'many deaths.'" Next day the prediction of the Spaniard "was fearfully verified. Fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses lifted up from the slave deck have been brought to the gangway and thrown overboard. Some were emaciated from disease, many bruised and bloody. Antonio tells me that some were found strangled, their hands still grasping each other's throats, and tongues protruding from their mouths. The bowels of one were crushed out. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and torment of suffocation from crowd and heat. It was a horrid

sight, as they passed one by one—the stiff distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth—to be cast into the sea. Some, still quivering, were laid on the deck to die; salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths. Antonio reminded me of his last night's warning. He actively employed himself, with his comrade Sebastian, in attendance on the wretched living beings now released from their confinement below; distributing to them their morning meal of farinha, and their allowance of water, rather more than half a pint to each, which they grasped with inconceivable eagerness, some bending their knees to the deck, to avoid the risk of losing any of the liquid by unsteady footing; their throats, doubtless, parched to the utmost with crying and yelling through the night."

On the 12th of April, when the *Progresso* parted company with the *Cleopatra*, there were 397 negroes on board. Of these only 222 were landed at the Cape on the 22d of May; no fewer than 175, a little short of half, having died. Many also died after being landed. The crew escaped, there being no court empowered to try them at the Cape. Abundantly does the narrative of Mr Hill justify the bold sentence with which he concludes—"While we boast the name of Wilberforce, and the genius and eloquence which enabled him to arouse so general a zeal against the slave trade; while others are disputing with him the claim of being 'the true annihilator of the slave trade,' that trade, so far from being annihilated, is at this very hour carried on under circumstances of greater atrocity than were known in his time, and the blood of the poor victims calls more loudly on us as the actual, though unintentional, aggravators of their miseries."

CONCLUSION.

We have in the preceding pages shown how the slave trade commenced, how it has been fostered by the continual demand for labourers in the American continent and islands, and, lastly, how ineffectual have been the various projects for its suppression. Great Britain borrowed twenty millions of pounds sterling to purchase the freedom of the slaves in her West Indian and other colonies. Besides this heavy imposition on the debt of the country, an enormous sum is expended annually in the attempt to quell the slave trade on the African coast. To add to these burdens, it is calculated that the people of the United Kingdom suffer a loss of from five to six millions of pounds yearly, by a compulsory arrangement to purchase sugar, coffee, &c. from the West Indies, by way of encouraging free labour, instead of buying them from Brazil and other slave-holding countries, where these articles can be had much cheaper. In other words, Great Britain may be said to have taxed itself, one way and another, to the extent of nearly ten millions annually

to discourage slavery. Independently of its acting as an example of national generosity, the only good achieved by such a vast and continued outlay of national resources, has been the liberation of the colonial slaves, who now, as free subjects, are undergoing a rapid melioration of circumstances. The injuries inflicted by the abolition project may be briefly summed up:—The number of negroes imported into America is twice as great as it was; while the mortality in the traffic has increased from about fifteen to thirty-three per cent. The evil, in short, has been doubled in extent, and doubled in intensity; so that if we take a given increase in extent to be of the same value as the same numerical increase of intensity, we may say that the issue of the struggle which was meant to abolish the evil of the slave trade, has been to *quadruple that evil*.

The fact is humiliating, but it should be universally known; for by spreading a knowledge of the truth, we may hope at length to see the nation generally bestirring itself on this momentous question, and adopting some rational expedient for terminating the evils to which attention has been drawn. Hitherto, unfortunately, the subject of slavery and the slave trade has been discussed with too little regard to prudential considerations, and with an overweening conceit, that acts in themselves merely philanthropic would work marvels in arresting a traffic the most deep-rooted, mercenary, and villanous on record. Another fatal error has been the illusion that foreign powers have ever sincerely wished for the abolition of the trade. For years, the spectacle has been exhibited of eight or ten nations labouring at a difficulty, and making nothing of it, but only smothering it up from public view by an incessant mist of debating about cruisers, and treaties, and rights of search. It is evident that the greater number of these nations must be gross hypocrites, and have no real desire ever to see the slave trade terminate.

In this discomfited state of the subject, various new plans have been proposed by anti-slavery societies and others. It has been suggested that the risk of capture should be increased by adding to the number of British cruisers on the coast of Africa; but this is objectionable on the score of expense; it being thought scarcely reasonable that the people of Great Britain, considering the want of a beneficiary expenditure at home, should tax themselves so heavily to keep up a universal sea-police, doubtful in its efficacy. It has further been suggested, that the treaties which render slave-trading piracy, should be enforced; but this also is not without objections. It might render the slave-traders vengeful; increase the sufferings of the slaves during transit, if that were possible; and lead to quarrels and open warfare between Great Britain and the powers who felt themselves aggrieved in the persons of their subjects.

Colonisation, by its introduction of civilised habits and feelings, would be a powerful means of uprooting the practice of slave-dealing in Africa; but all attempts to colonise the coast of that continent, and also the borders of its large rivers, with white and civilised men, have, as is well known, as signally failed as any other project. We have, however, an instance of successful colonisation by a body of liberated negroes, endowed with civilised usages. A society of North American citizens has, for a number of years, been at the expense of conveying families of colour from different parts of the United States, and settling them on the coast of New Guinea, to the south of Sierra Leone. The interesting colony thus formed, known by the name of Liberia, has, we believe, been eminently successful. A considerable tract of country is already cleared, the religious and secular institutions of a civilised people have been established, and an external trade in the produce of the country created.

The experiment of Liberia is valuable as a suggestive; but, apart from any considerations of *its* success, let the rational and unexpensive attempt be made of allowing Africa to civilise itself. This could be effected in two ways. In the first place, every facility should be given for private English traders carrying on a traffic with the natives on the coast of Africa, in articles of general merchandise. Such traders, it is believed, would soon impress the native powers with the conviction, that it was more profitable to cultivate produce for exchange than to go upon slave-hunting expeditions. It would be, in effect, the substituting of one trade for another. In the second place, let Africans have every encouragement to hire themselves as free labourers for a certain period to the West Indies, the Mauritius, and every other scene of industry suitable to their habits.

Already an immigration of this kind has been conducted with considerable success in the West Indies, where cheap free labour is said to be much required. The emigrants, according to the government regulations, are to be hired at a current rate of wages on their arrival, and to be insured a passage home at the end of five years, if they are desirous of returning; equality in the number of both sexes is to be imperative. By this free immigration of negroes to the colonies, it is conceived that the labourers, on their return home to Africa, would carry with them certain civilised habits and tastes, which would gradually inoculate the native residents, and disincline them from the practice of slavery.

It may possibly be alleged, that hopes of extinguishing the slave trade founded on these apparently feeble means are little better than visionary; and doubtless they could not operate to any advantage for many years. A more effectual and ready means of extirpating slavery, at least in the South American states,

would be the abolition of the monopoly enjoyed by the West India planters. Our reasoning on this point is as follows:—Sugar and other articles produced in the colonies are admitted into Great Britain at rates of duty very considerably lower than those imposed on similar articles from Brazil and other slave-holding countries. Notwithstanding this extraordinary advantage, the West Indians fail in serving the people of Great Britain so cheaply as they could be served by these foreign states; the difference, as formerly stated, is enormous. The reason why the West Indians fail in this respect is their monopoly, which is only a seeming, not a real advantage. Like all other monopolies, their monopoly renders its possessors indolent. They continue to practise old, clumsy, and expensive methods of culture, general management, exportation, and sale. Their whole system is antiquated. Were the legislature to abolish their monopoly, it is confidently believed that the face of affairs would be entirely changed for the better in the West Indies. Practical science would be speedily applied to the land culture, cheap free labour would be eagerly sought, and every other expedient adopted to compete in the European market. Those who possess the best means of judging, consider that by such renovations, it would not be difficult to undersell the planters of Brazil, and to prove to them that *free was cheaper than slave labour*. It is certainly evident, that as soon as this can be proved, the temptation to import and employ slaves will disappear—*slavery will fall of itself in pieces*. Reposing confidence in these propositions, we would earnestly advocate a free competition in the import of sugar and other tropical products, nothing being so likely to put an end to the Atlantic slave trade, of which such afflicting examples have been given. The slave trade, indeed, can never be utterly eradicated till slavery itself is. In no slave-using country will the existing negro population propagate fast enough to supply the growing demand for negro labour; hence into all such countries negroes will be imported. It is further evident, that in no slave-using country will there ever be a strong feeling against the slave trade; and without such a feeling, it cannot readily be put down. In short, if there be no demand, there will be no supply. Let every possible means, then, whether the voluntary immigration of free labourers to fields for their exertion, if such be indispensable, or improvements in husbandry, &c.; the liberation of trade from monopoly; the diplomatic interference of government; the eloquence of the platform and pulpit; or the power of the press; be employed to put down this monster evil.

Is it, however, an evil? Are the kidnapped negroes not treated with much kindness and consideration by their white purchasers in America? Are they not better off as slaves than as freemen? We shall set these questions at rest by a description of American slavery in another paper.



THE INSURRECTIONS IN LYONS.

LYONS has for ages been the principal seat of the silk manufacture in France, for which its situation is favourable. Placed on a level tract of ground, bounded by the Rhone on the east and the Saone on the west—the two rivers uniting at its southern extremity—it possesses the means of ready water communication with the silk-producing districts of the south of France and Italy, as well as with the country in the interior. In the course of time, the town has spread from its original peninsular situation to the opposite banks of the two rivers. Beyond the Saone is the hill of Fourvières, covered to the top with a populous suburb. The not less extensive suburbs of Brotteaux and Guillotière stretch from the east bank of the Rhone. On this side of the Rhone the land is level, being the verge of the great plain which spreads in this direction to the borders of Switzerland and Savoy. The northern extremity of the peninsula on which Lyons is built rises to a considerable eminence, and is clad with a densely-built suburb, called La Croix Rousse, presenting an imposing background to the city as seen from the south. The population of the town and its suburbs is about 165,000.

In the course of the revolution of 1793, Lyons suffered severely in consequence of having opposed the decrees of the National Convention. On being captured, after a bombardment with red-hot shot and shells, many of its public buildings were vengeancefully destroyed, and whole streets were left in ruins. Besides this destruction of property, 30,000 persons perished within the walls, but many more were afterwards put to death

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by order of Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, and other revolutionary leaders. Since this terrific period, Lyons has risen from its ashes, and is now one of the handsomest provincial towns in France. Built of stone, and with spacious quays fronting the rivers, it is a city elegant in external appearance, while to the stranger walking through its streets, the great height and massiveness of the houses make it not less striking. Its Hotel de Ville, or town-hall, is a fine old building, standing at one side of a square, called the Place des Terreaux, near the centre of the town. Its great public hospital, on the quay fronting the Rhone, is one of the largest buildings of the kind in Europe; and its principal square, a large open area, called the Place Bellecour, is surrounded with edifices which can be compared only to some of the most handsome structures of Paris. The houses of Lyons resemble those of Paris and Edinburgh. Rising to a height of six or seven storeys, each floor is the distinct dwelling of one or more families; the inhabitants reaching their respective places of residence by a spacious common stair, built of stone. In these floors the manufacture of silk is carried on. There are no factories in Lyons; no great collections of workmen in an edifice, as in the manufacturing towns of England. The business of manufacturing is conducted in private dwellings; looms and other apparatus being usually disposed in one apartment, and the family of the weaver in another. The tall houses of the suburb La Croix Rousse are chiefly occupied in this manner by weavers and their families.

THE SILK TRADE OF LYONS.

The silk manufacture was introduced from Italy into France in the fifteenth century; and a century later, in the reign of Francis I., in consequence of the settlement of Italian weavers at Lyons, that city attained a distinction in the manufacture which it has ever since maintained. At first, the trade was conducted on a small scale; and, in dread of losing that which they had attained, the silk manufacturers of Lyons earnestly petitioned the government to protect them by the exclusion of foreign goods. It being necessary to conciliate the Italian states, such propositions were not listened to or carried into effect, and the trade was left in a great measure free. Contrary to expectation, the refusal to grant the restrictions prayed for did *not* ruin the silk trade of Lyons. The competition aroused the efforts and emulation of the Lyonnese designers and weavers; they learned how to equal the Italians, and even to produce better silks than those with which Genoa had been accustomed to supply Europe. They likewise acquired the art of fabricating velvets, plain, or figured with gold or silver; and finally attained that perfection which gave celebrity to their city.

During the eighteenth century, the manufacture of silk became the largest trade in France, both as respects native con-

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sumption and export. Increasing during the early part of the present century, it has latterly been in a somewhat critical condition, in consequence of the rivalry of Prussia, Italy, Switzerland, and more especially Great Britain. In Northern Italy and Switzerland, the weavers are simple in their tastes and habits; they are accustomed to a humble style of living, and having slender means of employment, they are contented with a lower rate of wages than would suffice for decent support in France or England. In Great Britain, the ability to compete successfully in the silk trade arises from the possession of enormous capital, with the most improved and easily-acquired machinery. With these means at command, and with an active body of operatives, the English have latterly been taking much of the French silk trade; and the more they take, the smaller is the share of foreign orders left for the silk manufacturers and weavers of France.

Competed against by the low wages of the Swiss, and the money and machinery, not to speak of the ready outlets of the English, the only reason why the Lyonnese have hitherto maintained so successfully the struggle in which they are engaged, is the superiority of their designs. The designers are, indeed, the soul of the silk manufactory: their talent gives beauty to goods, the principal value of which lies in the pattern; and to cultivate and encourage this talent, is considered a matter of the first importance. Schools of art are open to pupils for education in various branches of the fine arts, including instructions in *mise en carte*, or the communicating of designs on paper to the silk fabric. Besides attendance at these schools, the pupils have free access to picture galleries, museums of objects of taste, public libraries, and botanical gardens, where the finest flowers in combination may be studied. By these means, added to the incidental improvement of taste from the prevalence of ornament in churches and other public edifices, the richest and most beautiful patterns, with the most correct harmony of colours, are at the command of the silk manufacturers of Lyons.

Placing the designers and the manufacturers at the head of the Lyonnese silk trade, the class which stands next in rank is that of the *chefs d'ateliers*; that is, chiefs of work-rooms; but, for convenience, we may style them master weavers. These men receive the webs to be wrought from the manufacturers, undertaking to weave them at a certain rate, according to the patterns which are given them. Some of the stuffs are exceedingly complex in design, and require great mechanical skill in preparation. To arrange a web in a loom, will in some instances require six weeks or two months. Besides being the arranger of the web, the master weaver is also sometimes its worker. He owns two or three, and occasionally as many as six or eight looms, some of which are worked by himself and his family, the rest by *compagnons*, or assistants, and by apprentices. Both on account of his lending the loom and his arranging the fabric, the

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rule we believe is, for the master weaver to receive half the wages paid by the manufacturer for the work. A master weaver may gain by his own labour from two to three and a half francs (1s. 8d. to 2s. 11d.) a-day, besides as much from the looms of his assistants: those who have children working for them realise considerably more.

The assistants, who live with the master weavers, and receive from them a share of their remuneration, are described as a floating and very unequal population. When trade is brisk, the country in the neighbourhood of Lyons furnishes many of them; and at one time a great number used to come from Italy and Savoy. The apprentices, who are youths between fifteen and twenty years of age, and work for their instructors, the master weavers, come next in the social scale; and beneath them are the *lanciers*, or boys, whose humble duty it is to throw the shuttle in certain patterns, receiving a small wage for their labour. Neither apprentices nor lancers have received any education, and they grow up ignorant of everything but the narrow routine of professional labours. In their habits they are disorderly and troublesome, and on occasions of riot, they take a prominent part with the populace. A number of women and girls are likewise employed in the silk manufacture. They are chiefly occupied in weaving plain goods at a moderate wage, the slightest rise of which would cause the manufacturers to give up this branch of their trade altogether. Some years ago, it was calculated that there were in Lyons and its suburbs from 500 to 600 *fabricants*, or manufacturers; 8000 *chefs d'ateliers*, or master weavers; 30,000 *compagnons*, or assistants; and about 40,000 others of all classes, supported directly or indirectly by the silk manufacture.

Comparatively few of any of these classes raise themselves above the level in which circumstances have originally placed them, which is nearly equivalent to saying that they are not animated by any strong principle of ambition, or remarkable for economising their gains. Their houses are often mean and dirty; and their mode of living is marked by some petty extravagances which rob them of their means. No small number spend Sunday and Monday in cabarets or public-houses in the environs, where they play at billiards and drink low-priced wines; and thus lose both time and money, besides suffering a general deterioration of character. It is indeed surprising to find in this population so high a cultivation of professional ingenuity, while the cultivation of the powers of general reflection and the moral feelings appears to be almost wholly neglected. But the workmen of Lyons are an uneducated people, and saying that is perhaps saying all that is necessary to account for this phenomenon.

A number of years ago, when they thought their means of livelihood endangered by the introduction of the Jacquard loom, so admirably adapted for the weaving of flowered silks, they gained

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an unenviable notoriety for the violence of their dispositions. On that occasion, the Lyonnese weavers broke out into open revolt, denouncing the inventor as the enemy of the people—as a man who had been scheming the destruction of their trade, and the starvation of themselves and families. Three plots were laid to assassinate him, and twice he had great difficulty in escaping with his life. So strong was the tide of prejudice and indignation, that his machine was ordered to be openly destroyed by the public authorities—a concession on the part of the Lyonnese magistracy which covers them with disgrace. The Jacquard loom was accordingly broken in pieces in the great square of the city, amidst the shouts of the populace. The iron was sold for old iron, and the wood for firewood. It is pleasing to know that the persecuted Jacquard did not lose courage. He waited in a secure place of hiding till better times, and these times came. The successful competition of the English and other foreigners, and the consequent decline of trade in France, led some intelligent manufacturers a few years after to bethink themselves of means for keeping their ground in distant markets. They found strength of mind to dare the popular vengeance, and make another experiment. It succeeded. Silks of greater beauty were introduced at a lower cost. There was a dawn of prosperity which gradually increased, till Lyons once more was able to take the lead in the trade of silk weaving. Of that machine which had been devoted to ignominy and destruction, its inventor lived to see thousands introduced, and to hear every one acknowledge its introduction to have been a blessing. Rewarded by the state, and honoured by those who had once sought to take his life, Jacquard spent the conclusion of his days in peace. He died only a few years ago at a villa in the neighbourhood of Lyons, to which he had for some time retired.

Provided with this improved mechanism, and skilful in the combination of patterns, the silk weavers of Lyons have been able to maintain a rivalry in their peculiar branch of manufacture; yet so nearly have they been equalled in the production of certain fabrics by the silk weavers of Spitalfields and Manchester, that their employers, as has been said, have had no little difficulty in keeping their place in the market. For some years previous to 1830, a depression in the trade, by leading to a reduction in the rate of remuneration, caused much discontent among the weavers of Lyons generally. They complained that they could no longer live with any degree of comfort on the wages allowed for weaving. This of course might be true, and probably was true, although the manufacturers were not to blame for it. The manufacturers protested that it was no fault of theirs. "Our trade," said they, "is languishing: if we pay more than we are doing as wages, we must charge higher for our goods; and if we charge higher for our goods, nobody will buy them. Prussia and Switzerland have taken part of our trade, and the English in particular, who are improving in taste, and

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bringing large capital to bear in their manufactures, are becoming formidable rivals. Better times may come about; but till such is the case, we cannot pay more liberally except out of our own private resources, and with the certainty of ruin to ourselves." Neither the master nor the operative weavers would listen to this explanation. It might have been wise policy for both employers and employed, in this emergency, to have petitioned the government for a remission of certain protective duties which pressed on their trade; but we do not learn that this was done, or so much as thought of by any party.*

Revolutions and civil disturbances of all kinds unsettle trade. When there is any uproar in a country, people will not lay out money; they become not only afraid to venture in any speculation, but even refrain from buying many of the luxuries to which they have been accustomed. The French revolution of July 1830 threw thousands of workmen idle from causes of this nature. The silk trade of Lyons depending in a particular manner on the rich, was peculiarly liable to be injured by such transactions. The revolution aggravated the condition of the weavers, who had now scarcely any work at any price. More discontented than ever, they complained bitterly of the conduct of the manufacturers, and demanded a fixed rate of wages; that is, that the wages should be fixed by a tariff, or an unvarying scale of prices. The application of this principle to a trade so fluctuating as the silk manufacture, was manifestly absurd, for it implied that manufacturers should pay for work at a certain rate, whatever their profits might be, and that the workmen themselves should seek no higher a rate, even if trade improved and more could be given. As an attack on the rights of industry, as well as of property, the proposition of the tariff was unjust, and could not by any arrangement be carried into effect; nevertheless, to bring their demand to a bearing, the weavers addressed themselves to the municipal administration, represented by deputies in the absence of the mayor, and to the prefect of the department, M. Dumolart. The prefect of a department in France occupies a situation resembling that of the sheriff of a county in Scotland; he is usually a man of considerable ability. On the present occasion, the prefect showed himself incompetent to execute his trust. It is an admitted principle in social economy that no government, nor government officer, should interfere between buyers and sellers, employers or employed, except to execute justice according to established law,

* All classes of manufacturers in France pay heavy import duties on English machinery and English iron, imposed with the view of protecting the native iron trade; foreign timber is likewise burdened with heavy duties, in order to protect the native timber growers. By these means, machinery is not only high in price, but there is a disposition to continue working with antiquated machines after they ought to be superseded by others of a new and more perfect construction.

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and to preserve the public peace. The price at which an article is sold, and the rate to be paid for labour, are always best left to the determination of the parties immediately interested. M. Dumolart did not comprehend, at least he did not act on this principle; he was induced to interfere in the dispute between the weavers on the one hand and the employers on the other. Perhaps his intentions were good; but how often do good intentions fail in their effect when not regulated by knowledge and prudence? Under the countenance of this chief magistrate, meetings of manufacturers and workmen were convoked to discuss and fix the rate of wages, representatives from each party appeared, and angry debates ensued, without arriving at any determinate result. These meetings raised the expectations of the weavers, and led them to consider that, the principle of fixing a tariff being already conceded, all that remained was to determine the rates.

To explain in some measure the subsequent transactions, it is necessary to keep in mind the fervour which then reigned in the popular mind almost everywhere throughout Europe. The change of dynasty by popular violence at Paris, had taught the masses the efficacy of concentrating themselves in large numbers for the accomplishment of any object they might entertain. Authorities, too, were timid in their efforts to control a force which it might next day be pronounced treason to have in any degree resisted. The manufacturers, also, do not appear to have been blameless in the struggle which had commenced. By M. Monfalcon, they are accused of having shown a singular degree of apathy, egotism, a blind jealousy of one another, and a want of prudence and foresight at the approach of danger.* While the weavers were united in a compact body, they stood isolated; every man, or at least every house, by itself. Influenced as much by the desire of doing business, while their brother manufacturers were reduced to inactivity by the strike, as by the wish to conciliate the workmen, several of them submitted to the violently-imposed tariff, and flattered the weavers with the idea, that their right and might were alike clear and irresistible. Thus fortified, it will not appear surprising that the united body of operatives should have manifested no disposition to relax in their demands.

The last of the meetings to consider the subject of the tariff, took place on the 25th of October 1831, in the prefecture or official mansion of M. Dumolart. While the discussions were going on, an immense multitude of weavers, divided into bodies, advanced from the suburbs to the prefecture and the Place de Bellecour. They were without arms or weapons of any kind,

* The materials for the present history are drawn from the account of the insurrections written by M. Monfalcon, a physician in Lyons, and published in that city in 1834.

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and walked in silence, and in perfect order. The masters carried wands as a sign of their authority, and the crowd rallied round a tri-coloured flag. On this memorable occasion, the workmen were content with showing their numbers. Many of them penetrated to the courtyard of the prefecture, and assembled under the windows of the chamber where the meeting was being held. One of the members came out and addressed them, saying, "My friends, we are occupied in your service—all goes well—retire;" and immediately the vast concourse withdrew in the same order as that in which they had advanced from the populous suburb of La Croix Rousse. In two hours it was announced that the tariff was agreed on and arranged—news which were received with extravagant demonstrations of joy. But it remained to be proved if the manufacturers *could* carry it into execution or not. The greater number shrunk from coming under any obligation, and foresaw only ruin to their trade if the rates imposed were to be rigorously carried into effect. Scarcely, indeed, was the tariff established, when, as might have been expected, several houses suspended business, and thousands of looms ceased to be worked. This was an unexpected blow to the workmen; and for the first three weeks of November they were loud in their demands for the execution of the tariff, and evinced the greatest animosity against the manufacturers. Meetings were held in the streets, in the public places, and throughout the suburbs. La Croix Rousse was already threatening; its population seemed raised as one man; and, to the discerning, a collision appeared inevitable.

INSURRECTION OF 1831.

The weavers of different classes formed a large body of, for the most part, young men, and, according to the military system of France, many of them had either been in the army or were at the present moment members of the national guard. Soldiering came thus ready to their hands. Early in November, bodies of them in La Croix Rousse and other suburbs commenced gathering together military stores. A large quantity of gunpowder was purchased, and cartouch boxes were made and distributed. Who or what they were to fight against was not at first clearly seen. Although proclaiming war against the manufacturers generally, and animated by a deep grudge against several in particular, they do not appear to have intended to attack any of their dwellings or offices, or to massacre them if they fell into their hands. Their scheme of operations more resembled a war of terror to the whole city—an effort, apparently, to frighten society into terms. The prefect and other authorities were not ignorant of this conspiracy against the law; but they accumulated blunder on blunder, and lost time by attempting the most absurd measures. Unfortunately, they could not reckon on much assistance from the national guard. At

a grand review of this body (equivalent to an armed militia, but of popular appointment) on Sunday the 20th of November, 10,000 men were present; and had these been decided in their wish to maintain order, no troubles could have happened. But it was easy to see by the threatening countenances of all the companies from the suburbs, and the apathy of the others, that it was not a force likely to support the constituted authorities.

On the morning of next day, Monday, the first act of open rebellion was committed. At seven o'clock bodies of weavers deserted their work-rooms, compelling the well-disposed artisans to join them, and in many places breaking the looms and destroying other property. Other bodies employed themselves in raising barriers at the end of the principal streets which led to their quarters. Collecting in a mob of nearly 4000 men, they now raised a black flag, on which were inscribed the words, "We will live working, or die fighting." They had possessed themselves of two pieces of cannon belonging to the national guard, but without any means of firing them. Guns and stones were their chief weapons. In the tumultuary assemblage, boys and women took an active part, the bringing and throwing of stones being their assigned duty. Besides placing themselves in battle array behind the barriers, a number planted themselves at windows and behind the chimney tops of the lofty houses, whence they could with comparative safety fire on any force brought against them.

At ten o'clock, the authorities ordered sixty of the military to attack the insurgents. They obeyed; but what could such a handful of men do against so large and fierce a body? They were obliged to make a hasty retreat. Other equally ill-conducted and feeble attempts were made, and of course met with a like fate. Elated with these first successes, the workmen believed the day their own.

Finding matters becoming more serious, about noon M. Dumolart and General Ordonneau, the commander of the national guard, went in full regimentals, but without an escort, to La Croix Rousse. They thought, by addressing the insurgents, to conciliate them. Vain thought. Directly these functionaries threw themselves into the power of the populace, they were surrounded, threatened, and finally made prisoners. The peaceable inhabitants of Lyons heard of the consequences of this imprudence with horror. Soldiers were stationed in the streets, and patrols on the quays and squares, to watch over the workmen in the central part of the town. The drummers called the national guard to arms, and about 1200 men answered the summons. General Roquet, though unable to mount his horse, was carried to the town-hall, and gave orders to surround the insurgents in La Croix Rousse. The troops advanced by different roads, and were protected by artillery; but they had to climb under the fire of the weavers, who had taken up their post in the houses of

a steep hill, which afforded them a most advantageous position. Here M. Schirmir was killed, and many other citizens who had taken arms in defence of the laws met their deaths, as also several officers; and numbers were dangerously wounded. The Place des Bernadines remained in the hands of the national guard; but at night they received orders to quit it. The insurgents kindled fires at La Croix Rousse, round which they bivouacked. Here they might easily have been overwhelmed; but both parties seemed willing to wait for the events of the morrow. The prefect and General Ordonneau were still prisoners, their captors condemning them to pass the night in a room where lay the dead bodies of two of the workmen who had fallen by the muskets of the soldiers.

During the night a proclamation was printed on the part of General Roquet, calling on the guard to be firm in the performance of their duty, and setting forth the truth, that the disturbances of the city, fomented by its enemies, would be the ruin of its trade unless speedily quelled. But the officers were cruelly disappointed in their followers; their orders were met by insults and threats, and desertion became general. Many of those whose opinions inclined them to the side of the laws and of order, yielded from fear; while others openly joined the insurgents. A few of the national guards bravely joined the troops of the line stationed at the foot of the Great Hill, to defend that important post. But the spirit of insurrection was growing wilder and wilder; the proclamation was plucked down and trampled under foot; the drums which called the soldiers to arms were forcibly seized; stragglers were maltreated and assassinated; and public buildings were fired. The sound of musketry was heard from a hundred different quarters; women and children gained possession of the barracks of Bon-Pasteur; and whole detachments laid down their arms. A murderous fire was poured down from the Chartreux; paving stones were torn up for barricades; wagons of the troops were seized; and the bell of St Paul was sounded. Planks were heaped up to defend the quays, and three armourers' shops were forced. Before ten o'clock on this Tuesday morning the insurrection had assumed a most alarming appearance.

Intoxicated with their success, the weavers became more and more brutal; the fallen and wounded were strangled even by women; and all the horrors consequent on fierce unbridled passions were enacted. General Ordonneau and M. Dumolart were released in the morning; for the prefect having sanctioned the tariff, there was no pretext for injuring him. At noon, he forwarded to the guard stationed at the Great Hill a manuscript proclamation addressed to the weavers, and begging them to stay the effusion of blood. But who would be the messenger among them? One of the national guard offered to take it, and he was escorted by a few of his comrades and four soldiers. This

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inoffensive party was stopped at the barricade, and ordered to turn back. The messenger, accompanied by a lieutenant, attempted to pass on, when he was knocked down, trampled upon, and threatened with death. His life was saved by a workman who chanced to know him.

Beat back at every point, the garrison and a few of the national guard who had reinforced it withdrew to the Place des Terreaux and the town-hall, where many of the authorities had assembled. The city was now seen to be in a most perilous state, for the arsenal of Ainai had fallen into the hands of the weavers, and they held the suburbs and the principal streets. The only great point still in the possession of the authorities was the powder magazine. Here the struggle was maintained during the day with uncompromising bitterness, the advantage still being on the side of the weavers, who fired from behind barricades. Dispirited by want of food, and the deadly fire of their opponents, the military, at seven o'clock in the evening, relinquished the defence of the magazine, after throwing the greater part of the powder into the Saone, and spiking two pieces of cannon.

At two o'clock on the morning of Wednesday the 23d, General Roquet yielded to the opinions of the civil authorities, and resolved to quit the city with the troops that he commanded. But the insurgents endeavoured to prevent this retreat, and not without great loss of life was it accomplished. Now again were enormities committed; the wounded soldiers were stabbed by women who went about with knives, and their bodies were thrown into the river. While these and other excesses were in the course of being committed, proclamations were issued calling on the insurgents to cease. Two bore the signature of M. Dumolart, and one that of a journalist, who, having for weeks fomented the spirit of rebellion among the people, now thought himself called upon, though he had instigated and sanctioned their doings, to calm, if he could, the fury which was raging. It does not seem that these remonstrances were of any avail; but as the military had departed, the weavers had no longer any one to fight against, and therefore gradually returned to a state of comparative quiet.

For eight days the city remained in the possession of the insurgents, and during this time it exhibited a melancholy and distracted appearance. The markets were abandoned, the principal shops closed, fragments of barricades and other wreck lay scattered about the streets, stains of blood met the eye in different quarters, many persons were seen wounded, the hospitals were crowded with sufferers; and, to complete the horrors of the scene, bands of thieves roamed over the city, breaking into houses and plundering whatever fell within their reach. Ashamed of these uncalled-for auxiliaries, and alarmed at the anarchy which seemed inevitable, some of the insurgents offered their assistance to the authorities in procuring a return to regular administration.

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This was not needed. The government at Paris, becoming acquainted with the insurrection, despatched troops to Lyons, headed by Marshal Soult and the Duke of Orleans, who arrived on the 29th. On the 1st of December the suburbs were occupied with troops of the line, and at noon on Saturday the 3d the prince entered the city. His royal highness appeared as a colonel of hussars, and was attended by a brilliant staff. Several regiments of the line, a great number of the national guard, and a body of gens-d'armes, made up the imposing spectacle. Other troops guarded the suburbs; so that in reality Lyons was surrounded by a large army. An immense multitude had assembled on the quays to watch the arrival of the prince, by whom he was received with loud acclamations. His presence, in fact, announced the return of good order. There was no attempt at resistance; the weavers everywhere yielded to a superior force, and retired to their homes. On the same day the national guard of Lyons was formally reorganised—a proceeding which was the first means of legally disarming the suburbs.

Thus ended the insurrection of November 1831, in which from twenty-five to thirty thousand weavers had taken an active part, besides many thousands of women and children. The slaughter could never be exactly estimated, for numerous bodies were thrown into the Rhone and Saone, whose impetuous waters swept them out of sight. On both sides, however, it amounted to several hundreds, exclusive of deaths afterwards from wounds.

EFFECTS OF THE INSURRECTION.

It was much easier to restore tranquillity in the bosom of this distracted city, than to bring back trade to its wonted channels. The convulsion, instead of benefiting the condition of the operative class, had rendered it greatly worse; the tariff, so far from being established, was farther off than ever. It was with mixed feelings of shame and distress that the silk weavers entered their now disconsolate dwellings, where the looms and other engines of their profession were destroyed, and whence the means of existence seemed for ever to have vanished. Urged by necessity, they set about restoring things to order, and, abashed, sought the warehouses of the manufacturers for employment. Their tone was quite changed; they preferred their requests with civility; and each, if he might be believed, had taken no part in the insurrection.

A number of the manufacturers had left the city, not being inclined to peril their capital in a civil war; and those who remained had little work to give. Some time elapsed before the business could be resumed on a general scale, and in this interval there was not a little suffering. The notion of a fixed rate of wages being abandoned as untenable, a new plan was tried with full consent of both masters and men. This consisted in resorting to a tribunal, established to settle commercial

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differences, and called *Le Conseil des Prud'hommes* (The Council of Honest Men). It was composed of an equal number of manufacturers and delegated workmen, the workmen receiving a small payment for loss of time, but the manufacturers acting gratuitously. This mixed tribunal commenced to attempt a regulation of wages and other matters in dispute; but all its efforts were abortive. The workmen delegates would listen to no argument of the other class of members; and a mob being admitted to the sittings, every manufacturer who expressed an opinion opposite to the popular fancy was hooted and abused. When the prefect attempted to preserve order, the operatives dissolved the meetings, and returned to their old project of demanding the tariff, and struggling for it by means of coalitions and a suspension of work.*

Popular feeling was in the meanwhile kept in a state of agitation by certain lawsuits, and also the trials of several insurgents, who had been taken prisoners during the tumult of November. The suits were raised by private parties against the city authorities, for the damage and loss they had sustained in their property during the convulsion. A strong effort was made to make out a case of non-responsibility; but finally the courts decreed in favour of the claimants, and a heavy tax was imposed on all householders to meet the emergency. Insurrections cost very dear, for some one must pay for the loss sustained by fire and pillage. It would be tedious to relate the trials of the insurgents; it is sufficient to say that all were acquitted, although they had been taken fighting with arms in their hands against the law. The general feeling, that too much blood had already been shed, was, it is said, the cause of this unforeseen result. We can admit that capital punishment might have been cruel and inexpedient; but that proved murderers and insurgents, as some of the prisoners were, should have been let loose on society, was a circumstance reflecting little credit on the French tribunals.

The release of the prisoners was attributed by the populace, not to a merciful disposition on the part of the juries, but to fear; and this, united with the recollection of their having been victorious in combat, did much to foster a spirit of insubordination. If left to themselves, it is believed that the workmen of Lyons would in time have given up all thoughts of any new outbreak. They were not habitually inclined to political agitation or to insurrection. It was their misfortune, however, to be generally ignorant; comparatively few among them had any just perception of their social obligations, and therefore they were the more exposed to adopt erroneous views. The reputation of their conquest having gone abroad over France, the attention

* The *Conseil des Prud'hommes* still remains an institution in Lyons. In quiet times, and with a disposition to act impartially, it is of considerable use in unexpensively settling disputes in a manufacturing population.

of all the wild speculators in politics, religion, and morals, whom Paris and other cities contained, was drawn towards them; and preachers and lecturers of all denominations flocked to Lyons as a new and favourable centre of agitation. It is most distressing to reflect, that there are never wanting men to make a regular trade of sowing dissension between one class of the community and another. By the lecturing and ranting demagogues who had come to their unfortunate city, the weavers were stimulated to cherish their old animosities, and all their prejudices were studiously cultivated. In addition, they were taught that society was entirely in a wrong condition, that the division into ranks or classes—employer and employed—was contrary to nature, and should be remedied. The proposed remedy was to overturn the existing order of things, and institute a republic. How the business of silk weaving was to be any way improved by carrying out these visionary doctrines and projects, was not explained. "Let us have but a republic," said these wandering orators, "and all that you complain of will be set to rights." Is it not marvellous how a large body of men whose living absolutely depended on the manufacture of an article of luxury expressly suited to the existing state of society, should have listened with gravity to such absurdities?

To improve on this good beginning, the Propagandists of the Rights of Man, as a number of these strolling gentlemen called themselves, commenced teaching the weavers how to organise themselves into unions, with presidents, secretaries, councils, laws, and by-laws—a thing never rightly understood before in Lyons. Although diligently preaching in the abstract that all men are equal, and that, in the new world which was about to commence, there was to be no social distinction between those who had something and those who had nothing, the propagandists set about arranging the weavers into two classes, distinguished from each other by a qualification depending on amount of property. All those who owned looms, termed *Mutuellists*, formed one union; and all those who did not possess looms of their own, termed *Ferandiniers*, composed another union. The *Mutuellists* were divided into one hundred and twenty-two lodges of twenty members each, and with a president in each. From the united body of presidents were formed twelve central lodges, each of which named three members to form an executive commission, which thus consisted of thirty-six members. This commission again resolved itself into a permanent directory of three members; and this directory was in point of fact a despotism which governed the whole fabric. One important feature remains to be mentioned. There was a taxation for the support of the commonwealth. Each member of the union paid five francs as entry money, and one franc per month regularly afterwards. The *Ferandiniers* were similarly organised; and their union was also supported by money levies. With a stock of 100,000 francs (£4000) to start with, and

an income of 2000 francs (£80) monthly, the Mutuellists expected to effect great things, not only in the way of supporting members out of work, but in acting aggressively on the enemy, that is, the manufacturers. In the former of these expectations there was not a little disappointment. A large share of the funds was absorbed in what were described by the directory as necessary expenses; and a still larger portion was required to keep up a newspaper, purposely started to advocate the weavers' rights and revolutionary opinions. This journal, which was called the *Echo de la Fabrique*, was in due time rivalled by a paper equally unscrupulous in misleading the operatives as to their true position and interests, termed the *Echo des Travailleurs* (the Labourers' Echo). Thus, by means of orators, propagandists, journalists, and the more designing and aspiring of their own class, the great body of silk weavers were robbed of their earnings, and trained to the commission of violence.

It was part of the policy of the discontented to incite the workmen from time to time to petty outbreaks, which should keep up the popular feeling, as well as show it. Thus, from the middle of 1832, not a month was allowed to pass without some demonstration of this kind. Noisy meetings were held in August, where seditious songs were sung, and menaces against the manufacturers loudly uttered. In the month of December, a man named Monnier was surprised by the police at Caluise preaching the most violent republican doctrines to an assemblage of nearly two hundred individuals. Other events contributed to show that associations subversive of order were organising, and hurrying on the unfortunate workmen to their fate. "You are the strongest," the republican propagandists were often heard to say; "why should you submit to oppression? November taught you to overcome garrisons; and what you then did you can do again." Such words were scattered like firebrands in the work-rooms.

Towards the close of 1832 the spirit of rebellion daily grew stronger, and it increased in energy and purpose in the early part of 1833. There were continually tumults in the streets, and bands of disorderly persons might be seen roaming about, some singing, others hooting and yelling, and all seizing opportunities of assaulting the police and defying the authorities. Among other strolling vagrants who had come to Lyons with purposes of mischief, there was a number of miserable troubadours, or street-singers, who drove a profitable trade in singing republican hymns in the cafés to groups of the disaffected. Any attempt to stop the seditious bawling of these vagrants was the signal for a row.

Graver doings went on in the regular evening assemblages of the malcontents; and yet there was something ludicrous in these meetings. Instead of coolly and tranquilly discussing plans, each member speaking in turn, a number spoke at once, or kept up a series of vociferations subversive of all order and delibera-

tion. Throughout the proceedings, there burst from the members cries of, "Long live the republic! Down with the manufacturers! Down with Louis-Philippe! Down with the aristocrats! Down with the rich! Success to the guillotine!" Excited by such exclamations, the meetings usually broke up in a kind of frenzy, leaving the members ready for the commission of any outrage. One day, a dragoon crossing the Place des Célestins, was saluted with the cry of, "To the water—to the Rhone with him!" Some of the mob attacked him, and threatened some infantry who were near. An individual who was not a member harangued the multitude, and repeated several times, "We do not wish an uproar; we wish a revolution."

The military always dispersed these tumultuous assemblages; and the peace, though greatly disturbed, was not positively broken. A new and more vigorous prefect, M. Gasparin, had been appointed in place of M. Dumolart, and the government had surrounded Lyons with several forts and barracks, filled with troops, on whom dependence could be placed. Little reliance, however, could yet be reposed in the national guard, of which, when reorganised after the events of November, only about a fifth had answered to their nomination.

It is a law in France, that no public meeting can take place without the sanction of the prefect, or of the mayor of the district in which it is to be held. Whether right or wrong, such is the law, and of course it ought to be obeyed till constitutionally altered. The rebellious spirits of Lyons, holding this and all other laws in contempt, in the month of April 1833, resolved on giving a public banquet to Garnier-Pagès, a person who had distinguished himself by the fierceness of his republican principles. In a sense he might be called the evil genius of Lyons, the grand agitator, the man who swayed the wild democracy almost at his will. The declaration of 6000 republicans to give a public entertainment to this personage, was almost equivalent to an open defiance of government, and M. Gasparin forbade its taking place. This conduct of the prefect was perfectly legal; but by the journals which advocated anarchy, it was treated as an abuse of authority, which the citizens had a right to resist by force. It was accordingly resolved that the banquet should take place in an open ground in the environs on the 5th of May, in defiance of the prefect. The following address, bearing the superscription, "Liberty, equality, brotherhood, or death," was circulated among the people, and inserted in the Lyons Courier:—

"A decree of the prefect of the Rhone, made public yesterday, informs the inhabitants of Lyons that this magistrate forbids any banquet, ball, or public meeting to take place without the authority of the mayor of the district where it is appointed to be held. As authority for this determination, the prefect refers to three ancient laws, the inapplicability of which cannot be

doubted by any one. In any case, however, this command, and the laws in virtue of which it is made, will have no weight in reference to the banquet appointed for next month. The commissioners who direct it declare to their numerous subscribers, and the citizens whom it may concern, that it *will take place* on the 5th of May in the Elysée Lyonnais aux Brotteaux; and that, besides arrangements for the toasts having been made, the commissioners will receive suggestions on this subject from the inhabitants of Lyons until the 1st of May, and those of visitors until the 3d of May."

Paying no attention to this intemperate address, M. Gasparin prudently contented himself with taking such measures as should secure the public peace, and the respect due to the laws. His firmness prevailed. After some hesitation, and the day having been changed to the 12th, the banquet was given up. On that day, however, the authorities took every precaution to guard against a surprise; and thus the peace was preserved.

It is important to observe, that while the weavers and others were pursuing their headlong course, trade had greatly revived throughout the country. The weavers had got into good employment, and wages had risen in the natural course of things to be even higher than the rates which had been demanded by the tariff in 1831. Orders were still flowing in upon the manufacturers, and affairs seemed likely to continue flourishing, when suddenly the looms were stopped, the unions into which the weavers had formed themselves declaring a strike till certain concessions were granted. Deputations, calling themselves the chiefs of sections, visited the principal houses, and enjoined the manufacturers to raise their wages. This demand extended not only to the work which might be done in the future, but that already in the looms; and the penalty threatened to the manufacturers was the withdrawal of all hands. The stoppage of the looms, and these requisitions, threw the trade into confusion. The manufacturers had undertaken orders which they were desirous of executing; and the weavers having undertaken to perform the work at certain prices, it was considered that, according to all ordinary principles of justice, they should not fail in their bargain. Hitherto, the manufacturers had acted upon no principle of union; but the extent of the evil with which they were threatened now brought them to concert measures in general self-defence. Some of them, employing more than three thousand looms, composed and signed the following agreement:—*"First*, That they would not admit any discussions on the disputes between themselves and the weavers from the pretended proxies of the sections; and that they would not consent, during the progress of any work, to a change in the wages of the weavers from that originally agreed upon and arranged between the manufacturer and master weaver. *Second*, In the case of one or more looms being stopped in a work-room in con-

sequence of these coalitions, the manufacturers would cease to give work to the master of the same for *any* of his looms, so long as the strike lasted."

The following being yet more explicit, appeared in one of the journals:—

"A great number of manufacturers considering that, to supply work to a workman who refuses, in consequence of a coalition, to labour for any particular house, would be to render themselves partners in his guilt, and responsible for the injuries caused to the said house, make known to those who may be ignorant of it, that they have entered into a compact and agreement among themselves not to employ any of the looms belonging to those who had been concerned in the interdiction."

Some of the leaders were arrested, and, thanks to the power of the authorities, there was a short truce. Business went on again until the early part of 1834, the interval, however, being marked by political agitations, instigated by republicans and anarchists.

During the last months of the winter, the manufactures of Lyons sold well, although there was a falling off in present employment, to be explained by the abundant production of the last two years, which had stocked the warehouses. The carnival was very gay; and there were all kinds of festivities, balls, parties, and brilliant fêtes, in which the royalists bore a full share—giving themselves up to pleasure, since it was no time for graver doings. These fêtes and balls employed a great number of persons, forced money into circulation, and thus tended directly to better the condition of the humbler classes. It should be remembered, too, that the occupation of the Lyonnese is essentially one connected with luxury: its rich stuffs and velvets, and figured satins at thirty or forty francs an ell, can only be purchased and worn by the rich. Thus to declaim against splendour and luxury, was to declaim against that which gave food to the operatives: and yet this was what the republican journalists did; and not content with disseminating their absurd theory, they stimulated the people to violence. One of the wealthy bankers of Lyons had issued invitations for a fancy ball on a scale of great magnificence, and soon afterwards he received a letter, signed Mollard Lefevre, summoning him, in the name of the misery of the people, to bestow a large sum of money on the poor, to expiate the wrong of the promised entertainment. It took place, nevertheless, and was very brilliant; but crowds of low people thronged the avenues, and gathered at the entrance where the carriages drew up, insulting the guests in the most shameful manner. As yet, however, there was no actual outbreak.

TROUBLES AND INSURRECTION OF 1834.

A dulness in the silk trade of Lyons at the beginning of 1834, put it out of the power of the manufacturers of certain articles to continue such wages as they had been paying; and a small re-

duction was announced. This, united with the recommendations of their false friends, determined the societies of weavers to bring about a decisive strike in February 1834. The Mutuellists met on Wednesday the 12th, to deliberate on a general stoppage of work: 2341 master weavers were present: 1297 voices were for the general cessation of labour, and 1044 against it. The meeting had lasted all day; and at half-past ten o'clock in the evening the executive commission decreed that suspension of work should take place in all the work-rooms from Friday the 14th. The next day all the weavers to whom salary was due applied to claim it, many of them warning the manufacturers of all that was passing, and deploring most sincerely that they were compelled to obey the majority.

Almost at the same hour, more than 20,000 looms ceased working. A great number of the master weavers, as well as their assistants, wished to continue their regular employment; but deputies from the different lodges visited the work-rooms, and when they found any one unwilling to join them, they threatened to break the looms to pieces; a narrow watch was also kept upon all those who seemed desirous of continuing their work. Force often operated where persuasions would have failed. Many of the operatives obeyed, but with lamentations; and others left the city, determining to await the result at a distance from the scene of action. The funeral of a weaver gave occasion to a kind of review of their numbers. Nearly 1200 formed the procession, walking four and four; two of the society called Ferandiniers on one side, and two of the Mutuellists on the other. A commissary of police, M. Menouillard, followed by several soldiers, ordered some of the men to remove the ensigns of the companies in which they were dressed, and the wearing of which had been forbidden. His injunctions were slighted, and the procession passed on its way.

Much uneasiness was felt on this occasion. People called to mind, as they beheld this long file of workmen, the meetings and processions which preceded the insurrection of November. A great number of respectable families quitted the city; and terror reigned among the manufacturers. The majority of them concealed their goods, or packed them up and sent them away, procuring passports, and withdrawing themselves in many instances. Stock to an immense amount was thus removed from Lyons; and many disasters were clearly foreseen. M. Prunelle addressed a proclamation to the workpeople, containing the following sentences: "The cessation of work among the silk weavers has not been confined to those manufactures the prices of which have been lowered; but the looms have been stopped in those work-rooms where labour has been best paid, and where the workmen are content. This could not have occurred but from the coalition among them—a thing forbidden by an article in the penal code. They have given a violent blow to the interests of

the first manufacturing city in France, putting a stop to trade, frightening away purchasers, causing the removal of property, and bringing such misery upon the operatives, as may hurry them to a revolt. Are they Lyonnese—are they Frenchmen, who can entertain such designs? They are men who are striving to bring about a civil war, and meditating crimes punishable with death according to the penal code.”

But the workmen belonging to the societies took no account of the articles referred to in the penal code; and things continued in the same state of violence and agitation for several days.

Meanwhile, those manufacturers who had not quitted Lyons remained passive; for they knew that the laws were opposed to the disturbances that were going on, and they determined, while resolutely refusing all individual concessions, to wait patiently the course of events. Much of the future was centered in them. However, a deputation of the master weavers waited upon the prefect, and intreated him to become a mediator. M. Gasparin declined interfering. He declared to the delegates that the administration had nothing to do in a matter relating entirely to trade; that the weavers were free to work or not; and while on their part there was no attempt at disorder, no criminal act, he could do nothing. “But if,” said he, “the laws are violated, the authorities will do their duty.” By this prudent conduct the administration avoided compromising itself, or swerving from its right course. Yet every moment an explosion might be expected; and General Buchet took good care that it should not come on him unawares.

Some well-meaning but weak persons adopted the expedient of addressing a letter or petition to the members of the executive council of the society of Mutuellists, soliciting from them a sort of capitulation. Signatures were necessary, and among others they obtained that of M. Charles Depouilly, given willingly; although his associate, M. Schirmir, had been killed in the insurrection of November by the very party whom he now condescended to petition. This proceeding was, in fact, a recognition of the authority of the executive commission of the master weavers.

The next step was to propose a “*mercuriale*,” or scale of wages, to the manufacturers, which was done by delegates of the workmen; but this too was firmly declined by their employers. Taught by experience, they knew that their part was to be passive, and that a concession from one would compromise the interests of all. The deputies made out a list of pretended adherents to the *mercuriale*; but when questioned, they denied having yielded. The manufacturers remained firm.

In the emergency at which matters had arrived, several master weavers wished to continue working, and sought the assistance of the authorities, which was promised as far as it could be made available. M. Prunelle announced that piquets of infantry

would be placed in the different streets tenanted by the silk weavers, and that they would have authority to arrest all persons who injured the looms, or attempted in any way to prevent the well-disposed from working. This measure was carried into execution; but it failed in its purpose after all; for the men who had sought legal assistance were afraid of trusting themselves to it, dreading the vengeance of the combined malcontents, especially the commission of the Mutuellists.

During this constrained idleness, which lasted eight days, it was calculated that a million of francs—upwards of £40,000—was lost to the handicraft and commercial interests of the city, independently of the withdrawal of capital from trade. Dreading tumult and pillage, the shopkeepers gloomily shut their places of business at six o'clock in the evening. The theatre was entirely deserted; and all the fêtes and entertainments which had been announced were postponed indefinitely. A mob of disorderly and worthless persons, of whom every great city must contain many, assembled each evening on the Place des Terreaux, as if to organise themselves for a riot. On the 19th and 20th, interference became necessary; but at the first roll of the drum they dispersed, except about fourteen individuals, who attempted resistance, and were arrested. The authorities persisted in the line of conduct which they had wisely laid down, only interfering when the laws were broken, but adding to their means of maintaining the respect and obedience due to them. This they did with equal activity and prudence; and on the 21st of February, it seemed that affairs were approaching towards agreement and settlement. A number of weavers commenced work, although the great and influential body belonging to La Croix Rousse still persisted in their plans; and when a few looms began to move, threw stones at the windows. Finally, all labour was suspended. In the course of the day, the popular feeling developed itself in a manner which had been long expected. Quarrels and fights took place between the rival parties—those desirous of continuing their work, and those who strove to prevent them. A detachment of infantry, accompanied by the commissary of the police, was called in, and many of the disorderly were taken into custody.

In this, as in most other strikes, the unionists had miscalculated the amount of funds necessary to support them while they were out of work. Reckoning men, women, and children, not fewer than 80,000 individuals required to be maintained, and the means which had been stored were speedily exhausted. The prospect of starvation powerfully contributed to restore many to their senses. The Mutuellists, who had been the first to stop the looms, were now the foremost to propose a return to work; but to this the Ferandiniers loudly demurred, and demanded that at all events the Mutuellists should give them compensation for the time they had lost. They talked even of entering an action

for damages against them. Stormy discussions had taken place among the Mutuellists. The president of the council was accused of having sold himself to the republican or to the legitimist party, and of having betrayed the cause of the workmen. The members talked of entering a formal accusation against him; but he treated it very lightly, gave in his resignation, and withdrew from the assembly. On the 22d, work was more generally resumed; and the next day, without any communication with the manufacturers, and without any concession to the plush weavers, all the looms resumed their work.

Whilst all this was going on, there had been an outbreak at St Stephens, which had ended in the cowardly assassination of an agent of police. The poor man left seven children. The blow was struck from behind, without provocation, and he fell dead on the instant. This was the act of a republican party; and from the examinations of those who were arrested, there was evidence of a deep plot, having its chief instigators at Lyons. At this moment, the confederacies of workmen and politicians were a species of state within a state, and through the channel of the journals boldly defied the laws and the national authority. Six Mutuellists having been arrested as chiefs of one of these illegal bodies, their trial served only as a convenient pretext for revolt. Such was the daring character of the conspirators, that twenty master weavers addressed a letter to the conductor of the prosecution, declaring themselves also members of the executive council, and claiming by this title to be also proceeded against. The society of Mutuellists approved of all this, and gravely expressed an intention of deliberating whether or not they should show any longer a respect for the laws. Having given some consideration to the question, they passed a resolution to resist them, which was giving a formal effect to what their organs had already pretty broadly announced.

As Saturday the 5th of April, the day appointed for the trial of the Mutuellists, drew near, it became evident that it would be made the occasion of some new outbreak. The authorities were divided in their opinion what to do. Some were for occupying certain streets and Places with troops of the line; but then it was remembered that other trials in connexion with the coalitions had taken place without disturbances, and so might this. Moved by a wish to avoid all cause of excitement, M. Pic, the president of the tribunal, the judges, and the bar, agreed that the trial of the Mutuellists should not be accompanied by military parade. This was a fatal error, for they could not be ignorant of the projects of the ringleaders, the excitement existing among the workmen, their contempt of the laws, and the probability there was that some slight incident might prove sufficient to stimulate the multitude to an insurrection.

The Mutuellists laid their plans as follows:—From each lodge of twenty men, five were stationed either in the hall of audience

or in the court of justice; five were appointed to watch in the Place St Jean, or the neighbouring streets; and the remaining ten assembled in their customary lodge, to await further commands. By these arrangements, it was hoped to organise and maintain an uproar, all parties working to each other's hands. To make plenty of noise, and, if possible, intimidate judge and jury, was of the first importance. The day of the trial at length arrived, and an immense concourse of people filled the enclosure of the police court, the courtyard, and the Place St Jean. All the workmen were at their posts. The crowd was not absolutely unruly, though visibly and audibly agitated. After a tedious examination of witnesses, the tribunal, wearied with the noise and confusion, announced, through M. Pic, the president, that if silence were not maintained, they should withdraw from the hall, and continue the trial with closed doors. The case was adjourned till the following Wednesday; but this decision not being clearly understood by the crowd, who thought they saw an intention of conducting affairs privately, loud cries arose of "Go on with the trial! No closed doors! Liberty to our brothers!" At this moment one of the witnesses came out. He had been giving his evidence without anger, but he had deposed to the threats which the association had used to compel him to cease working. Hardly had he appeared, when he was recognised, and assaulted so violently, that his life was in danger. Some of the advocates in their gowns came to the poor man's assistance; and M. Chégaray, the attorney-general, indignant at the brutal violence which was displayed, threw himself into the crowd to protect his witness, reached him, disentangled him, and, seizing hold of one of his assailants, exclaimed, "In the name of the king and of the law I arrest you!" This magistrate was also insulted and injured; and only with extreme difficulty was he extricated from the mob by a few courageous individuals.

An accident, however, now heightened the fury of the malcontents. The president had called to his aid a detachment of about sixty soldiers, commanded by Captain Paquette, to clear the court, where there was a tumult, which prevented business proceeding. The sight of the military seemed to infuriate the workmen: there was a simultaneous burst of vociferations; and their conduct was openly seditious. One section of the detachment was placed across the door, the other remained in the court; but they could not control the mob. The section at the door was borne down by a sudden and irresistible movement; several men were disarmed; and though Captain Paquette threw himself forward, and regained possession of the firearms, all other efforts were useless. M. Chégaray himself made the three formal summonses (equivalent to our reading of the riot act). The soldiers endeavoured to drive away the rioters; but, pressed and suffocated as they were by an enormous mass, their small number had no power. They paused: the workmen renewed their threats,

and began to inquire if their muskets were loaded. Some of the soldiers obeyed their signs; and the sharp sound of the ramrod, as it passed down to the bottom of the barrel, assured the multitude that they had nothing to fear. "Take away the bayonets!—down with the bayonets!" they cried; and the detachment at once submitted. Some of the soldiers caroused with the Mutuellists in the yard of the palace and on the Place St Jean.

A brigadier of the *gens-d'armes* courageously threw himself into the crowd to rescue M. Chégaray; a workman, a tailor, said to those near him, "Behold the brigadier that we saw in the November war—we must kill him. Come on, my comrades; one blow; you know that we will help you." The *gendarme* was immediately attacked on all sides. His sword was broken; they snatched from him his cross of honour, of which they made a sort of trophy, and which they threw into the Saone with mock solemnity. This brigadier, assisted by some brave people, escaped death only by flight; and the house in which he took refuge was attacked. Another *gendarme* was almost equally ill used; and the multitude feeling themselves masters, the greatest excesses were to be feared. The judges and the different officers about the court were really in much danger; some of them escaped by a side door, others by a window which opened to a hay-loft; and M. Arnaud received a wound in the hand either from a knife or a dagger.

Encouraged by this appearance of victory, next day a large body of workmen attended in public procession the funeral of a Mutuellist master weaver, in order to demonstrate their force. Eight thousand men composed the funeral procession, and among them were remarked a number who were members of the society of the Rights of Man. Four, and sometimes five walked together, and, moving at a brisk pace, the entire mass occupied twenty-seven minutes in passing, the average being seventy files in a minute. At eight o'clock in the evening numbers of these men ran about the principal streets singing revolutionary songs, and crying, "Long live the republic! Down with the tyrants! Down with moderation."

Not only from the apparent supineness of the authorities in overlooking these excesses, but from what they had experienced of the temper of the few military brought against them, there was a general idea among the working-classes of Lyons that the army was discontented, and that, in the event of a rebellion, it would either join them, or at the worst remain neutral. Hence a degree of audacity to which it is difficult to find any other key. Perhaps some distrust of the military extended to the manufacturers, for on the Monday and Tuesday they commenced packing up their most valuable goods, and many of them left the city. Another idea, too, which prevailed was, that in the event of a collision, the authorities would abandon the streets to their fate, and concentrate all their strength in the detached

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forts. It will shortly be seen that these opinions were unfounded. The French army, with all its imperfections, was loyal to the constitution, and, at least from the instinct of habit, would obey its commanders. The government also, instructed by former errors, was prepared for what might happen, and contemplated the most energetic measures. It was, however, resolved to act with great discretion, it being no light matter to place such a populous city as Lyons in a state of siege.

Wednesday the 9th of April, the day of the postponed trial, arrived, and early in the morning all the troops were at their post, fully accoutred and provided with food for two days. The order had indeed been given that they should be provisioned if necessary for four days, but an accident prevented this command being fulfilled. They were divided into four chief divisions, commanded by General Fleury, Lieutenant-Colonel Dieltman, General Buchet, and Lieutenant-General Aymard; the last being stationed at Bellecour with the reserve. He was assisted by General Dejean, who, passing through Lyons at the time, seized the opportunity of being of service to his country. The bridges were occupied, the forts all manned, and cannon were placed in commanding situations. A strong detachment of the 7th regiment protected the interior of the hall of justice, having been placed there in the night. Some gens-d'armes were also stationed within.

At eight o'clock intelligence was brought to M. Gasparin that the chiefs of a section of the society of the Rights of Man had assembled in a house in the Rue Bourgchanin, having with them a number of seditious papers still damp from the press. A member of the council advised the immediate arrest of these men, whose unlawful intentions were evident. Another, and a wiser, objected to so decided a step, which would have made the first act of aggression appear to be on the part of the authorities. At half-past nine a crowd began to gather at the Place St Jean, and the Hotel de Chevières. The greater part of the high functionaries were together near the scene of coming events. Some of the leaders of the principal associations appeared on the Place St Jean, and it was demanded again if they were to be arrested; but they had committed no disorder, and the magistrates were determined to avoid committing an act of aggression. One man placed himself in the middle of a group, and read a republican paper addressed to the soldiers and workmen; but a colonel of gens-d'armes plucked the damp sheet from his hand, and arrested him. The mob appeared to augment, but all at once they departed, not a republican or workman appearing before the cathedral, where silence and solitude reigned.

Barricades were now raised at the ends of the principal streets, for which some unfinished houses supplied abundance of materials, though barrels and beams were used, and paving-stones torn up. The plan of the insurgents was to surround General Buchet with these barriers, and cut off all communication with his allies; but

he was informed of all that was going on, and gave orders to half a battalion of soldiers, and a platoon of gens-d'armes, to clear the public streets, beginning with that of St Jean; but to abstain from firing, unless some act of insurgency was committed. When the detachment arrived, they found the Place nearly deserted. Some soldiers and some of the police threw themselves on the barricades and overthrew them; but they were assailed at the same instant by showers of stones thrown by men who were sheltered behind walls, doors, or chimneys. This was not only resistance, but attack, and a volley was instantly fired. At this time the trial of the Mutuellists had commenced; but at the noise of the musketry M. Jules Frere, the advocate for the accused, stopped: he would not continue pleading while the people were slaughtering each other. Every one seemed excited and affected; and M. Pic, the president, dissolved the meeting. Instantly magistrates, counsellors, Mutuellists who were present, and idle spectators brought thither by curiosity, rushed helter skelter away, each seeking to reach his dwelling before hostilities should become yet more alarming. Faivre, an agent of police, was already mortally wounded; and as they carried him to the Hotel de Chevières, his blood, which flowed fast, proclaimed what deeds were being accomplished. He died in the evening, although the first surgical aid was called in. M. Gasparin, accompanied by a counsellor belonging to the Prefecture, reached the bridge Tilsitt, near the church of St Jean, at the moment the conflict began: soon afterwards, with a company of light infantry, he assisted at the attack of the barricade at the Rue des Pretres, which was razed under a hail of paving-stones.

In other places the insurgents were not idle. Everywhere was heard firing between them and the military. In another quarter of an hour fresh barriers arose in a multitude of different places. They encircled the Place of the Prefecture, and cut off some of the leading streets. A few men, often unarmed, erected them in the presence of an astonished crowd, employing fagots, empty barrels, doors, pieces of wood of all sorts, carts, carriages, &c. The bulk of the city was in this manner soon divided into several sections. The lieutenant-general sent a piece of cannon to be placed in a situation fit to command the street of the Prefecture, and clear it of the rebels. Before noon the insurrection was general. As soon as barricades were raised, they were attacked by the soldiers. The quay de Retz was cleared in an instant. The quay Bon Rencontre was obstructed by a cart heavily laden with bales of silk; this the soldiers hurled into the river with its rich burden: it was carried by the waters to the Rue Maurico, where it was dragged out six days afterwards. The military were attacked with stones, tiles, and missiles of different kinds, and many of the insurgents had firearms, which they used fatally. One house caused much trouble to the soldiers, by the shots that came from it; but a petard carried away the door, when the

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inmates threw down their arms, and falling on their knees, begged for life. They were made prisoners. The cannon now came into play, its loud and terrible tones drowning for the moment every other sound.

Shops and warehouses were shut: not a soul was there to be seen at the windows. Blocked up in their houses, the peaceably-disposed citizens sought to shelter themselves from the shot which hurled along the thoroughfares, carrying death in its course. To increase the misery of the scene, a biting north wind began to blow. Sometimes the signal of the tocsin was heard; and sometimes for a few minutes there was an awful silence. The city seemed as if abandoned to the genius of destruction. Showers of balls swept across the bridges and along the quays, while companies of soldiers were marching hither and thither firing down streets and alleys, and clearing everything before them.

A fierce encounter, however, was going on at the Place de la Prefecture. From half-past eleven this spot had been surrounded with barricades; and a considerable body of insurgents lay in ambuscade in the theatre. All their attacks were directed against the hotel of the Prefecture, which they could not force, though they were met only by a passive resistance. After vain attempts to throw down the barrier, the insurgents provided themselves with ladders, and tried to scale it. A numerous group threw themselves into the street of the Prefecture, hoping to surprise the troops; but the cannon swept them thence, and they returned to the siege of the hotel. However, General Buchet had provided against this: he gave the signal, and they were attacked on both sides. It would be tedious to narrate the particulars of the murderous conflict which ensued, or of the equally vigorous measures which were taken in other parts of the city. It is sufficient to say that at the end of this first day of the conflict the courage and determination of the military had prevailed; and the following address from Lieutenant-General Aymard was issued:—

“Soldiers!—you have done your duty, and all good citizens applaud your conduct. Led on by their ignorance and their evil passions, the enemies of their country have removed the mask; they have thrown down the gauntlet, which you have gloriously taken up. They have been overthrown at all points where they thought themselves most strong: their barricades have been razed in all directions. A few more efforts, and you will have restored tranquillity to the second city in the kingdom, and saved it from the most frightful disasters. Soldiers!—the king already knows how worthily you have answered the aggression of the factious.”

The garrison were in possession of all the commanding points; and from the beginning of hostilities, the insurgents had been driven back, and pent up in the streets in the heart of the city, where they were cut off from communicating with each other, or receiving assistance; and now there was neither unity of opinion nor strength among them. The only anxiety of the troops

bore reference to the uncertainty of provisions. However, at midnight an expedition set out for the purpose of relieving their necessities, and was successful. In the course of the night also, a detachment took up a strong position on the bridge La Mulatière.

At eight o'clock the following morning the conflict recommenced. Men from the roofs of houses and behind chimneys fired upon the military. The cannon again thundered, literally sweeping the principal street of La Guillotière, and setting many houses on fire; in particular, one large and beautiful mansion, from which the flames spread till this part of the populous suburb was a heap of smoking ruins. An impetuous attack of the military at last dislodged the insurgents from their position. At another point near the hospital, the troops maintained a tremendous fire of musketry against a party of working-men, who lay there in ambush behind a barricade. In many instances, the balls rebounding, entered in at the windows of the houses, and wounded several women. It is a mournful reflection, that in civil war, or any rebellious outbreaks, the innocent often suffer for the guilty; and in Lyons, many were the well-disposed men, and many the women, children, and old persons, who perished in this unhappy conflict. Imagination can scarcely picture the scene: cannon thundering, shells exploding—for in this manner many houses were forced—the wounded wailing, and the angry passions of all parties becoming yet more fierce. At noon, black flags were seen floating from the more conspicuous church spires, and the tocsin, or alarm-bell, was heard tolling on all sides, giving an additional horror to the struggle.

Alarmed for the public safety, many well-disposed citizens presented themselves this day before M. Gasparin, and sought the privilege of arming themselves in defence of order and the laws. Their proposition was at first thankfully received; but, on consideration, it appeared that it would be so difficult to distinguish between the good and the bad merely from words and outward appearance, that the risk of supplying arms to the disaffected would be too great to be run. Their offer was therefore politely declined, and the spokesman of the party withdrew.

It was painful to remark, in the strife which was going on, how much disorder was committed by the apprentices and *lanciers*, or shuttle boys. Many of these youths crept insidiously among the cavalry, seizing favourable moments to stab the horses or aim a blow at the dragoons. Others explored the less-frequented streets, armed with bad guns or pistols, firing them when it struck their fancy, and committing no small mischief, without fear of the consequences.

In the afternoon of this terrible day, the army sustained a heavy loss in the death of Colonel Monnier. Leading on a party of grenadiers to destroy a barricade in the street of St Marcel, and wishing to show them how easy it was to carry such a defence, he jumped upon the barricade, and was immediately

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killed by a musket shot. The death of their brave officer infuriated the grenadiers ; they threw themselves on the barricade, scaled it, beat it to the ground, and pursued the insurgents, who fled in all directions. A few of the soldiers saw some of the refugees enter a house in the direction whence the shot had come that killed their colonel. With ungovernable fury they rushed into the dwelling, ran up the stairs, forced open the room doors, and firing indiscriminately, killed, among many others, M. Joseph Rémond, one of the most respected citizens of Lyons.

In the course of the day, the college, a large edifice fronting the Rhone, containing the public library, was set on fire three times, but on each occasion extinguished. The library, though threatened with destruction, fortunately escaped any damage. At the close of the day, if the troops had gained no decisive success, they had lost none of their advantages. The insurgents had nowhere gained ground, though they had fought with more obstinacy than had been expected. That the insurrection was not already crushed, was owing to the comparative feebleness of the garrison. The national guard also had done little efficient service in the conflict.

Some shots were exchanged during the night ; and at two o'clock on the Friday morning a body of the republicans attempted to open a passage by the side of the Hotel de Ville, but were vigorously repulsed. At break of day, the tocsin of Saint Bonaventure sounded loudly, and the firing became general ; missiles fell on the houses of the Place Bellecour ; and it was discovered that the insurgents had cannon ! These were two pieces from Saint Trénée, which the soldiers had spiked on quitting the fort. A locksmith had repaired them ; but having no balls, they had charged them with pieces of iron, and all sorts of missiles. At the close of this day La Guillotière submitted, and M. de Gasparin addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants, which was left at their doors. It explained to them the necessity there was of their keeping within their own boundaries, since to permit free ingress and egress would afford facilities to the insurgents for fresh violence ; and it assured them that the authorities carefully watched over their interests. This day was disastrous to the republican party.

On Saturday the 12th, the soldiers were exposed to additional hardships ; for the cold was intense, and there was a heavy fall of snow. They bivouacked in the open air, whilst the insurgents withdrew at night into their dwellings. During the last three days all communication between the different parts of the city had been cut off. No person had been able to send or receive a letter ; and none of them knew what was going on at Paris. Many of the sick remained without help, for very few surgeons had been able to come among them. There were many dwellings without bread, and others where the dead were lying, without the survivors having the power to bury them.

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La Guillotière again began firing, but was again subdued. General Fleury determined to attack the suburb of Vaise, which was in a deplorable condition, being held by a republican party, who threatened violence against the magistrates, and to set fire to the houses. They were a cowardly set; they would not fight except behind defences; and here the soldiers, maddened by the loss of three officers, and many of their comrades, fired in at the windows. Here again the innocent fell. Of forty-seven dead bodies, twenty-one were found to be those of women, children, and old men! They were publicly exposed to be claimed; and those who witnessed the relatives and friends recognising the mutilated dead, never could forget the scene.

A melancholy accident occurred in the prison of Perrache, where several of the insurgents taken prisoners were confined. They had been forbidden to approach the windows, and the soldiers on guard had strict orders to enforce obedience. One of them, however, insulted a sentinel, and refused to obey his commands. The soldier fired, but unhappily his ball struck one of the prisoners who was sitting in the room quietly reading, with his back to the window. The ball entered at his neck, and passed through his head; he did not die on the spot, but lingered in agony for three days. The soldier was tried before a court-martial for his severity, but it was found that he had acted only according to the orders he had received, and was acquitted.

On Sunday the 13th, it was evident the end was drawing near. No places of importance remained in the hands of the insurgents. At eight o'clock, a proclamation of the prefect allowed foot-passengers to traverse the streets, prohibiting only the stoppage of more than five persons in a public thoroughfare. But it was very hazardous to take advantage of this permission; for it was difficult for the soldiers to distinguish between good citizens and rebels; and they were so often attacked by cowardly assassins, that they were obliged constantly to be on their guard. In some quarters it was even dangerous to approach the windows, so frequent was still the firing. La Croix Rousse and the suburb of Bresse yet held out after the other quarters had submitted. General Fleury was ordered to attack them; but before employing irresistible force, he thought it humane to address one more summons of surrender to the insurgents. Marshall Claperon, followed by two fusileers, was the bearer of this missive to the mayor of La Croix Rousse, braving with much coolness the probable chance of being killed by the republicans. No answer was returned to General Fleury; and measures were taken to annihilate the insurgents if they still resisted.

Early in the morning of Monday the 14th, General Fleury and the colonel of the 27th took the road to Caluire, and disposed the troops so as to encircle La Croix Rousse. The insurgents wished now to parley, but it was too late for concessions. Perceiving that they had nothing to hope for, they offered a des-

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perate resistance. A house containing a party of rebels was attacked by the grenadiers behind and the light infantry before, and an entrance was speedily forced. Flight was impossible; and numbers were shot or made prisoners. Eight or ten soldiers were severely wounded in this affair, and their drummer was killed. The subjugation of La Croix Rousse was complete at noon the next day, the 15th.

Thus, after a struggle of seven days, the insurrection of April 1834 was brought to a close. The supremacy of the law had been completely vindicated, the insane attempt at rebellion had been quashed. Yes, the victory was gained; but at what an expense of misery! Distressing as were the results of the insurrection of 1831, they fell greatly short of what had now been experienced! Besides the loss of life, property was destroyed to a great extent. The appearance of the city was a frightful memorial of all that had passed. Dwellings burnt to the ground, and others shattered by ball; heaps of ruins in all directions, and lines of shops a scene of devastation. Yet, in the execution of their terrible duties, the military had been often wonderfully forbearing; and the officers bitterly lamented the destruction their operations caused. But they were called upon to restore order, and preserve the lives of their men. It was their part to save the second city of France from being abandoned to men who had avowed the most ferocious intentions. On the 15th, after the conquest of La Croix Rousse, an acknowledgment to the military for their services was voted; and the government of the city was formally returned to the civil authorities. From that moment everything connected with the insurrection was in the hands of the police and the judges.

CONCLUSION.

At the close of the insurrection of 1831, the humiliation experienced by the silk weavers was not unmixed with self-congratulation, for they could boast of having overpowered the military force which the authorities had thought fit to bring against them. At the termination of the struggle of 1834, their predominant feeling was that of deep mortification. Baffled in their effort at revolution, disconcerted in their visionary projects, and impoverished in resources, they now perceived that the law was too strong for them, and that they lay completely at its mercy. Calming down from their ferment, and fearing the consequences of their rebellion, they loudly accused the propagandists, and other demagogues, of having deceived them with promises, betrayed them into excesses, and then left them to their fate. With at least the external appearance of repentance, they once more betook themselves to their professional labours; but comparatively few could be employed. So many manufacturers had left the city, and removed to other provinces, that it was computed the number of looms set to work after the events of April was reduced

by two-thirds! There was thus a period of severe suffering from the prostration of trade, which unfortunately affected those who had taken no hand in the insurrection, as well as the parties who had promoted and been engaged in it. A considerable time elapsed before general confidence was restored, or the town recovered its former appearance and character.

It is a fact not unworthy of observation, and one which may point out significantly the motives which led to the Lyons insurrections, that no great man, no master mind, was thrown forward in the course of the struggle. In this particular do these tumults present a remarkable exception in the history of popular outbreaks. When, in the fourteenth century, the Roman citizens rose against a tyrannical oligarchy, the humble Rienzi, whose mind had been formed by study and reflection, and whose virtues rendered him worthy the friendship of Petrarch, seemed a leader fit for and worthy of a great cause—albeit the mind which had supported misfortune bravely, became intoxicated by success. At Naples, the young fisherman, Masaniello, acted a no less heroic part, becoming solely, by the superiority of his mind, the supreme arbiter and the directing soul of a hundred and fifty thousand men. Even amid the horrors of the French Revolution, the qualities of great minds were exhibited, according to a general rule, that great events must bring them forward. But, in considering the insurrections of Lyons, we seek in vain for a name that will belong to history, or which rises above the merest commonplace. Had the second insurrection terminated like the first, by the conquest of the authorities, it is evident that as little good could have arisen from it. Without means, plans, or a directing mind, the fruits of victory would have been more bitter than those of defeat.

Since 1834, no new outbreak has occurred, nor have we heard of any disputes between employers and employed which have not been speedily arranged. Meanwhile, the fortifications which command the city and suburbs have been greatly strengthened and enlarged; guns point down upon the streets, ready to lay them in ashes; and, with a garrison of 12,000 troops, it is believed the city has nothing to fear from the more unruly part of the population.

In the course of a visit which we paid to Lyons in the summer of 1844, we found the silk weavers well employed, but were sorry to learn that they were far from being generally contented with their condition. Demoralised by the revolutionary doctrines that had been spread so industriously amongst them, they maintained a grudge against the whole organisation of society; looking more to an indefinable something for bettering their situation, than to that prudent economy, diligence, and skill, by which alone men are able to improve in their worldly circumstances, or to that moral and intellectual advancement by which alone they can expect to enjoy institutional meliorations.

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR BOY.



I WAS born at Wanstead, in Essex, about seven miles from London, in the year 1798. My father having died while I was young, I was, along with a brother and sister, left to the charge of my mother, who, marrying again, transferred us to the house of her husband—a carpenter by occupation at Bladen, near Woodstock, and in the employ of the Duke of Marlborough. My father-in-law appeared to be in comfortable circumstances. He resided in a neat house, built of stone, shaded by a noble apricot-tree, and ornamented with a small but pretty garden. This, together with another similar tenement, was his

own property. To add to my satisfaction, I perceived that he was kind to my mother, and also to myself. With the country around I was equally well pleased. Fine farms, with large flocks of sheep quietly grazing on the hill-sides, fields surrounded with fragrant hawthorn hedges, and old farm-houses, with their thatched roofs and massive ricks, met the eye on all sides; while cultivated gardens and numerous wild flowers added their charms to the scene.

At Bladen, my time flew very rapidly away for two or three years, until, like most children, I began to sigh for deliverance from the restraints of home. I had already left school, and being now about thirteen years of age, had been employed in the pleasure-grounds of Blenheim palace. This, however, was too tame an occupation for a lad of my spirits. I heard tales of the sea from cousins with whom I had resided for a short time; my imagination painted a life on the great deep in the most glowing colours; my mind grew uneasy; and, in short, like many other heedless lads, had resolved on being a sailor. Finding my desires so strong, my kind-hearted mother made interest to have me taken on board a ship of war—a matter not difficult in those times—and on the 12th day of July 1810, I turned my back on the quiet hamlet of Bladen, and my face towards scenes of noise, dissipation, storms, and danger. My mother accompanied me in the stage to London, and then taking a boat, we proceeded down the Thames to a spot below Gravesend, where lay the Macedonian, the frigate on which I was to be put aboard. Need I say that, when left by my mother on the deck of the vessel, tears were mutually shed;

and when the departing boat carried her from my sight, I felt like one alone in the world.

On the morning after my arrival, I was put into a "mess." The crew of a man-of-war is divided into little communities of about eight each, called *messes*. These eat and drink together, and are, as it were, so many families. The mess to which I was introduced was composed of your genuine weather-beaten old tars. But for one of its members, it would have suited me very well; this one, a gruff old fellow named Hudson, took it into his head to hate me at first sight. He treated me with so much abuse and unkindness, that my messmates soon advised me to change my mess, a privilege which is wisely allowed, and which tends very much to the good fellowship of a ship's crew; for if there are disagreeable men among them, they can in this way be got rid off; it is no unfrequent case to find a few, who have been spurned from all the messes in the ship, obliged to mess by themselves.

This unkindness from the brutal Hudson rather chilled my enthusiasm. The crew, too, by some means had an impression that my mother had brought me on board to get rid of me, and therefore bitterly abused her. Swearing I had heard before, but never such as I heard there. Nor was this all; in performing the work assigned me, which consisted in helping the seamen to take in provisions, powder, shot, &c. I felt the insults and tyranny of the midshipmen. These minions of power ordered and drove me round like a dog, nor did I and the other boys dare to interpose a word.

These things reminded me of what had been said to me of the hardships of sea life in a man-of-war. I began to wish myself back in my father's house at Bladen. This, however, was impossible; and to add to my discouragement, they told me I was entered on the ship's books for life. Dreary prospect! But although somewhat grieved with my first experience of sailor life, I secretly struggled against my feelings, and with the most philosophic desperation resolved to make the best of my condition. We were kept busily at work every day until the ship's stores were all on board, and our frigate was ready for sea. Then two hundred more men, draughted from receiving ships, came on board to complete the number of our crew, which, after this addition, amounted to full three hundred men. The jocularity, pleasantry, humour, and good feeling that now prevailed on board our frigate somewhat softened the unpleasantness of my lot, and cultivated a feeling of reconciliation to my circumstances. Various little friendships which sprang up between me and my shipmates threw a gleam of gladness across my path; a habit of attention, respect, and obedience, in a short time secured me universal good-will. I began to be tolerably satisfied.

Many boys complain of ill usage at sea. I know they are

subjected to it in many instances ; yet in most cases they owe it to their own boldness. A boy on shipboard, who is habitually saucy, will be kicked and cuffed by all with whom he has to do ; he will be made miserable. The reason is, I imagine, that sailors being treated as *inferiors* themselves, love to find opportunity to act the *superior* over some one. They do this over the boys, and if they find a saucy insolent one, they show him no mercy. Permit me, then, to advise boys who go to sea to be civil and obliging to all ; they will be amply repaid for the effort it may cost them to make the trial, especially if they gain the reputation, as I did, of being among the best boys in the ship.

A vessel of war contains a little community of human beings, isolated, for the time being, from the rest of mankind. This community is governed by laws peculiar to itself ; it is arranged and divided in a manner suitable to its circumstances. Hence, when its members first come together, each one is assigned his respective station and duty. For every task, from getting up the anchor to unbending the sails, aloft and below, at the mess-table or in the hammock, each task has its man, and each man his place. A ship contains a set of *human* machinery, in which every man is a wheel, a band, or a crank, all moving with wonderful regularity and precision to the will of its machinist—the all-powerful captain.

The men are distributed in all parts of the vessel ; those in the tops are called foretop-men, maintop-men, and mizentop-men, with two captains to each top, one for each watch. These top-men have to loose, take in, reef, and furl the sails aloft, such as the top-gallant sails, top-sails, top-gallant royal, and top-sail studding-sails. Others are called fore-castle-men, waisters, and the after-guard ; these have to loose, tend, and furl the courses—that is, the fore-sail, the main-sail, and lower studding-sails ; they also have to set the jib, flying-jib, and spanker ; the after-guard have a special charge to coil up all ropes in the after part of the ship. Others are called *scavengers* ; these, as their not very attractive name imports, have to sweep and pick up the dirt that may chance to gather through the day, and throw it overboard. Then come the boys, who are mostly employed as servants to the officers. Our captain had a steward and a boy ; these acted as his domestic servants in his large and stately cabin, which, to meet the ideas of landsmen, may be called his house. The lieutenants, purser, surgeon, and sailing-master, had each a boy ; they, together with the two lieutenants of marines, who were waited upon by two marines, form what is called the ward-room officers. The ward-room is a large cabin (I mean large for a ship, of course) below the captain's, where they all mess together ; aft of this cabin is a smaller one, which serves as a species of store-room. Besides these accommodations, every ward-room officer has his state-room, containing his cot, wash-

stand, writing-desk, clothes, &c. The gunner, boatswain, and some others, are also allowed a boy; and a man and boy are appointed to be the servants of a certain number of midshipmen.

Another arrangement is that of forming the ship's company into watches. The captain, first-lieutenant, surgeon, purser, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, armourer, together with the stewards and boys, are excused from belonging to them, but are liable to be called out to take in sail: some of the last-mentioned are called *idlers*. All others are in watches, called the larboard and starboard watches.

Stations are also assigned at the guns to the whole crew. When at sea, the drummer beats to quarters every night. This beat is a regular tune. I have often heard the words sung which belong to it; this is the chorus—

“Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready, steady boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer again and again.”

At the roll of this evening drum, all hands hurry to the guns. Eight men and a boy are stationed at each gun, one of whom is captain of the gun, another sponges and loads it, the rest take hold of the side tackle-falls, to run the gun in and out; while the boy is employed in handing the cartridges, for which he is honoured with the name of powder-monkey.

Besides these arrangements among the men, there are from thirty to forty marines to be disposed of. These do duty as sentries at the captain's cabin, the ward-room, and at the galley during the time of cooking; they are also stationed at the large guns at night, as far as their numbers run. When a ship is in action, and small arms can be brought to bear on the enemy, they are stationed on the spar-deck; they are also expected to assist in boarding, in conjunction with several seamen from each gun, who are armed with pistols and pikes, and called boarders.

The great disparity of numbers between the crew of a merchant ship and that of a man-of-war, occasions a difference in their internal arrangements and mode of life scarcely conceivable by those who have not seen both. This is seen throughout, from the act of rousing the hands in the morning to that of taking in sail. In the merchantman, the watch below is called up by a few strokes of the handspike on the forecastle; in the man-of-war, by the boatswain and his mates. The boatswain is a petty officer, of considerable importance in his way; he and his mates carry a small silver whistle or pipe, suspended from the neck by a cord. He receives word from the officer of the watch to call the hands up. You immediately hear a sharp shrill whistle; this is succeeded by another and another from his mates. Then follows his hoarse rough cry of, “All hands,

ahoy!" which is forthwith repeated by his mates. Scarcely has this sound died upon the ear, before the cry of, "Up all hammocks, ahoy!" succeeds it, to be repeated in like manner. As the first tones of the whistle penetrate between decks, signs of life make their appearance. Rough uncouth forms are seen tumbling out of their hammocks on all sides, and before its last sounds have died away, the whole company of sleepers are hurriedly preparing for the duties of the day. No delay is permitted, for as soon as the before-mentioned officers have uttered their imperative commands, they run below, each armed with a rope's-end, with which they belabour the shoulders of any luckless wight upon whose eyes sleep yet hangs heavily, or whose slow moving limbs show him to be but half awake.

With a rapidity which would surprise a landsman, the crew dress themselves, lash their hammocks, and carry them on deck, where they are stowed for the day. There is a system even in this arrangement; every hammock has its appropriate place. Below, the beams are all marked; each hammock is marked with a corresponding number, and in the darkest night a sailor will go unhesitatingly to his own hammock. They are also kept exceedingly clean. Every man is provided with two, so that while he is scrubbing and cleaning one, he may have another to use. Nothing but such precautions could enable so many men to live in so small a space.

A similar rapidity attends the performance of every duty. The word of command is given in the same manner, and its prompt obedience enforced by the same unceremonious rope's-end. To skulk is therefore next to impossible; the least tardiness is rebuked by the cry of, "Hurrah, my hearty! bear a hand! heave along! heave along!" This system of driving is far from being agreeable; it perpetually reminds you of your want of liberty; it makes you feel sometimes as if the hardest crust, the most ragged garments, with the freedom of your own native hills, would be preferable to John Bull's "beef and duff," joined as it is with the rope's-end of the driving boatswain.

We had one poor fellow, an Irishman, named Billy Garvy, who felt very uneasy and unhappy. He was the victim of that mortifying system of impressment prevalent in Great Britain in time of war. He came on board perfectly unacquainted with the mysteries of sea life. One of his first inquiries was where he should find his bed, supposing they slept on shipboard on beds the same as on shore. His messmates, with true sailor roguishness, sent him to the boatswain. "And where shall I find a bed, sir?" asked he of this rugged son of the ocean.

The boatswain looked at him very contemptuously for a moment, then rolling his lump of tobacco into another apartment of his ample mouth, replied, "Have you got a knife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, stick it into the softest plank in the ship, and take that for a bed!"

As our fare was novel, and so different from shore living, it was some time before I could get fully reconciled to it: it was composed of hard sea biscuit, fresh beef while in port, but salt pork and salt beef at sea, pea-soup, and burgoo. Burgoo, or, as it was sportively called, skillagallee, was oatmeal boiled in water to the consistency of hasty pudding. Sometimes we had cocoa instead of burgoo. Once a-week we had flour and raisins served out, with which we made "duff," or pudding. To prepare these articles, each mess had its cook, who drew the provisions, made the duff, washed the mess kids, &c. He also drew the grog for the mess, which consisted of a gill of rum mixed with two gills of water for each man. This was served out at noon every day; at four o'clock P.M. each man received half a pint of wine. The boys only drew half this quantity, but were allowed pay for the remainder—a regulation which could have been profitably applied to the whole supply of grog and wine for both boys and men. But those were not days in which temperance triumphed as she does now, though I believe the British navy has not yet ceased to dispense the "drink that's in the drunkard's bowl" to her seamen.

Shortly after our captain came on board, his servant died somewhat suddenly, so that I had an early opportunity of seeing how sailors are disposed of in this sad hour. The corpse was laid out on the grating, covered with a flag; as we were yet in the river, the body was taken on shore and buried, without the burial-service of the church of England being read at the grave—a ceremony which is not omitted at the interment of the veriest pauper in that country.

I have purposely dwelt on these particulars, that the reader may feel himself initiated at once into the secrets of man-of-war usages. He has doubtless seen ships of war with their trim rigging and frowning ports, and his heart has swelled with pride as he has gazed upon these floating cities—the representatives of his nation's character in foreign countries: to their internal arrangements, however, he has been a stranger. I have endeavoured to introduce him into the interior: a desire to make him feel at home there, is my apology for dwelling so long on these descriptions.

After various delays, we were at last ready for sea, and under sailing orders. The tide and wind were both propitious; then came the long-expected cry of the boatswain, "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" The crew manned the capstan in a trice, and running round to the tune of a lively air played by the fifer, the huge anchor rapidly left the mud of the Thames, and hung at the bows of our frigate. Then came the cry of, "All hands make sail, ahoy!" As if by magic, she was immediately covered with canvas; the favouring breeze at once filled our sails, and

the form that had lain for weeks inert and motionless on the waters, now bounded along the waves like a thing of life. Rapidly we ran down the channel, and before we had well got under weigh, came to an anchor again at Spithead, under shelter of the Isle of Wight.

Short as was the period between weighing anchor off Gravesend and our arrival at Spithead, it gave opportunity for one of those occurrences which are a disgrace to the naval service of any nation, and a degradation to our common humanity, which the public opinion of the civilised world should frown out of existence—I allude to the brutal practice of flogging.

A poor fellow had fallen into the very sailor-like offence of getting drunk. For this the captain sentenced him to the punishment of four dozen lashes. He was first placed in *irons* all night; the irons used for this purpose were shackles fitting round the ankles, through the ends of which was passed an iron bar some ten or twelve feet in length: it was thus long, because it was no unfrequent case for half a dozen men to be ironed at once. A padlock at the end of the bar held the prisoner securely. Thus placed, he was guarded by a marine until the captain bade the first-lieutenant prepare the hands to witness the punishment. Upon this the lieutenant transmitted the order to the master-at-arms. He then ordered the grating or hatch full of square holes to be rigged; it was placed, accordingly, between the main and spar decks, not far from the mainmast.

While these preparations were going on, the officers were dressing in full uniform, and arming themselves with their dirks; the prisoner's messmates carried him his best clothes, to make him appear in as decent a manner as possible. This is always done, in the hope of moving the feelings of the captain favourably towards the prisoner.

This done, the hoarse dreaded cry of "All hands ahoy to witness punishment!" from the lips of the boatswain, pealed along the ship as mournfully as the notes of a funeral knell. At this signal the officers mustered on the spar-deck, the men on the main-deck. Next came the prisoner, guarded by a marine on one side, and the master-at-arms on the other; he was marched up to the grating. His back was made bare, and his shirt laid loosely upon his back; the two quarter-masters proceeded to seize him up; that is, they tied his hands and feet with spun-yarns, called the seizings, to the grating. The boatswain's mates, whose office it is to flog on board a man-of-war, stood ready with their dreadful weapon of punishment, the cat-o'-nine-tails. This instrument of torture was composed of nine cords, a quarter of an inch round, and about two feet long, the ends tipped with fine twine. To these cords was affixed a stock two feet in length, covered with red baize. The reader may be sure that it is a most formidable instrument in the hands of a strong skilful man. In-

deed any man who should whip his horse with it would commit an outrage on humanity which the moral feeling of any community would not tolerate; he would be prosecuted for cruelty; yet it is used to whip MEN on board ships of war.

The boatswain's mate is ready, with coat off and whip in hand. The captain gives the word. Carefully spreading the cords with the fingers of his left hand, the executioner throws the cat over his right shoulder; it is brought down upon the now uncovered Herculean shoulders of the MAN. His flesh creeps—it reddens as if blushing at the indignity; the sufferer groans; lash follows lash, until the first mate, wearied with the cruel employment, gives place to a second. Now two dozen of these dreadful lashes have been inflicted; the lacerated back looks inhuman; it resembles roasted meat burnt nearly black before a scorching fire; yet still the lashes fall; the captain continues merciless. The executioners keep on. Four dozen strokes have cut up his flesh, and robbed him of all self-respect; there he hangs, a pitied, self-despised, groaning, bleeding wretch; and now the captain cries forbear. His shirt is thrown over his shoulders, the seizings are loosed, he is led away, staining his path with red drops of blood, and the hands, "piped down" by the boatswain, sullenly return to their duties.

Such was the scene witnessed on board the Macedonian on the passage from London to Spithead; such, substantially, is every punishment seen at sea, only carried sometimes to a greater length of severity. Sad and sorrowful were my feelings on witnessing it; thoughts of the friendly warnings of my old acquaintance filled my mind, and I inwardly wished myself once more under the friendly roof of my father at Bladen. Vain wish! I should have believed the warning voice when it was given.

Flogging in the navy is more severe than in the army, though it is too bad to be tolerated there, or indeed anywhere. Other modes of punishment might be successfully substituted, which would deter from misconduct without destroying the self-respect of the man. I hope the day will come when a captain will no more be allowed to use the "cat" than he is now to use poison. It should be an interdicted weapon.*

Though I have spoken severely of the officers of the navy, let it not be thought that the whole class of naval officers are lost to the finer feelings of humanity. There are many humane considerate men among them, who deserve our highest respect. This was the case with the first-lieutenant of the Macedonian, Mr Scott. He abhorred flogging. Once when a poor marine was under sentence, he pled hard and successfully with the

* In the British royal navy, there have been vast improvements since the period here referred to; and the condition of the sailor is greatly ameliorated.—ED.

captain for his respite. This was a great victory, for the captain had a profound hatred of marines. The poor soldier was extremely grateful for his intercession, and would do anything for him to show his sense of the obligation.

Our frigate had orders to convey between two and three hundred troops from Portsmouth to Lisbon, to assist the Portuguese against the French. The soldiers were stowed on the main decks, with very few conveniences for the voyage; their officers messed and berthed in the ward-room. Having taken them on board, we again weighed anchor, and were soon careering before the breeze on our way to Lisbon.

As usual, we who were landsmen had our share of that merciless disease, sea-sickness; as usual, we wished the foolish wish that we had never come to sea; as usual, we got over it, and laughed at ourselves for our sea-sick follies. Our good ship paid little attention, however, to our feelings; she kept along on her bounding way, and after a week at sea we were greeted with the pleasant cry of "Land, ho!" from the mast-head. As it was now near night, we lay off and on until morning; at daybreak we fired a gun for a pilot. The wind being nearly dead ahead, we had to beat about nearly all day. Towards night it became fair, and we ascended the Tagus. This river is about nine miles wide at its mouth, and is four hundred and fifty miles in length; it has a very rapid current, with steep fertile banks. Aided by a fine breeze, we ascended it in splendid style, passed a half-moon battery, then shot past Belem Castle into the port of Lisbon, about ten miles from its mouth. Here we found a spacious harbour filled with shipping. Besides numerous merchantmen, there were two ships of a hundred guns, several seventy-fours, frigates, and sloops of war, with a large number of transports, all designed for the defence of Lisbon against the French.

After lying some time at Lisbon, we proceeded on a cruise to the Spanish coast, and returned to our station. We were shortly ordered on another cruise, and being in want of men, we resorted to the pressgang, which was made up of our boldest men, armed to the teeth; by their aid we obtained our full numbers. Among the merchant-seamen taken were a few Americans, who were seized in spite of their protections, which were often taken from them and destroyed. Some were released through the influence of the American consul; others, less fortunate, were carried to sea, to their no small chagrin. The duties of the pressgang being completed, we once more weighed anchor, and were soon careering before the gales of the Bay of Biscay.

A few days after we had fairly got out to sea, the thrilling cry of "A man overboard!" ran through the ship. It was followed by another cry of "Heave out a rope!" then by still another of "Cut away the life-buoy!" Then came the order, "Lower a boat!" Notwithstanding the rapidity of these commands, and

the confusion occasioned by the anticipated loss of a man, they were rapidly obeyed. The ship was then hove to; but the cause of all this excitement was already a considerable distance from the ship. It was a poor Swede, named Logholm, who, while engaged in lashing the larboard anchor stock, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. He could not swim, but somehow he managed to keep afloat until the boat reached him, when he began to sink. The man at the bow ran his boat-hook down, and caught the drowning man by his clothes; these, however, tearing, he lost his hold, and the unfortunate Swede sunk once more. Again the active bowsman ran the hook down, leaning far over the side, and he now luckily got hold of his shirt-collar. Dripping and apparently lifeless, they drew him into the boat. He was soon under the care of the surgeon, who restored him to animation. It was a narrow escape.

We now reached the island of Madeira, and thence crossed the Atlantic to the coast of Virginia. About this time the prevailing topic of conversation among our men and officers was the probability of a war with America, and a feeling of our own success was confidently entertained. As yet, however, there were no hostilities, and our vessel returned, first to Lisbon, and then to England. For some time we lay at Plymouth, where the vessel was repaired and newly painted. After these and other preparations for another cruise were completed, the hoarse voice of the boatswain rang through the ship, crying, "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" In an instant the capstan bars were shipped, the fifer was at his station playing a lively tune, the boys were on the main-deck holding on to the "nippers," ready to pass them to the men, who put them round the "messenger" and cable; then, amid the cries of "Walk round! heave away, my lads!" accompanied by the shrill music of the fife, the anchor rose from its bed, and was soon dangling under our bows. The sails were then shaken out, the ship brought before the wind, and we were once more on our way to sea. We were directed to cruise off the coast of France this time; where, as we were then at war with the French, we were likely to find active service.

We first made the French port of Rochelle; from thence we sailed to Brest, which was closely blockaded by a large British fleet, consisting of one three-decker, with several seventy-fours, besides frigates and small craft. We joined this fleet, and came to an anchor in Basque Roads, to assist in the blockade. Our first object was to bring a large French fleet, greatly superior to us in size and numbers, to an engagement. With all our manœuvring, we could not succeed in enticing them from their snug berth in the harbour of Brest, where they were safely moored, defended by a heavy fort, and by a chain crossing the harbour, to prevent the ingress of any force that might be bold enough to attempt to cut them out. Sometimes we sent a frigate

or two as near their fort as they dared to venture, in order to entice them out; at other times the whole fleet would get under weigh, and stand out to sea; but without success. The Frenchmen were either afraid we had a larger armament than was visible to them, or they had not forgotten the splendid victories of Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar. Whatever they thought, they kept their ships beyond the reach of our guns. Sometimes, however, their frigates would creep outside the fort, when we gave them chase, but seldom went beyond the exchange of a few harmless shots. This was what our men called "boy's play;" and they were heartily glad when we were ordered to return to Plymouth.

After just looking into Plymouth harbour, our orders were countermanded, and we returned to the coast of France. Having accomplished about one-half the distance, the man at the mast-head cried out, "Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" (what direction?) responded the officer of the deck. The man having replied, the officer again asked, "What does she look like?"

"She looks small; I cannot tell, sir."

In a few minutes the officer hailed again, by shouting, "Mast-head there! what does she look like?"

"She looks like a small sail-boat, sir."

This was rather a novel announcement; for what could a small sail-boat do out on the wide ocean? But a few minutes convinced us that it was even so; for from the deck we could see a small boat with only a man and a boy on board. They proved to be two French prisoners of war who had escaped from an English prison, and, having stolen a small boat, were endeavouring to make this perilous voyage to their native home. Poor fellows! they looked sadly disappointed at finding themselves once more in British hands. They had already been in prison for some time; they were now doomed to go with us in sight of their own sunny France, and then be torn away again, carried to England, and imprisoned until the close of the war. No wonder they looked sorrowful, when, after having hazarded life for home and liberty, they found both snatched from them in a moment by their unlucky rencontre with our frigate. I am sure we should all have been glad to have missed them. But this is only one of the consequences of war.

Having joined the blockading fleet again, we led the same sort of life as before; now at anchor, then giving chase; now standing in-shore, and anon standing out to sea; firing, and being fired at, without once coming into action.

Determined to accomplish some exploit or other, our captain ordered an attempt to be made at cutting out some of the French small craft that lay in-shore. We were accustomed to send out our barges almost every night in search of whatever prey they might capture; but on this occasion the preparations were

more formidable than usual. The oars were muffled, the boat's crew increased, and every man was armed to the teeth. The cots were got ready on board, in case any of the adventurers should return wounded. Cots are used to sleep in by ward-room officers and captains—midshipmen and sailors using hammocks. But a number of cots are always kept in a vessel of war for the benefit of wounded men; they differ from a hammock in being square at the bottom, and consequently more easy. Notwithstanding these expressive preparations, the brave fellows went off in as fine spirits as if they had been going on shore for a drunken spree. Such is the contempt of danger that prevails among sailors.

We had no tidings of this adventure until morning, when I was startled by hearing three cheers from the watch on deck; these were answered by three more from a party that seemed approaching us. I ran on deck just as our men came alongside with their bloodless prize—a lugger laden with French brandy, wine, and Castile soap. They had made this capture without difficulty; for the crew of the lugger made their escape in a boat on the first intimation of danger.

Though without any positive information, we now felt pretty certain that our government was at war with America. Among other things our captain appeared more anxious than usual; he was on deck almost all the time; the “look-out” aloft was more rigidly observed; and every little while the cry of “Mast-head there!” arrested our attention. It is customary in men-of-war to keep men at the fore and main mast-heads, whose duty it is to give notice of every new object that may appear. They are stationed in the royal yards, if they are up; but if not, on the top-gallant yards; at night a look-out is kept on the fore yard only. Thus we passed several days, the captain running up and down, and constantly hailing the man at the mast-head; early in the morning he began his charge “to keep a good look-out,” and continued to repeat it until night. Indeed he seemed almost crazy with some pressing anxiety.

Sunday (December 25, 1812) came, and it brought with it a stiff breeze. We usually made a sort of holiday of this sacred day. After breakfast it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar-deck, dressed as the fancy of the captain might dictate; sometimes in blue jackets and white trousers, or blue jackets and blue trousers; at other times in blue jackets, scarlet vests, and blue or white trousers; with our bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black glossy hats ornamented with black ribbons, and with the name of our ship painted on them. After muster we frequently had church service read by the captain; the rest of the day was devoted to idleness. But we were destined to spend the Sabbath just introduced to the reader in a very different manner.

We had scarcely finished breakfast before the man at the

mast-head shouted, "Sail, ho!" The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming, "Mast-head there!" "Sir?" "Where away is the sail?" The precise answer to this question I do not recollect, but the captain proceeded to ask, "What does she look like?" "A square-rigged vessel, sir," was the reply of the look-out. After a few minutes, the captain shouted again, "Mast-head there!" "Sir?" "What does she look like?" "A large ship, sir, standing toward us!"

By this time most of the crew were on deck, eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and murmuring their opinions to each other on her probable character. Then came the voice of the captain, shouting, "Keep silence fore and aft!" Silence being secured, he hailed the look-out, who, to his question of "What does she look like?" replied, "A large frigate, bearing down upon us, sir!"

A whisper ran along the crew that the stranger ship was a Yankee frigate. The thought was confirmed by the command of "All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!" The drum and fife beat to quarters, bulk-heads were knocked away, the guns were released from their confinement, the whole dread paraphernalia of battle was produced, and after the lapse of a few minutes of hurry and confusion, every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his best service for his country, except the band, who, claiming exemption from the affray, safely stowed themselves away in the cable tier. We had only one sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was, to take his post of danger. A few of the junior midshipmen were stationed below on the berth deck, with orders given in our hearing to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

As the approaching ship showed American colours, all doubt of her character was at an end. "We must fight her," was the conviction of every breast. Every possible arrangement that could insure success was accordingly made. The guns were shotted, the matches lighted; for although our guns were all furnished with first-rate locks, they were also provided with matches, attached by lanyards, in case the lock should miss fire. A lieutenant then passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders—who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses, and pistols—how to proceed if it should be necessary to board the enemy. He was followed by the captain, who exhorted the men to fidelity and courage, urging upon their consideration the well-known motto of the brave Nelson, "England expects every man to do his duty." In addition to all these preparations on deck, some men were stationed in the tops with small-arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming the sails, and to use their muskets provided we came to close action. There were others also below, called sail trimmers, to assist in working the ship should it be necessary to shift her position during the battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main-deck. It was my duty to supply my gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun in the ship on the side we engaged for this purpose. A woollen screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it, through which the cartridges were passed to the boys; we received them there, and covering them with our jackets, hurried to our respective guns. These precautions are observed to prevent the powder taking fire before it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood, awaiting orders in motionless suspense. At last we fired three guns from the larboard side of the main-deck; this was followed by the command, "Cease firing; you are throwing away your shot!"

Then came the order to "wear ship," and prepare to attack the enemy with our starboard guns. Soon after this I heard a firing from some other quarter, which I at first supposed to be a discharge from our quarter-deck guns, but it proved to be the roar of the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise, such as I had never heard before, next arrested my attention; it sounded like the tearing of sails just over our heads. This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the enemy's shot. The firing, after a few minutes' cessation, recommenced. The roaring of cannon could now be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By and by I heard the shot strike the sides of our ship; the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible; it was like some awfully tremendous thunder-storm, whose deafening roar is attended by incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with the victims of its wrath; only in our case the scene was rendered more horrible than that, by the presence of torrents of blood which dyed our decks.

Though the recital may be painful, yet as it will reveal the horrors of war, and show at what a fearful price a victory is won or lost, I will present the reader with things as they met my eye during the progress of this dreadful fight. I was busily supplying my gun with powder, when I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike him; the effect alone was visible; in an instant the third lieutenant tied his handkerchief round the wounded arm, and sent the poor fellow below to the surgeon.

The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men who were killed outright were immediately thrown overboard. As I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the guns next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to spring

with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of these lads fall nearly together. One of them was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to suffer amputation above the wound. The other had a grape or canister shot sent through his ankle. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him in his arms and hurried with him to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was thus made lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on the quarter-deck were killed. They were both Portuguese. A man who saw one of them killed, afterwards told me that his powder caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off his face. In this pitiable situation the agonised boy lifted up both hands, as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

I was an eye-witness to a sight equally revolting. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot, which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men caught him in their arms, and as he could not live, threw him overboard.

One of the officers in my division also fell in my sight. He was a noble-hearted fellow, named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot struck him near the heart. He fell, and was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr Scott, our first-lieutenant, was also slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot. He went below, shouting to the men to fight on. Having had his wound dressed, he came up again, shouting to us at the top of his voice, and bidding us fight with all our might.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might; I cheered with them, though I confess I scarcely knew for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiring in the aspect of things where I was stationed. So terrible had been the work of destruction round us, that it was termed the slaughter-house. Not only had we had several boys and men killed or wounded, but several of the guns were disabled. The one I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four pound shot had also gone through the screen of the magazine, immediately over the orifice through which we passed our powder. The schoolmaster received a death wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick cot to the din of battle, was fastening a stopper on a back-stay which had been shot away, when his head was smashed to pieces by a cannon-ball; another man, going to complete the unfinished task, was also struck down. One of our midshipmen likewise received a severe wound, and the ward-room steward was killed. A fellow named John, who for some petty offence had been sent on board

as a punishment, was carried past me wounded. I distinctly heard the large blood drops fall pat, pat, pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her milk, did not escape the general carnage; her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard.

I have often been asked what were my feelings during this fight. I felt pretty much as I suppose every one does at such a time. That men are without thought when they stand amid the dying and the dead, is too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment. We all appeared cheerful, but I know that many a serious thought ran through my mind; still, what could we do but keep up a semblance, at least, of animation? To run from our quarters would have been certain death from the hands of our own officers; to give way to gloom, or to show fear, would do no good, and might brand us with the name of cowards, and insure certain defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore, was to make the best of our situation, by fighting bravely and cheerfully. I thought a great deal, however, of the other world: every groan, every falling man, told me that the next instant I might be before the Judge of all the earth.

While these thoughts secretly agitated my bosom, the din of battle continued. Grape and canister shot were pouring through our portholes like leaden rain, carrying death in their train. The large shot came against the ship's side like iron hail, shaking her to the very keel, or passing through her timbers, and scattering terrific splinters, which did a more appalling work than even their own death-giving blows. The reader may form an idea of the effect of grape and canister, when he is told that grape shot is formed by seven or eight balls confined to an iron and tied in a cloth. These balls are scattered by the explosion of the powder. Canister shot is made by filling a powder canister with balls, each as large as two or three musket balls; these also scatter with direful effect when discharged. What, then, with splinters, cannon-balls, grape, and canister poured incessantly upon us, the reader may be assured that the work of death went on in a manner which must have been satisfactory even to the King of Terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron hail ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead to repair damages; for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty, while we were so cut up that we lay utterly helpless. Our head braces were shot away; the fore and maintop-masts were gone; the mizen-mast hung over the stern, having carried several men over in its fall: we were in the state of a complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers on the quarter-

deck. Our condition was perilous in the extreme; victory or escape was alike hopeless. Our ship was disabled; many of our men were killed, and many more wounded. The enemy would without doubt bear down upon us in a few moments, and, as she could now choose her own position, would doubtless rake us fore and aft. Any further resistance was therefore folly; so, in spite of the hot-brained lieutenant, who advised them not to strike, but to sink alongside, it was determined to strike our colours. This was done by the hands of a brave fellow named Watson, whose saddened brow told how severely it pained his lion heart to do it. To me it was a pleasing sight, for I had seen fighting enough for one Sabbath; more than I wished to see again on a week day. His Britannic Majesty's frigate *Macedonian* was now the prize of the American frigate *United States*.

I now went below to see how matters appeared there. The first object I met was a man bearing a limb, which had just been detached from some poor sufferer. Pursuing my way to the ward-room, I necessarily passed through the steerage, which was strewn with the wounded: it was a sad spectacle, made more appalling by the groans and cries which rent the air. Some were groaning, others were swearing most bitterly, a few were praying, while those last arrived were begging most piteously to have their wounds dressed next. The surgeon and his mate were smeared with blood from head to foot; they looked more like butchers than doctors. Having so many patients, they had once shifted their quarters from the cockpit to the steerage; they now removed to the ward-room; and the long table, round which the officers had sat over many a merry feast, was soon covered with the bleeding forms of maimed and mutilated seamen.

I now set to work to render all the aid in my power to the sufferers. Our carpenter, named Reed, had his leg cut off. I helped to carry him to the after ward-room; but he soon breathed out his life there, and then I assisted in throwing his mangled remains overboard. We got out the cots as fast as possible, for most of the men were stretched out on the gory deck. One poor fellow who lay with a broken thigh begged me to give him water. I gave him some. He looked unutterable gratitude, drank, and died. It was with exceeding difficulty I moved through the steerage, it was so covered with mangled men, and so slippery with streams of blood. There was a poor boy there crying as if his heart would break. He had been servant to the boatswain whose head was dashed to pieces. Poor boy! he felt that he had lost a friend. I tried to comfort him, by reminding him that he ought to be thankful for having escaped death himself.

Here also I met one of my messmates, who showed the utmost joy at seeing me alive, for he said he had heard that I

was killed. He was looking up his messmates, which he said was always done by sailors. We found two of our mess wounded. One was the Swede, Logholm, who fell overboard and was nearly lost, as formerly mentioned. We held him while the surgeon cut off his leg above the knee. The operation was most painful to behold, the surgeon using his knife and saw on human flesh and bones as freely as the butcher at the shambles does on the carcase of a beast! Our other messmate suffered still more than the Swede; he was sadly mutilated about the legs and thighs with splinters. Such scenes of suffering as I saw in that ward-room I hope never to witness again. Could the civilised world behold them as they were, and as they often are, infinitely worse than on that occasion, it seems to me that they would for ever put down the barbarous practices of war by universal consent.

Most of our officers and men were taken on board the victor ship. I was left, with a few others, to take care of the wounded. My master, the sailing-master, was also among the officers who continued in the ship. Most of the men who remained were unfit for any service, having broken into the spirit-room and made themselves drunk; some of them broke into the purser's room, and helped themselves to clothing; while others, by previous agreement, took possession of their dead messmates' property. For my own part, I was content to help myself to a little of the officers' provisions, which did me more good than could be obtained from rum. What was worse than all, however, was the folly of the sailors in giving spirits to their wounded messmates, since it only served to aggravate their distress.

The great number of the wounded kept our surgeon and his mate busily employed until late at night, and it was a long time before they had much leisure. I remember passing round the ship the day after the battle. Coming to a hammock, I found some one in it, apparently asleep. I spoke; he made no answer: I looked into the hammock; he was dead. My messmates coming up, we threw the corpse overboard;—that was no time for useless ceremony. The man had probably crawled into his hammock the day before, and, not being perceived in the general distress, bled to death! Oh war, who can reveal thy miseries!

When the crew of the United States first boarded our frigate, to take possession of her as their prize, our men, heated with the fury of the battle, exasperated with the sight of their dead and wounded shipmates, and rendered furious by the rum they had obtained from the spirit-room, felt and exhibited some disposition to fight their captors. But after the confusion had subsided, and part of our men were snugly stowed away in the American ship, and the remainder found themselves kindly used in their own, the utmost good feeling began to prevail. We

set to work to cleanse the ship, using hot vinegar to take out the scent of the blood, that had dyed the white of our planks with crimson. We also aided in fitting our disabled frigate for her voyage. This being accomplished, both ships sailed in company toward the American coast.

I soon felt myself perfectly at home with the American seamen ; so much so, that I chose to mess with them. My shipmates also participated in similar feelings in both ships. All idea that we had been trying to shoot each other so shortly before seemed forgotten. We ate together, drank together, joked, sung, laughed, told yarns ; in short, a perfect union of ideas, feelings, and purposes, seemed to exist among all hands. A corresponding state of unanimity existed, I was told, among the officers.

Our voyage was one of considerable excitement. The seas swarmed with British cruisers, and it was extremely doubtful whether the United States would elude their grasp, and reach the protection of an American port with her prize. I hoped most sincerely to avoid them, as did most of my old shipmates : in this we agreed with our captors, who wisely desired to dispose of one conquest before they attempted another. Our former officers, of course, were anxious for the sight of a British flag, but we saw none ; and after a prosperous voyage from the scene of conflict, we heard the welcome cry of " Land, ho ! " The United States entered the port of New London ; but, owing to a sudden shift of the wind, the Macedonian had to lay off and on for several hours. Had an English cruiser found us in this situation, we should have been easily recovered ; and as it was extremely probable we should fall in with one, I felt quite uneasy ; until, after several hours, we made out to run into the pretty harbour of Newport. We fired a salute as we came to an anchor, which was promptly returned by the people on shore.

While we lay here a few days, several of our men contrived to run away. I would have done so too, but for the vigilance of the prize officers, who were ordered to keep us that we might be exchanged for those Americans who had fallen into British hands. My desire for freedom at length prevailed over prudence, and I made my escape, glad to be rid of the tyranny to which I had been so long exposed. But this step, which, on reflection, I do not commend, brought another evil. I was destitute of any means of support, and after numerous ineffectual efforts to get employment on land, I again took to a seafaring life—this time, however, entering myself on board a United States brig of war, the *Syren*, carrying sixteen guns. I was then in the seventeenth year of my life. I was recommended by acquaintances to ship myself under a false name ; but, in defiance of my fears, I entered under my own proper name of Samuel Leech.

My first impressions of the American service were very favourable. The treatment in the *Syren* was more lenient than in the *Macedonian*. The captain and officers were kind; while there was a total exemption from that petty tyranny exercised by the upstart midshipmen in the British service. As a necessary effect, our crew was as comfortable and happy as men ever are in a man-of-war.

Our brig had before this taken in her guns, consisting of two long nine-pounders, twelve twenty-four-pound carronades, and two forty-two-pounders. Our crew was composed of about one hundred and twenty-five smart active men. We were all supplied with stout leathern caps, something like those used by firemen. These were crossed by two strips of iron, covered with bear-skin, and were designed to defend the head, in boarding an enemy's ship, from the stroke of the cutlass. Strips of bear-skin were likewise used to fasten them on, serving the purpose of false whiskers, and causing us to look as fierce as hungry wolves. We were also frequently exercised in the various evolutions of a sea-fight; first using our cannon, then seizing our cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and cutting to the right and left, as if in the act of boarding an enemy's ship. Thus we spent our time from early in the fall until after Christmas, when we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for sea.

As we lay waiting for our final orders, a report reached us that a large English brig of war, called the *Nimrod*, lay in a cove somewhere near Boston bay. Upon this information, our officers planned a night expedition for the purpose of effecting her capture. Our intended mode of attack was to run close alongside, pour a broadside upon her, and then, without further ceremony, board her, cutlass in hand. So we took in our powder, ground up our cutlasses, and towards night got under weigh. A change in the wind, however, defeated our designs, and we put into Salem harbour, with no other result than the freezing of a man's fingers, which happened while we were furling our sails. Thus ended our first warlike expedition in the *Syren*.

Shortly after this affair we received orders to start on a cruise to the coast of Africa, and, in company with the *Grand Turk*, a privateer, set sail from Salem. Passing the fort, we received the usual hail from the sentry of, "Brig, ahoy! where are you bound to?"

To this salutation the first-lieutenant jocosely answered, "There and back again, on a man-of-war's cruise." Such a reply would not have satisfied a British soldier; but we shot past the fort unmolested. After two days, we parted company with the *Grand Turk*, and, by the aid of a fair wind, soon found ourselves in the Gulf stream; where, instead of fearing frozen fingers, we could go barefooted and feel quite comfortable.

We now kept a sharp look-out at the mast-head, but met with nothing until we reached the Canary Islands, near which we saw a boat-load of Portuguese, who, coming alongside, talked in their native tongue with great noise and earnestness, but were no more intelligible to us than so many blackbirds.

While off the African coast, our captain died. His wasted body was placed in a coffin, with shot to sink it. After the service had been read, the plank on which the coffin rested was elevated, and it slipped into the great deep. The yards were braced round, and we were under weigh again, when, to our surprise and grief, we saw the coffin floating on the waves. The reason was, the carpenter had bored holes in the top and bottom: he should have made them only in the top.

After the funeral, the crew were called aft, and the first-lieutenant, Mr Nicholson, told us that it should be left to our decision whether he should assume the command and continue the cruise, or return home. We gave him three hearty cheers, in token of our wish to continue the cruise. He was a noble-minded man, very kind and civil to his crew, and the opposite in every respect to the haughty lordly captain with whom I first sailed in the *Macedonian*. Seeing me one day with rather a poor hat on, he called me aft and presented me with one of his own, but little worn. "Good luck to him," said I in sailor phrase as I returned to my messmates; "he has a soul to be saved." We also lost two of our crew, who fell victims to the heat of the climate.

One morning the cry of "Sail, ho!" directed our attention to a strange sail, which had hove to, with her courses hauled up. At first we took her for a British man-of-war brig. The hands were summoned to quarters, and the ship got ready for action. A nearer approach, however, convinced us that the supposed enemy was no other than our old friend the *Grand Turk*. She did not appear to know us; for no sooner did she see that our craft was a brig of war, than, supposing us to belong to John Bull, she crowded all her canvas, and made the best of her way off. Knowing what she was, we permitted her to escape without further alarm.

The first land we made was Cape Mount. The natives came off to a considerable distance in their canoes, clothed in nothing but a piece of cloth fastened round the waist, and extending downward to the feet. As we approached the shore, we saw several fires burning; this, we were told, in the broken English spoken by our sable visitors, was the signal for trade. We bought a quantity of oranges, limes, cocoa-nuts, tamarinds, plantains, yams, and bananas. We likewise took in a quantity of cassada, a species of ground root, of which we made tolerable pudding and bread; also a few hogs and some water.

We lay here several days, looking out for any English vessels that might come thither for purposes of trade.

Meanwhile we began to experience the inconvenience of a hot climate. Our men were all covered with blotches or boils, probably occasioned by so sudden a transition from extreme cold to extreme heat. What was worse still, we were in want of a plentiful supply of water. In consequence of this, we were placed on an allowance of two quarts per diem to each man, which occasioned us much suffering; for after preparing our puddings, bread, and grog, we had but little left to assuage our burning thirst. Some, in their distress, drank large quantities of sea water, which only increased their thirst, and made them sick; others sought relief in chewing lead, tea leaves, or anything which would create moisture. Never did we feel more delighted than when our boat's crew announced the discovery of a pool of fine clear water.

While cruising along the coast, we one night perceived a large ship lying at anchor near the shore. We could not decide whether she was a large merchantman or a man-of-war, so we approached her with the utmost caution. Our doubts were soon removed, for she suddenly loosed all her sails, and made chase after us. By the help of their glasses, our officers ascertained her to be an English frigate. Of course it was folly to engage her, so we made all the sail we could carry, beat to quarters, lighted our matches, and lay down at our guns, expecting to be prisoners of war before morning. During the night we hung out false lights, and altered our course: this baffled our pursuer: in the morning she was not to be seen.

The next sail we made was not so formidable. She was an English vessel at anchor in the Senegal river. We approached her, and hailed. Her officer returned an insolent reply, which so exasperated our captain, that he passed the word to fire into her, but recalled it almost immediately. The countermand was too late; for in a moment, everything being ready for action, we poured a whole broadside into our unfortunate foe. The current carried us away from the stranger. We attempted to beat up again; but our guns had roused the garrison in a fort which commanded the river; and they began to blaze away at us in so expressive a manner, that we found it prudent to get a little beyond the reach of their shot, and patiently wait for daylight.

The next morning we saw our enemy hauled close in-shore, under the protection of the fort, and filled with soldiers. At first it was resolved to man the boats and cut her out; but this, after weighing the subject maturely, was pronounced to be too hazardous an experiment, and, notwithstanding our men begged to make the attempt, it was wisely abandoned. How many were killed by our hasty broadside we never learned, but doubtless several poor fellows were hurried to a watery and unexpected grave, affording another illustration of the *beauty*

of war. This affair our men humorously styled "the battle of Senegal."

After visiting Cape Three Points, we shaped our course for St Thomas. On our way we lost a prize through a display of Yankee cunning in her commander. We had hoisted English colours; the officer in command of the stranger was pretty well versed in the secrets of false colours, and in return he ran up the American flag. The bait took: supposing her to be American, we showed the stars and stripes. This was all the merchantman desired. It told him what we were, and he made all possible sail for St Thomas. We followed, crowding every stitch of canvas our brig could carry; we also got out our sweeps, and swept her along; but in vain. The merchantman was the better sailer, and succeeded in reaching St Thomas, which, being a neutral port, secured her safety. Her name was the *Jane of Liverpool*. The next morning another Liverpool merchantman got into the harbour unseen by our look-out, until she was under the protection of the laws of neutrality.

Our next business was to watch the mouth of the harbour, in the hope of catching them as they left port. But they were too cautious to run into danger, especially as they were expecting a convoy for their protection, which might make us glad to trust more to our canvas than to our cannon.

Shortly after this occurrence we made another sail standing in towards St Thomas. Hoisting English colours, our officers also donning the British uniform, we soon came near enough to hail her; for not doubting that we were a British brig, the merchantman made no effort to escape us. Our captain hailed her, "Ship, ahoy!" "Halloa!" "What ship is that?" "The ship Barton." "Where do you belong?" "To Liverpool." "What is your cargo?" "Red-wood, palm oil, and ivory." "Where are you bound to?" "To St Thomas."

Just at that moment our English flag was hauled down, and to the inexpressible annoyance of the officers of the Barton, the stars and stripes supplied its place.

"Haul down your colours!" continued Captain Nicholson.

The old captain, who up to this moment had been enjoying a comfortable nap in his very comfortable cabin, now came upon deck in his shirt sleeves, rubbing his eyes, and looking so exquisitely ridiculous, that it was scarcely possible to avoid laughing. So surprised was he at the unexpected termination of his dreams, that he could not command skill enough to strike his colours, which was accordingly done by the mate.

After taking out as much of her cargo as we desired, we proceeded to set her on fire. It was an imposing sight to behold the wild antics of the flames, leaping from rope to rope, and from spar to spar, until she looked like a fiery cloud resting on the dark surface of the water. Presently her spars began to fall,

her masts went by the board, her loaded guns went off, the hull was burned to the water's edge, and what a few hours before was a fine trim ship, looking like a winged creature of the deep, lay a shapeless charred mass, whose blackened outline, shadowed in the clear still waves, looked like the grim spirit of war lurking for its prey.

This wanton destruction of property was in accordance with our instructions, "to *sink, burn, and destroy*" whatever we took from the enemy. Such is the war-spirit! SINK, BURN, and DESTROY! how it sounds! Yet such are the instructions given by Christian nations to their agents in time of war. What Christian will not pray for the destruction of such a spirit?

The crew of the Barton we carried into St Thomas, and placed them on board the Jane, excepting a Portuguese and two coloured men, who shipped among our crew. We also took with us a fine black spaniel dog, whom the men called by the name of Paddy. This done, we proceeded to watch for fresh victims on which to wreak the vengeance of the war-spirit.

The next sail we met was an English brig called the Adventure, which had a whole menagerie of monkeys on board. We captured and burned her just as we did the Barton. Her crew was also disposed of in the same manner. One of them, an African prince, who had acquired a tolerable education in England, and who was remarkably polite and sensible, shipped in the Syren. His name was Samuel Quaqua.

We now remained at St Thomas several days, carrying on a petty trade with the natives. Our men bought all kinds of fruit, gold dust, and birds. For these things we gave them articles of clothing, tobacco, knives, &c. For an old vest I obtained a large basketful of oranges; for a handful of tobacco five large cocoa-nuts—a profitable exchange on my side, since, although I drew my tobacco of the purser, I fortunately never acquired the habit of using it; a loss I never regretted. My cocoa-nuts were far more gratifying and valuable when we got to sea, parched with thirst, and suffering for water, than all the tobacco in the ship.

From St Thomas we proceeded to Angola, where we stayed long enough to clean, paint, and refit our brig from stem to stern. This was the last port we intended to touch at on the coast of Africa. Our next anchorage was to be in Boston harbour—at least so we purposed; but the events of war frustrated our intention.

To accomplish our object, we had to run the gauntlet through the host of English cruisers that hovered about like birds of prey along both sides of the Atlantic coast. This enterprise appeared so impossible to my mind while we lay at Angola, and the fear of being retaken and hung operated so strongly on my imagination, that more than once I determined to run away and find a

refuge among the Africans; but my better judgment prevailed, and I continued at my post.

Still, I used every possible precaution to escape detection in case of our capture. In accordance with the custom of our navy at that period, I let my hair grow long behind. To change my looks more effectually, instead of tying mine in a cue as the others did, I let it hang in ringlets all round my face and neck. This, together with the effect of time, caused me to appear quite a different lad from what I was when a boy on board the Macedonian. I also adopted that peculiarity of dress practised by American men-of-war's-men, which consisted in wearing my shirt open at the neck, with the corners thrown back. On these corners a device was wrought, consisting of the stars of the American flag with the British flag underneath. By these means I hoped to pass for a genuine Yankee without suspicion, in case we should fall into English hands.

Having finished our preparations, we left Angola for Boston. We reached the island of Ascension in safety, where was a post-office of a truly patriarchal character. A box is nailed to a post near the shore. Ships that pass send to the box, and deposit or take out letters as the case may be. This is probably the cheapest general post-office establishment in the world.

We had scarcely left this island before the cry of "Sail, ho!" arrested every ear. Supposing her to be a large merchantman, we made towards her; but a nearer approach made it doubtful whether she was an Indiaman or a man-of-war. The captain judged her to be the latter, and tacked ship immediately. He was unwilling to place himself in the situation of an American privateer, who, mistaking a seventy-four for a merchantman, ran his ship close alongside, and boldly summoned her to haul down her colours. The captain of the other ship coolly replied, "I am not in the habit of striking my colours." At the same moment the ports of his ship were opened, and disclosed her long ranges of guns yawning over the decks of the privateer. Perceiving his mistake, the privateer, with admirable tact and good humour, said, "Well, if you wont, I will;" and pulling down his bunting, surrendered to his more powerful foe. To avoid such a mistake as this, our captain made all sail to escape the coming stranger, which was now bearing down upon us under a heavy pressure of canvas, revealing, as she gained upon our little brig, that she bore the formidable character of a seventy-four gun ship under English colours.

Of course fighting was out of the question. It would be like the assault of a dog on an elephant, or a dolphin on a whale. We therefore crowded all possible sail, threw our guns, cables, anchors, hatches, &c. overboard, to increase her speed. But it soon became apparent that we could not escape. The wind blew quite fresh, which gave our opponent the advantage: she gained on us very fast. We shifted our course, in hopes to baffle her

until night, when we felt pretty sure of getting out of her way. It was of no use; she still gained; until we saw ourselves almost within gunshot of our opponent.

In this extremity the captain ordered the quartermaster, George Watson, to throw the private signals overboard. This was a hard task for the bold-hearted fellow. As he pitched them into the sea, he said, "Good-by, brother Yankee;" an expression which, in spite of their mortifying situation, forced a smile from the lips of the officers.

The sound of a gun now came booming through the air. It was a signal for us to heave to, or to look out for consequences. What might have been, we learned afterwards, for a division of the crew of the seventy-four had orders to sink us if we made the least show of resistance. Finding it useless to prolong the chase, our commander reluctantly ordered the flag to be struck. We then hove to, and our foe came rolling down upon us, looking like a huge avalanche rushing down the mountain side to crush some poor peasant's dwelling. Her officers stood on her quarter-deck, glancing unutterable pride, while her captain shouted, "What brig is that?"

"The United States brig Syren," replied Captain Nicholson.

"This is his Britannic majesty's ship Medway!" he answered. "I claim you as my lawful prize."

Boats were then lowered, the little brig taken from us, and our crew transferred to the Medway, stowed away in the cable tier, and put in messes of twelve, with an allowance of only eight men's rations to a mess—a regulation which caused us considerable suffering from hunger. The sight of the marines on board the Medway made me tremble, for my fancy pointed out several of them as having formerly belonged to the Macedonian. I really feared I was destined speedily to swing at the yard-arm: it was, however, a groundless alarm.

This event happened July 12, 1814. Only eight days before, we had celebrated the independence of the United States. Now, we had a fair prospect of a rigorous imprisonment. Such are the changes which constantly occur under the rule of the war-spirit.

The day subsequent to our capture we were marched to the quarter-deck with our clothes-bags, where we underwent a strict search. We were ordered to remove our outside garments for this purpose. They expected to find us in possession of large quantities of gold dust. What little our crew had purchased was taken from them, with a spirit of rapacity altogether beneath the dignity of a naval commander.

Our short allowance was a source of much discomfort in this our prison-ship. But in the true spirit of sailors, we made even this the subject of coarse jests and pleasant remark. Enduring this evil, we proceeded on our course. When the Medway arrived at Simon's Town, about twenty-one miles from the Cape of Good Hope, we met the Denmark seventy-four on her way

to England with prisoners from Cape Town. The Captain had hitherto intended to land us at the latter place, but the presence of the Denmark led him to change his purpose, and land us at Simon's Town.

The journey from this place to the Cape was one of great suffering to our crew. We were received on the beach by a file of Irish soldiers. Under their escort we proceeded seven miles, through heaps of burning sand, seeing nothing worthy of notice on the way but a number of men busily engaged in cutting up dead whales on the sea-shore.

After resting a short time, we recommenced our march, guarded by a new detachment of soldiers. Unused to walking as we were, we began to grow excessively fatigued; and after wading a stream of considerable depth, we were so overcome that it seemed impossible to proceed any farther. We lay down, discouraged and wretched, on the sand. The guard brought us some bread, and gave half a pint of wine to each man. This revived us somewhat. We were now placed under a guard of dragoons. They were very kind, and urged us to attempt the remaining seven miles. To relieve us, they carried our clothes-bags on their horses; and overtaking some Dutch farmers going to the Cape with broom-stuff and brush, the officer of the dragoons made them carry the most weary among us in their wagons. It is not common for men to desire the inside of a prison, but I can assure my readers we did most heartily wish ourselves there on that tedious journey. At last, about nine o'clock P.M., we arrived at Cape Town, having left one of our number at Wineburg through exhaustion, who joined us the next day. Stiff, sore, and weary, we hastily threw ourselves on the hard boards of our prison, where, without needing to be soothed or rocked, we slept profoundly until late the next morning, when we took a survey of our new quarters. We found ourselves placed in a large yard surrounded by high walls, and strongly guarded by soldiers. Within this enclosure there was a building or shed composed of three rooms, neither of which had any floor. Round the sides stood three benches or stages, one above the other, to serve for berths. On these we spread our hammocks and bed-clothes, making them tolerably comfortable places to sleep in. A few of the men preferred to sling their hammocks as they did at sea. Here also we used to eat, unless, as was our frequent practice, we did so in the open air.

We remained in prison at the Cape till carried away in the ship Cumberland to England. Stopping by the way at St Helena, we were removed to the Grampus, a transfer which greatly alarmed me, since the more men who saw me, the greater of course was my chance of detection. Luckily, no one knew me, and I arrived with my companions in safety at Plymouth. I was equally fortunate here, and remained undis-

covered till I was transferred with others to a vessel which was to take us in exchange to America. I pass over the circumstances of the voyage, and only mention that we were all landed in due time at New York.

My resolution had been to quit the sea and settle down on land, but on returning to New York all such fancies vanished, as they had done before. I spent my hard-won earnings foolishly like others, and, like them, when reduced to straits, again sought employment as a sailor. On this occasion I shipped on board the *Boxer*, commanded by Captain Porter, a man, as it proved, of stern disposition.

[The *Boxer*, which was a brig-sloop, had, as I understand, been captured from the English a short time previously, and in a manner which I may describe as illustrative of naval warfare. The encounter took place at no great distance from Portland, in the United States, on the 5th of September 1813. The *Boxer*, possessing twelve eighteen-pound carronades and two sixes, was commanded by Captain Blyth; and his antagonist, the American brig-sloop *Enterprise*, commanded by Captain Burrowes, was armed with fourteen eighteen-pound carronades and two nines. Captain Blyth is spoken of as having been one of the bravest officers in the British service; and it is said that, prompted by the ardour of his temperament, he would encounter any foe, however great were the odds against him. In the beginning of August 1811, when acting as first-lieutenant of the *Quebec*, cruising between the Texel and Elbe, he volunteered, with a small select party, to cut out some French gunboats; and, by the most daring intrepidity, his enterprise was successful. For this gallant action he was promoted to the command of the *Boxer*—which was by no means suited to his impetuous character. The *Boxer* was one of a set of brigs which had been respectively named after favourite hounds of one of the lords of the Admiralty, and built, as was afterwards discovered, on an improper model, whether as respects strength of timber or sailing powers. Eager to meet an enemy's ship, Captain Blyth, while lying off Portland, observed the *Enterprise* approaching on the horizon, and immediately bore up to engage, leaving on shore the surgeon and two midshipmen, who were away "shooting pigeons." After manœuvring a few hours on various tacks to try rates of sailing, the two vessels, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, commenced firing at the distance of half pistol-shot apart. In the very first broadside, an eighteen-pound shot passed through Captain Blyth's body, and shattered his left arm, causing instant death; and about the same moment a musket-ball fired from the *Boxer* mortally wounded Captain Burrowes. The command of the *Boxer* now devolved upon her only lieutenant, David M'Creery, and that of the *Enterprise* on Lieutenant Edward M'Call. At half-past three the *Enterprise* ranged ahead, and rounding to on the starboard tack, raked the

Boxer with starboard guns, and shot away her maintop-mast and fore-topsail-yard. The American then set her fore-sail, and, taking a position on the starboard-bow of her now wholly unmanageable antagonist, continued pouring in successive raking fires until forty-five minutes past three, when the Boxer surrendered. This defeat was caused not only by the damages done to the vessel, but by the weakened condition of the Boxer's crew. The lieutenant-commander, owing to the imprudent absence of the two midshipmen, had not an officer beneath him, and the master's mate and three seamen deserted their quarters during the action. Besides her commander, the Boxer had three men killed and seventeen wounded, while the Enterprise, besides her commander, had three or four killed and eleven wounded. The prize was carried into Portland; and there, on the 7th of September, the bodies of the two commanders were buried with military and civic honours.]

Refitted for the American service, the Boxer was now ready for a cruise, and I prepared to do my duty on board as an ordinary seaman. Formerly, I had been entered only as a boy; but now, as a rated seaman, I had a station assigned me in the fore-top, instead of being a servant to any of the officers. I was also appointed to be one of the crew of the captain's gig. This made my lot one of more fatigue and exposure than in any former voyage; a proof of which I very soon experienced. It being now late in the fall, the weather became very cold. One afternoon, the pennant having got foul of the royal mast, an officer ordered me to go up and clear it. I had no mittens on; it took me some time to perform my task; and before I came down, one of my fingers was frozen. Thus it is, however, with the poor tar; and he thinks himself happy to escape with injuries so slight as this. We shortly received sailing orders, and were soon under weigh, bound to the Balize in the Gulf of Mexico. Here we cruised about some time, visiting New Orleans and other places, and keeping an outlook for pirates, with which these seas were then unhappily infested. This was a duty requiring great vigilance, and we were kept constantly at our posts. The most irksome duty of a sailor is to keep watch at night in the tops. Often have I stood for hours on the royal yard, or top-gallant-yard, without a man to converse with. Here, overcome with fatigue and want of sleep, I have fallen into a dreamy dozing state, from which I was roused by a lee lurch of the ship. Starting up, I have shuddered at the danger I had so narrowly escaped. But notwithstanding this sudden fright, a few minutes had scarcely elapsed before I would be nodding again. This of course was a highly punishable offence.

When the weather was rough, we were indulged with permission to stand on the fore-top sail-yard, or on the top-gallant cross-trees; and if the ship rolled heavily, we lashed ourselves

to the mast for safety. I can assure my readers there is nothing desirable in this part of a sailor's duty. In whatever the pleasure of a life at sea consists, it is not in keeping a look-out from the mast-head at night. But the most disagreeable of all is, to be compelled to stand on these crazy elevations when half dead with sea-sickness. Some suppose that sailors are never sea-sick after the first time they go to sea. This is a mistake; it is very much with them as with landmen in respect to being sick in a coach. Those who are of bilious temperaments are always affected, more or less, when they ride in a coach or sleigh; while others are never sick on these occasions. So with seamen; some are never sea-sick, others are sick only when going out of port, while some are so in every gale of wind. It is almost needless to say that for sailors no allowance is made for sea-sickness; they must in all cases remain at their posts until it is time to be relieved.

Our cruise terminated after a few skirmishes, and we returned to New York, where I left the service, as I trusted, for ever. As it occurred, my services as a seaman in a war-vessel would not long have been required. The peace between England and France in 1814, by opening the continent to American commerce, hitherto excluded by British policy, naturally removed one of the grounds of quarrel, and opened the way for peace with the United States. On the 24th of December 1814, a treaty of peace, accordingly, was effected at Ghent, which left, however, the question of right of search and other matters on the ground on which they had previously stood. The Americans, as is well known, were most successful in their naval warfare; but, after all, that was a trifling compensation for ruined commerce, and for being brought to the very verge of national dismemberment. The losses of the British never made any distinct impression on the nation, otherwise than teaching a tolerably sound lesson in discretion, and leading to many important improvements in naval affairs. I sincerely trust that both nations, united by a thousand inextricable ties, and profiting by experience, will in all time coming avoid every description of warlike collision, and exist in the happiest terms of amity and peace.

[In taking leave of the sea, it may be expected that I should say a few words respecting the life of a sailor. As I have already mentioned, the profession of a sailor has its hardships, but these were much greater at the time of my service than they are now, after a lapse of twenty years. The duties of the men are now exactly regulated, and their comforts are cared for in many ways. On board of each vessel in the British navy there are now means for instruction, a library, and the savings of the men are carefully secured for them, or transmitted to their wives or friends. On shore also, there are at various ports establishments called "Sailors' Homes," where discharged seamen

may reside at a moderate expense till engaged in a new vessel. At sea, as on land, steadiness, temperance, good temper, forbearance, and other good qualities, are sure to command respect, notwithstanding the severities of discipline. It is likewise most advantageous for a man to possess a good education; for the more he can make himself useful, and be depended on, the greater is his chance of promotion. A properly-bred sailor should, at the very least, be able to *reef and steer*—that is, adapt the sails to the wind whichever way it blows, and govern the vessel by the helm and compass. But besides these comparatively simple duties, he should likewise be able to throw and calculate by the log, to work a reckoning, take an observation, find the longitude, and keep a log-book, in which all necessary particulars of the voyage are daily inscribed. The log is a contrivance for ascertaining the rate of speed at which a vessel goes. It consists of a long cord, having an oblong and loaded piece of wood attached to one end. This wood, when heaved overboard, remains stationary in the water, and consequently, as the vessel advances, the line must be let out from a reel held in the hand. The line is marked by knots and half-knots, representing miles and half miles, and the number of these run off indicates the number of miles which the vessel is going at per hour. Every common seaman can cast the log, and calculate the speed of the vessel from it; but few can do any more, because they are contented to remain in ignorance, and inclined to spend their leisure time in trifling amusements rather than in study. Of course such persons cannot expect to rise in their profession.]

It is astonishing how many cases are on record of individuals who, with scarcely any other education than what has been procured on ship-board, and while serving in subordinate and laborious situations, have attained distinction. The celebrated English navigator Dampier, although he had been some time at school before he left his native country, would have grown up in a state of ignorance, had he not exerted himself in self-instruction after he went to sea. Davis, the discoverer of the Straits which bear his name, also went to sea when quite a boy, and must have acquired all his knowledge, both of science and literary composition, while engaged with the duties of his profession. Every one is acquainted with Cook's humble origin, and his distinguished career. By his own persevering efforts did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself. But, better still than even all his fame—than either the honours he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and benefactors of mankind. This

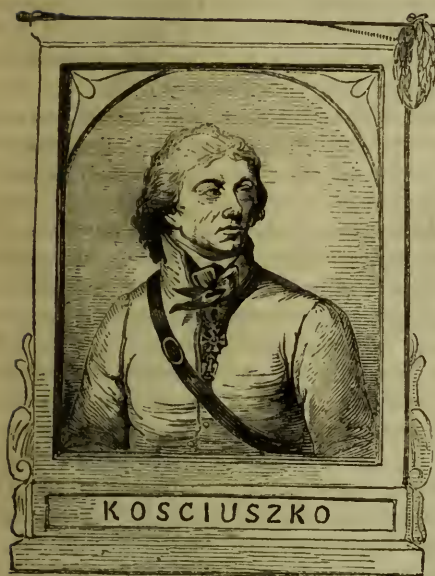
alone is true temporal happiness—a reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity and endurance. Vancouver was a sailor formed under Cook, and to him we owe an interesting and ably-written account of the voyage which he made round the world in 1790 and the four following years. Falconer, the author of “The Shipwreck,” a popular poem, spent his life from childhood at sea. Falconer did not permit the success of his poetical efforts to withdraw him from his profession, in which, having transferred himself from the merchant service to the navy, he continued to rise steadily till he was appointed purser of a man-of-war, one of the best situations in the royal navy, and which can be held only by a man of education. Robert Drury, who wrote an account of the island of Madagascar, and of his strange adventures there, was also a self-taught sailor. Drury was only fourteen years of age when he set out on his first voyage in a vessel proceeding to India, and he was shipwrecked in returning home on the island just mentioned, where he remained in captivity for fifteen years; so that when he at last contrived to make his escape, he had almost forgotten his native language. He afterwards, however, wrote an account of his shipwreck and residence in Madagascar, which remains a popular work till the present day. Other cases might be mentioned, but these are enough to show that the hardships of a sailor’s life are no serious bar to improvement, provided he be true to himself, and be guided by a proper sense of duty.

Unfortunately for myself, my neglect of moral improvement, the abandonment of my country’s service, and my headlong folly and improvidence, were errors now to be expiated. Having thrown myself adrift, with but slender resources, and far distant from my friends, I experienced the fate of many a disbanded and penniless tar. What hand to turn to for the means of subsistence I knew not. Determined at any rate to make an effort, I went about to different parts of the country seeking employment. I was not successful; and at length my money was all gone, and my shoes more than half worn out. When reduced to this sad extremity, and on the brink of despair, I was so fortunate as to discover an old shipmate; and through his kind influence, his brother-in-law employed me to work in his cloth-dressing establishment. As I was ignorant of the business, and was not really needed, my board was to be my only compensation. I lived here happily for some time, and then got employment of a more lucrative kind in another establishment, where I settled, and have since remained, thankful to have attained a haven of rest after the turmoils and dangers of a sea-life.*

* The foregoing narrative is abridged, with some alterations, from a small work entitled “Thirty Years from Home, or a Voice from the Main-Deck, being the experience of Samuel Leech. Boston: 1843.”

HISTORY OF POLAND.

EARLY HISTORY.



PREVIOUS to the year 1795, there existed in Europe a country called POLAND—a name associated in all minds with ideas of heroism and disaster. Poland is now no more, and many of its people are wanderers. How such should be the case, cannot but be a matter of interest to all reflecting minds, and this we propose to explain in the following pages.

The Poles belong to that variety of the human race called the *Slavonic*. This variety, identical, it is believed, with the Scythians of ancient history, at one time overspread the whole of the southern and

eastern parts of Europe, from the shores of the Baltic and the Adriatic as far as the Ural Mountains. In consequence, however, of the pressure of the numerous races which overran Europe during the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, the pure Slavonians were confined within what may be called the central district of Europe, including Prussia, the east of Austria, and the south-west of Russia. This central district of Europe, inhabited by an almost unmixed Slavonic people, received at an early period the name of Poland, from the Slavonic word *Polska*, which signifies a plain, or a flat country. The boundaries of Poland extended from 48 degrees to 58 degrees north latitude, and from 15 degrees to 33 degrees east longitude, including the whole territory lying between the Baltic and the Black Sea in one direction, and the Carpathian Mountains and the River Dwina in another. The area of Poland was 284,000 square miles, or a third more than that of France; and its population in 1772 was fifteen millions.

Until the end of the tenth century, the Poles were pagans. About this time, however, they were converted to Christianity by missionaries from Germany and Bohemia. Their history after this becomes less obscure; but it would be an exceedingly unprofitable undertaking to follow them through the incessant wars and civil broils in which they were engaged for the next

five centuries. Suffice it to say, that, during this period, two dynasties reigned successively over Poland—the dynasty of the Piasts, and that of the Jagellons. Under the latter, the country made considerable advances in civilisation. The Poles began to assume a respectable standing in literature; and the university of Cracow became the most important school in Central Europe. Among the celebrated Polish names of this period is that of the far-famed Nicolas Copernic, or Copernicus, who first promulgated the true notion of the solar system, and who died in 1543.

Commencing our narrative with the end of the sixteenth century, let us first give a general description of the state of society and the mode of government which we find then established among the Poles.

In Poland, as in Russia at the present day, society consisted but of two classes—nobles and serfs. The noble, or privileged class, including a body of clergy, amounted to about 200,000; while the great body of the inhabitants numbered several millions. Under the rule of this handful of masters did these millions of serfs till the soil of Poland, and perform all the manual labour of the nation—the severity of their condition being perhaps only modified by the softening influences of the church, which in these barbarous times was the only institution that leant mercifully towards the poor. The nobles viewed themselves as almost a different order of beings from the common people: their persons were sacred; and they had the power of life and death over their dependents. Among the serfs or common people there were various ranks and gradations; but, politically, the great mass of the inhabitants of Poland were a degraded order: they do not make any appearance in what is usually called history; and what we term Polish history, is in fact the history of the Polish nobles. The agricultural serfs, who were the most numerous, appear to have been sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and animalism; but in the towns, such as Posen, Warsaw, and Bromberg, the serfs, who pursued various crafts, were considerably higher in the scale of civilisation.

The Jagellon dynasty becoming extinct in 1572, the plan of elective monarchy was adopted; the election being reposed in the hands of the legislature, which consisted of two chambers—the chamber of senators or chief nobles, and the chamber of nuncios or representatives of the other nobles; and the king, with these two chambers, constituted the Polish diet. When the king wished to hold a diet or parliament, which was generally every two years, he sent letters-patent to the palatines of the kingdom—that is, the chief officers in each palatinate—stating his intention to hold the diet, and also giving a brief list of the subjects which would come under its consideration. The nobles of the various palatinates then met and elected their deputies, three for each palatinate, giving them at the same time certain instructions for their conduct at the ensuing diet. When the

day arrived appointed for the holding of the diet, the king, the senators, and the deputies, assembled at the place of meeting, which was usually Warsaw: and the three orders sat in the same hall, some distinctions of etiquette being observed between the superior and inferior nobles, but all enjoying equal legislative influence. Originally, the Polish diets were characterised by honesty and zeal for the general good; but latterly, the members became venal and corrupt. There were also certain absurd customs, the observance of which prevented anything like vigorous government. One of these was the custom of restricting the sittings of the diets to the period of six weeks—a custom which was so rigorously observed, that when the six weeks were ended, the diet would break up in the midst of the most important business. Another absurd regulation was that which obliged every vote to be unanimous—a regulation which compelled the diet to pass not the best measures, but only those which should please everybody. Not only so, but every one of the whole series of measures proposed in the diet required to be passed unanimously, or the whole series would have fallen to the ground. Thus a single negative vote in the sixth week would overturn the whole work of the session. This was called the *liberum veto*.

The king had extremely little power in the diet: his suggestions were as liable to criticism as those of an ordinary member. Besides the deputies from the palatinates, deputies from several of the cities had seats in the diet. The Prussian provinces of Poland had a separate legislature; but on occasions of general importance, such as the election of the king, they sent representatives to the diet.

Such is a sketch of the constitution of Poland as it existed from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. It was a republic of nobles, governed by a legislature and a chief magistrate of its own choosing; and resting upon a population of serfs, who had no voice in public affairs, but whose business it was to labour for the subsistence of the whole community.

The first king elected according to the new order of things was Henry of Valois, brother to Charles IX. of France. The reign of Henry, however, was short; for his brother, Charles IX., dying in 1574, leaving him his successor, Henry secretly slipped out of Poland, to take possession of a throne which he thought preferable to that which he already occupied. In July 1575, therefore, the Poles declared the throne vacant, and elected Stephen Batory, a man of energy and vigorous talent, who had raised himself from the position of a plain Hungarian noble to that of sovereign prince of Transylvania. The glory of Batory's reign consists in the success with which he maintained a long war against the Russians. Not only did he repel their invasions; he also made several victorious expeditions into the heart of Muscovy returning with great spoil. No sooner was the war with

Muscovy at an end, than he turned his arms against the Tartars of the eastern frontier, and, by means of his cavalry, cleared the Ukraine of these troublesome enemies, annexing its inhabitants, the Cossacks, to the dominion of Poland, and establishing among them some of the arts and institutions of civilised life. In the end of Batory's reign, the Swedes began to imitate the Russians, and attempt to gain a footing in the Polish territories of the Baltic. Batory was preparing to make war upon them, when he was cut off by death in the year 1586.

Four candidates now appeared for the throne of Poland—two princes of the house of Austria, Fedor Ivanovitch, the czar of Muscovy, and Sigismund Vasa, son of John III., king of Sweden. The election, after a struggle, fell upon the last, who accordingly ascended the Polish throne, which he occupied for the long period of forty-five years, during the whole of which the political history of Poland is mixed up with that of Russia and Sweden. This Sigismund was succeeded in 1632 by his son, Uladislav II., who was elected without opposition. His reign, which lasted till his death in 1648, was noted for a series of wars with Muscovites, Turks, and Swedes; and that of his brother and successor, John Casimir, was still more distinguished by an invasion of Tartars and Cossacks, united with an outbreak of serfs and rebel nobles. In 1668 John Casimir, whose disposition had always been that of a monk rather than that of a king, resigned his throne, and retired to France, where he died as Abbé de St Germain in 1672. He left the kingdom shorn of a considerable part of its ancient dominions; for, besides that portion of it which had been annexed to Muscovy, Poland sustained another loss in this reign by the erection of the Polish dependency of Brandenburg into an independent state—the germ of the present Prussian kingdom.

For two years after the abdication of John Casimir, the country was in a state of turmoil and confusion, caused partly by the recent calamities, and partly by intrigues regarding the succession; but in 1670, a powerful faction of the inferior nobles secured the election of Michael Wisnowitzki, an amiable, but silly young man. His election gave rise to great dissatisfaction among the Polish grandees; and it is probable that a civil war would have broken out, had not the Poles been called upon to use all their energies against their old enemies the Turks. Crossing the south-eastern frontier of Poland with an immense army, these formidable foes swept all before them. Polish valour, even when commanded by the greatest of Polish geniuses, was unable to check their progress; and in 1672 a dishonourable treaty was concluded, by which Poland ceded to Turkey a section of her territories, and engaged to pay to the sultan an annual tribute of 22,000 ducats. No sooner was this ignominious treaty concluded, than the Polish nobles became ashamed of it; and it was resolved to break the peace, and chal-

lenge Turkey once more to a decisive death-grapple. Luckily, at this moment Wisnowitzki died; and on the 20th of April 1674, the Polish diet elected, as his successor, John Sobieski—a name illustrious in the history of Poland, and on which we may for a moment pause.

JOHN SOBIESKI.

John Sobieski was born, in the summer of 1629, at Olesko, a little place in Black Russia, at the foot of the Carpathian mountains, on the confines of Lithuania and Poland, and in the centre of the most elevated plateau of these countries. He was of a noble family, his father being castellan of Cracow, and the proprietor of princely estates, and his mother being descended from Zalkiewski, one of the most celebrated generals that Poland had produced. John, and an elder brother named Mark, spent their early years on their father's estates, and received an education corresponding to their high station. When John was sixteen years of age, the two brothers went to complete their education at Paris, where they served some time in the body-guards of Louis XIV. After a residence of some years in France, the brothers travelled into Italy, and thence into Turkey, then at peace with Poland; and they were in Constantinople at the time when the insurrection of serfs broke out in Poland on the occasion of the Cossack invasion. The two Sobieskis, on receiving intelligence of this insurrection, immediately left Constantinople, and hurried home to commence active service with John Casimir in the loyal Polish army. In one engagement with the Tartars, the elder brother Mark was killed. John continued to serve during the war, rising from rank to rank, till, in the year 1660, he was one of the commanders of the Polish army sent to repel the Russians, who were ravaging the eastern provinces of the kingdom. A great victory which he gained at Slobadyssa over the Muscovite general Sheremetoff, established his military reputation, and from that time the name of Sobieski was known over all eastern Europe. His fame increased during the six years which followed, till he outshone all his contemporaries. He was created by his sovereign, John Casimir, first the grand marshal, and afterwards the grand hetman of the kingdom; the first being the highest civil, and the second the highest military dignity in Poland, and the two having never before been held in conjunction by the same individual. These dignities, having once been conferred on Sobieski, could not be revoked; for, by the Polish constitution, the king, though he had the power to confer honours, was not permitted to resume them.

In 1667 a second army of Cossacks and Tartars invaded Poland, and the task of repelling them devolved on Sobieski, as grand hetman. Raising at his own expense an army of 20,000 men, he marched to meet the invaders. His efforts were suc-

cessful; the Cossacks and Tartars, baffled and defeated, were obliged to sue for peace; and the Polish republic, which all Europe had expected to see extinguished, owed its deliverance to Sobieski.

When John Casimir abdicated the throne, Sobieski, retaining his office of grand hetman under his successor, the feeble Wisnowitzki, was commander-in-chief of the Polish forces against the Turks. In the campaigns of 1671 and 1672, his successes against this powerful enemy were almost miraculous. But all his exertions were insufficient, in the existing condition of the republic, to deliver it from the terror of the impetuous Mussulmans. In 1672, as we have already informed our readers, a disgraceful truce was concluded between the Polish diet and the sultan. The republic was now racked by internal convulsions; nobles, serfs, and clergy, contending with each other, and a large faction of the nobility being inclined to dethrone Wisnowitzki, and attempt a complete revolution in the government. With this party Sobieski had no sympathy; and finding that his services at Warsaw were of no avail, he retired to his estates.

Meanwhile the revolutionary party were busy at Warsaw. They had formed themselves (as was customary among the Polish nobles, when they aimed at any object which could not be discussed in a diet) into a body called the Royal Confederation, and were proceeding to carry out their plans for remodelling the constitution. Before this self-elected body, some private enemy of Sobieski impeached him as a traitor. They summoned him to Warsaw to defend himself. Sobieski came—accompanied, however, by a retinue of the highest nobles, and some regiments of horse. The court and the accuser were abashed. Sobieski, acting in his capacity as grand marshal of Poland, denounced the Royal Confederation as illegal, and insisted on its being changed into a constitutional diet. The demand was complied with. The men who had joined in accusing him were now the most lavish in his praises, as a “hero into whom the souls of all preceding heroes had passed;” he was triumphantly acquitted of all the charges that had been brought against him; and the man who had impeached him was condemned to death. When, in conclusion, Sobieski, as grand hetman, advised the immediate rupture of the dishonourable treaty with the Turks, their approval was unanimous and enthusiastic.

Raising an army of 30,000 men, not without difficulty, Sobieski marched against the Turks. He laid siege to the fortress of Kotzim, garrisoned by a strong Turkish force, and hitherto deemed impregnable. The fortress was taken; the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia yielded; the Turks hastily retreated across the Danube; and “Europe thanked God for the most signal success which, for three centuries, Christendom had gained over the infidel.” While the Poles were preparing to follow up their victory, intelligence reached the camp that Wisnowitzki

was dead. He had died of a surfeit of apples sent him from Dantzic. The army returned home, to be present at the assembling of the diet for the election of the new sovereign.

The diet had already met when Sobieski, and those of the Polish nobles who had been with him, reached Warsaw. The electors were divided respecting the claims of two candidates, both foreigners—Charles of Lorraine, who was supported by Austria; and Philip of Neuburg, who was supported by Louis XIV. of France. Many of the Polish nobility had become so corrupt, that foreign gold and foreign influence ruled the diet. In this case, the Austrian candidate seemed to be most favourably received; but, as the diet was engaged in the discussion, Sobieski entered, and taking his place in the diet, proposed the Prince of Condé. A stormy discussion ensued, in the midst of which the cry of "Let a Pole rule over Poland," was raised by one of the nobles, who further proposed that John Sobieski should be elected. The proposition went with the humour of the assembly, and Sobieski, under the title of John III., was proclaimed king of Poland (1674).

Sobieski accepted the proffered honour, and immediately set about improving the national affairs, founding an institution for the education of Polish nobles, and increasing the army. The nation being placed in a critical position as respects the encroachments of the Turks, at that time a powerful and dreaded enemy in Europe, the leading idea of Sobieski was to attack, and, by a series of movements, drive this Asiatic people out of their possessions, and, if possible, restore the Byzantine empire. Such was the magnificent scheme to the execution of which he devoted himself, and in which he endeavoured to engage the co-operation of the great European powers. As the Turks had already threatened to invade Italy, and seize on Rome, as they had formerly done on Constantinople, the pope, as was natural, seems most eagerly to have entered into his views.

After several battles of lesser moment with his Turkish foes, Sobieski prepared for a grand effort; but before he could mature his plans, the pasha of Damascus appeared with an army of 300,000 men on the Polish frontier, and threatened the national subjugation. With the small force he could immediately collect, amounting to not more than 10,000 soldiers, Sobieski opposed this enormous force, taking up his position in two small villages on the banks of the Dneister, where he withstood a bombardment for twenty days. Food and ammunition had failed; but still the Poles held out. Gathering the balls and shells which the enemy threw within their intrenchments, they thrust them into their own cannons and mortars, and dashed them back against the faces of the Turks, who surrounded them on all sides to the distance of a musket-shot. The besiegers were surprised, and slackened their fire. At length, early in the morning of the 14th of October 1676, they saw the Poles issue slowly out of their intrenchments in order of battle, and apparently confident of

victory. A superstitious fear came over them at such a strange sight. No ordinary mortal, they thought, could dare such a thing; and the Tartars cried out that it was useless to fight against the wizard king. The pasha himself was superior to the fears of his men; but knowing that succours were approaching from Poland, he offered an honourable peace, which was accepted, and Sobieski returned home in triumph.

Seven years of peace followed. These were spent by Sobieski in performing his ordinary duties as king of Poland—duties which the constant jealousies and discords of the nobles rendered by no means easy. He found himself, especially, checked in all that he undertook by the inordinate and morbid love of independence which animated the Polish nobles, and prevented them from agreeing in measures which, however salutary for the nation, might have a tendency to increase the power of the king. He also felt particularly the defects of the Polish constitution; above all, the preposterous arrangement, that every act of the diet must be passed unanimously. Struggling against these political vexations, Sobieski had an additional torment in his domestic relations; his wife, a Frenchwoman, giving him daily uneasiness by her conduct. It was almost a relief to the hero when, in 1683, a threatened invasion of Christendom by the Turks called him again to the field.

The Turks had been long preparing this invasion, resolved that it should surpass in magnitude all previous ones. The point of Christendom against which the attack was to be directed was not Poland, but Austria. The subtle genius of Louis XIV. of France was concerned in this: he had intrigued with the sultan, in order that, by means of a Turkish invasion, he might weaken those European nations to whose interests he was unfriendly; and that the invasion might be the more successful, he was at this moment endeavouring to excite a conspiracy among the Polish nobles, with a view to the deposition of Sobieski, of whom alone the Turks stood in dread. The intrigue was discovered by means of a letter to Louis from the French ambassador, which Sobieski intercepted. Summoning a diet, he read the letter, which implicated several nobles present in the conspiracy; but cunningly expressed his belief that the charge against them was a forgery. "But," added he, "to convince the world that it is so, you must declare war against the Turks." War was accordingly declared.

Meanwhile the Turks, under the vizier Kara Mustapha, were scouring the plains of Hungary. All Europe was in consternation when it was discovered that they were marching against the Austrian capital, Vienna. The Emperor Leopold fled, with his court, leaving his dominions to be defended by Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who had been Sobieski's rival for the Polish throne. On the 15th of July the siege of Vienna was begun. Who now could save Christendom but Sobieski? Courier after courier was despatched by the pope and by the emperor to implore his assist-

ance. Austria being no friend to Poland, and having in various ways deserved ill at the hands of Sobieski, it was feared he would refuse his help, and leave Vienna to its fate. But in the soul of Sobieski hatred to the Turks was a profound and earnest feeling, to which all mere personal animosity, all mere political reasoning, gave way. He could not, he dared not remain at ease, and see a Christian city besieged by Mahomedans. Assembling his forces, he marched to Vienna; all Europe looking with anxiety for the result.

At Heilbrunn, Sobieski joined his forces with those of the Duke of Lorraine; and on the 11th of September 1683, the allied army reached the summit of the Calenburg, from which were seen the towers of Vienna, and far spreading round the city, the gilded tents of the Turkish army. On the 12th of September, having heard mass, and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when a battle was impending—the king descended the mountain, to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslims on the plains below. “The shouts of the Christian army bore to the enemy the dreaded name of Sobieski. The latter were driven to their intrenchments after some time. On contemplating these works, Sobieski deemed them too strong and too formidably defended to be forced. Five o’clock in the afternoon had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Kara Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent, tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch, that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He made towards the pasha’s tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice, ‘*Non nobis, non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*’—(Not unto us, not unto us, Lord of Hosts, but to thy name be the glory). He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry. They drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. ‘Allah,’ said the Tartar khan, ‘but the wizard is with them sure enough.’ At that moment the hussars, raising their national cry of ‘God for Poland!’ cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the ranks of the enemy. They were a gallant band: their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings, that ‘if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the points of their lances.’ The shock was rude, and for some minutes dreadful; but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of their leader, and, more than all, the finger of God, routed these immense hosts. They gave way on every side; the khan was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now despairing vizier. ‘Canst not thou help me?’ said Mustapha to the brave Tartar; ‘then I am lost

indeed.' 'The Polish king is there,' replied the other; 'I know him well. Did I not tell thee that all we could do was to get away as quickly as possible?' Still the vizier attempted to make a stand—in vain. With tears in his eyes, he embraced his sons, and, following the universal example, fled. Europe was saved."*

After this great victory, Sobieski and his troops entered Vienna, and divine service was performed in the cathedral. Sobieski was kneeling on the steps of the altar, when a priest read aloud the text from Scripture—"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." The effect upon the audience was electrical; they acknowledged the application by marks of vehement emotion. The whole Christian world responded to the sentiment. "Protestants as well as Catholics caught the enthusiasm. Every pulpit, at Mentz as at Venice, in England as in Spain, resounded with the praises of the victor. At Rome the rejoicings continued a whole month. Innocent XI., bathed in tears of gratitude and joy, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix." Christendom was saved from a Mahomedan conquest; and the hero to whom all the nations of Europe attributed the glorious achievement, was John Sobieski.

After completely clearing Austria of the Turks, Sobieski returned to Poland, again to be harassed with political and domestic annoyances. To such a height did the spirit of anarchy reach, that not only were all his efforts for the good of the country thwarted, but he himself became the object of calumny. He was called a tyrant, a traitor, a destroyer of liberty; he was even challenged by one of his nobles to fight a duel. In this anarchy Sobieski saw too fearfully foreshadowed the downfall of Poland. At the close of the diet of 1688, he addressed the assembled nobles in these foreboding words—"I am no believer in auguries; but, as a Christian, I believe that the power and justice of Him who made the universe, regulates the destinies of states. Wherever, therefore, during the lifetime of the prince, crime is attempted with impunity, where altar is raised against altar, and strange gods followed under the very eye of the true one, there I believe the vengeance of the Most High has already begun its work." Sobieski then expressed a wish to resign his throne. His nobles, alarmed and conscience-stricken, persuaded him to retain it. The remaining years of his life, embittered by family griefs and by sad anticipations of his country's fortune, were spent in the cultivation of literature and in religious exercises. Clogged and confined by an absurd system of government, to which the nobles tenaciously clung, his genius was prevented from employing itself with effect upon great national objects. He died suddenly on Corpus Christi day, in the year 1696; and "with him," says the historian, "the glory of Poland descended to the tomb."

* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. vii.

SWEDISH AND RUSSIAN DOMINATION.

On the death of Sobieski, the crown of Poland was disposed of to the highest bidder. The competitors were James Sobieski, the son of John, the prince of Conti, the elector of Bavaria, and Frederick Augustus, elector of Saxony. The last was the successful candidate, having bought over one half of the Polish nobility, and terrified the other half by the approach of his Saxon troops. He had just succeeded to the electorate of Saxony, and was already celebrated as one of the strongest and most handsome men in Europe.

Augustus entertained a great ambition to be a conqueror, and the particular province which he wished to annex to Poland was Livonia, on the Baltic—a province which had originally belonged to the Teutonic knights; for which the Swedes, Poles, and Russians had long contended; but which had now, for nearly a century, been in the possession of Sweden. Still further to stimulate him in his design of a struggle with Sweden, having, while engaged in an expedition against the Turks, met the czar of Russia, Peter Alexiowitz—afterwards known to the world as Peter the Great, but then only returning from his travels, to put his gigantic plans for the aggrandisement of his country into execution—the two monarchs concluded an alliance, by which Russia and Poland were bound to assist each other in shattering the power of Sweden, and wresting from her all her provinces on the shores of the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland. In prosecution of this scheme, Augustus marched into Livonia, and laid siege to Riga.

But the two monarchs, when they resolved to crush Sweden, had little calculated on the resistance they would meet with. The Swedish throne was then filled by Charles XII., a lad of seventeen, who as yet had exhibited no symptoms of extraordinary ability, and was noted only for his love of hardy sports, and a strange wild obstinacy of disposition. But when intelligence reached Sweden that Riga was besieged, and that the czar and the Polish king were leagued together for the purpose of curtailing the Swedish power, the sleeping lion was roused within him. From that moment Charles XII. became the terror of Europe. Abandoning pleasure, ease, study, comfort, nay, even all the ordinary conveniences of life, wearing the coarsest clothes, "the waistcoat and breeches of leather, and so greasy that they might be fried," dispensing with the use of a comb, and spreading his bread and butter at meals with his thumbs, he devoted himself from that time to war, and war only.

Augustus had roused an enemy of a far more formidable character than he was at first aware of. Compelled, by the activity of Charles—who had already fought his maiden battle against the Russians—to raise the siege of Riga, he withdrew into Poland.

Livonia was speedily re-occupied by the Swedes, who defeated and expelled the Saxon forces of Augustus. Augustus at first hoped to make up his losses by the assistance of the Polish army; but the Poles, divided amongst themselves, and incensed at the conduct of Augustus, in bringing them into a war which they would have wished to avoid, as well as in introducing so many Saxons into Poland, showed no alacrity in co-operating with him, but, on the contrary, seemed perfectly disposed to admit the Swedish troops into the kingdom. At a diet held at Warsaw in December 1701, such proceedings took place as convinced Augustus that a large party of his Polish subjects were attached to the Swedish interests, and were prepared to carry out the designs of Charles.

Such was actually the case. The young Swedish warrior had resolved to dethrone Augustus; and whenever he formed a resolution, he clung to it with an obstinacy which no power on earth could shake. He boldly announced his design, and gave Augustus distinctly to understand that he would not rest till he had hurled him from his throne, and given it to another. A large party in Poland, at the head of which was the primate Radjowski, were highly pleased with the prospect. So powerful did this party become, and so greatly did Augustus fear it, that, seeing the Swedes in possession of Lithuania, and receiving no assistance from his allies the Russians, he thought it prudent to make terms, if possible, with the conqueror. Charles, however, refused, in the most decided manner, to hold any communication with him.

Convinced that there was no hope of altering the purpose of Charles, Augustus again applied to the Polish senate for assistance against the Swedes. The reply of the senate, made through the primate Radjowski, was, that so far from intending to assist him against Charles, they were disposed rather to conclude a treaty with that monarch. An embassy was accordingly despatched to Charles at Lithuania in the name of the Polish republic; and Charles, though he had refused to treat with Augustus, expressed his willingness to receive an embassy from the nation. As, however, the ambassadors were cautious and prevaricating, and did not appear sufficiently submissive, Charles did not make any answer to their proposals, but said he would give one at the gates of Warsaw. Accordingly, quitting Lithuania, he marched into Poland, and on the 5th of May 1702 arrived at Warsaw, from which Augustus had just taken his departure, with a view to raise some troops in Saxony. Charles had an interview with Radjowski, in which he declared that "he would never give the Poles peace till they had elected another king." It was not long before he accomplished his wish. Pursuing Augustus from one place to another, and defeating him wherever the two armies came to an engagement, he at length expelled him from the kingdom, and forced the diet to pass a resolution "declaring Augustus, elector of Saxony, incapable of wearing the crown of Poland."

It was intended both by Charles and by the Radjowski party in Poland, that James Sobieski should be elected king; but this intention was frustrated by a bold step on the part of the dethroned Augustus, who succeeded in carrying off Sobieski from his residence at Breslau. Alexander Sobieski, the brother of James, was then thought of; but he declined the offer, refusing to obtain a crown by his brother's misfortune. The Polish diet sent to consult Charles as to what should be done in this dilemma. Their ambassador was Stanislas Leczinski, the young palatine of Posnania, son of Raphael Leczinski, grand treasurer of Poland, the descendant and representative of a house so illustrious in ancient Polish history, that it was said that "he who did not know the family of the Leczinskis, knew nothing of Poland." The young palatine so pleased the Swedish king, that he resolved to appoint him to the vacant throne, as a "man fitter than any he had seen to reconcile all parties." Leczinski was accordingly elected without opposition on the 12th of July 1704.

For nearly two years, a contest was carried on between the two rival kings of Poland; at length, however, Augustus was reduced to such straits, that he was obliged to accept whatever terms Charles chose to offer. The sum of these was, that he should abdicate all pretension to the Polish crown now and for ever. Augustus was forced to comply; and after an interview with Charles at Guntersdorf, in which the conqueror would converse about nothing but a pair of jack-boots, which he said had lasted him six years, he wrote a humble letter to his rival Stanislas, congratulating him on his accession to the crown, and expressing a hope that his subjects would be more faithful to their new king than they had been to the old one. He then withdrew into Saxony, and gave up all connexion with Poland.

Having thus settled the affairs of Poland, Charles, after displaying his influence in various parts of Germany, prepared for a decisive struggle with his grand enemy the czar of Russia, a man as extraordinary as himself, and of much greater genius. Hitherto, in the battles between the Russians and the Swedes, the Swedes had almost always gained the victory; but for this, Peter, who knew that the Swedish superiority lay in their discipline, and who was resolved to make good soldiers out of his own half-savage subjects, was quite prepared. "I know," he used to say, "the Swedes will go on beating us for a long time; but, with such capital teaching, we shall be able at last to beat them." Now, however, Charles was resolved to invade Russia, and dethrone the czar as he had the Polish king. Marching in the dead of winter through the Ukraine, the inhabitants of which had revolted from the czar, he announced his intention of proceeding straight to Moscow. To the hardy Swedes, trained under such a captain, no climate was too severe, no enterprise too arduous. The czar, who no doubt knew that the military education he meant to give his subjects was not yet

complete, showed some symptoms of alarm; and wishing to defer the invasion, sent some pacific proposals to the Swedish monarch. "I will treat with the czar at Moscow," was the reply. When this reply was reported to Peter, "My brother Charles," says he, "still sticks, I see, to the notion of acting Alexander; but I flatter myself he will not find a Darius in me."

Charles did *not* find a Darius in the Russian czar: the expedition to Moscow proved as fatal to him as it did to Napoleon a hundred years afterwards. He had penetrated to within a hundred leagues of Moscow, when the failure of provisions obliged him to turn aside from the direct road into the country inhabited by the Cossacks; and here, on the 8th of July 1709, was fought the great battle of Pultowa, in which the czar was victorious, and the Swedes were totally routed. Charles having in this one battle lost the fruits of all his former victories, fled into the Turkish dominions, where, attended by a few Poles and Swedes, he remained for nearly four years, notwithstanding all the efforts of the sultan and his council to induce him to depart. His obstinacy, which obtained for him the name of the *Iron Head*, would not allow him to return to Sweden until he had redeemed part of his losses, and he hoped to persuade the Turks to send an army to invade Russia.

The battle of Pultowa changed the fate of Europe, and in a particular manner that of Poland. Augustus, freed from the fear of the Swedish king, now an exile in Turkey, and having obtained leave from the pope to break his oath abdicating the Polish crown, immediately advanced into Poland; and his rival, Stanislas Leczinski, too weak to meet him, was obliged to quit the country, and joined his master in Turkey, where he was detained a prisoner by the Turks. On his release, he retired to an estate granted him by Charles; and little else remains to be related about him, except that his daughter became queen of France, having married Louis XV. He died in 1766, and left several published works.

Augustus II. was now, for the second time, king of Poland. The change was by no means an advantageous one for the country. True, Stanislas had been a mere nominee of Charles XII., and Poland, under him, had been little better than a Swedish province; still, Charles had been a generous master, and the restoration of Augustus, instead of bringing back independence to Poland, had only placed it under the harsher and less tolerable domination of Russia. Augustus was not popular among his Polish subjects, and it was only by the assistance of foreign powers that he retained his throne. Of all these powers, Russia possessed the greatest appetite for conquest. It is from the Czar Peter that the Russian monarchs have inherited that spirit of annexation which has for the last century distinguished the policy of that monster-empire. Poland was a country upon which Russia had already fixed her greedy eye; and the first

step towards its acquisition was the reduction of the national Polish army from 100,000 to 20,000 men. This and other measures were carried by Augustus II., at the prompting of Russia. "Augustus II.," says a Polish historian, "brought peace to Poland, but it was the peace of the tomb."

He died in 1733, and was succeeded by his son, Augustus III. Like his father, Augustus III. was both king of Poland and elector of Saxony. As king of Poland, he showed even less capacity than his father. As he owed the crown to Russian influence, so, during his whole reign, Russian influence was supreme. Augustus usually resided in Dresden, his Saxon capital, where he obtained some reputation as a person of taste and a patron of the fine arts; and as St Petersburg was more truly the centre of the Polish government than Dresden, the Russian capital became the resort of the Poles. Augustus III. died at Dresden in 1763. His daughter, Maria Josepha, became the wife of the dauphin of France, and the mother of three French monarchs—the unfortunate Louis XVI., and his brothers Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

About a year elapsed before a successor was appointed to Augustus, and this interval was, as usual, one of anarchy and confusion. There were at this time two parties among the Polish grandees—the Radzivil, or republican party, who were for keeping up the government of Poland in its existing republican form; and the Czartoriski, or monarchical party, who perceived the evils arising from such a system of government, and wished to change it into a well-organised monarchy. The former relied on German and French influence; the latter looked for help from Russia. Mixed up with these political differences, there were differences of a religious kind. The power of the Jesuits had of late been increasing in Poland, and in 1736 they were able to procure an act of the Polish diet, depriving dissenters of access to public offices, and many other important civil rights; in fact, reducing them to the same level as the Polish Jews. Ever since that time, the spirit of religious controversy had run high in Poland. The Czartoriski party inclined to the Roman Catholic side; the Radzivil party were in favour of the toleration of Protestants.

The Czartoriski party triumphed over the other in the election of the new king. With the assistance of a Russian force, which Catherine II. of Russia sent into Poland, they secured the election of Count Stanislas Poniatowski, a relation of the Czartoriski family, and a favourite of the Russian empress. At the same diet the Czartoriski party effected several salutary reforms in the Polish constitution, abolishing, among other things, the absurd custom by which the *veto* of a single member was permitted to dissolve the diet. Altogether, they effected a very desirable revolution in the Polish political system, although the merit of what they did is greatly detracted from by the fact, that they procured at the same time a more stringent act against dissenters.

No sooner had Count Poniatowski, under the title of Stanislas Augustus, ascended the Polish throne—the last who was to ascend it—than the Russian empress found that the changes which the Czartoriski party had effected with her help were injurious to her influence over Poland; and Catherine was not a woman to suffer any loss of power. She had a good pretext for interfering in the affairs of Poland, inasmuch as Russia was one of the European powers which had guaranteed the treaty of Oliva in 1660, by which the Polish Protestants were secured liberty of conscience. As soon as Poniatowski was crowned, Russia, along with Prussia, Denmark, and Great Britain, remonstrated with the Polish diet against its recent act of bigotry, by which the dissenters were excluded from civil rights. The Polish Protestants, as well as those who, without being Protestants, were in favour of toleration, of course felt themselves indebted to Russia, and supported the Russian interests. In this way, partly by the growth of a Russian party in the Polish diet, partly by the terror caused by the presence of Russian troops, all the reforms of the Czartoriski party were annulled, and the old constitution revived. The Catholic party, however, headed by the bishop of Cracow, was still strong enough to prevent the repeal of the act against dissenters; and it was not till after a severe struggle, during which the bishop and some other principal men of the Catholic party were carried off by Russian detachments, and sent to Siberia, that the intolerant statute was abolished. At length, in 1768, Russia succeeded in becoming absolute in Poland, and ruling the diet. Poniatowski was a mere underling of Catherine; he encouraged literature, and did as much good as his position allowed, but he was not an independent sovereign.

Here may be said to close the history of Poland as an independent country, and we may be allowed to take a momentary glance at its condition. Consisting of a large and fertile territory, with a fine climate, and traversed by magnificent rivers; independent also, and capable of maintaining a respectable footing in the list of nations, this unfortunate country appears to have at no time pursued a tranquil and prosperous career. All the blessings which nature lavished upon it were unable to give it happiness. There was clearly but one cause for this—its wretched political constitution. The principle of electing its kings, introduced endless cabals and commotions; and although occasionally governed by a man like Sobieski, the nation was in point of fact under the thralldom of one of the least intelligent and most intractable oligarchies which the world has ever witnessed. Proud, irascible, and despising all ordinary industry, living privately as petty princes in the midst of slaves, and publicly following no other profession than that of the sword, the nobles of Poland may with all truth be stated to have been the curse of their misused and unhappy country. The natural consequences of this species of misrule were now

manifest. A foreign power, urged by ambition, and with the plausible excuse of securing toleration in religion, had succeeded in undermining Polish independence. Though leaving Poland its king and other externals of an independent nation, Russia was now the actual ruler of the state.

PARTITIONING AND FINAL DISMEMBERMENT OF POLAND.

There were not wanting patriotic spirits who watched with grief the increase of Russian influence, and were resolved to make Poland again independent. These patriots, consisting of the relics of the Czartoriski party, and of all the chief Catholic nobles, formed themselves into a confederacy, called the Confederacy of Bar, and from 1768 to 1771, they kept the country in a state of civil war, by incessantly fighting with the Russian troops who surrounded the king, as well as with those of their fellow-countrymen who, being Protestants, adhered to Russia. In these engagements the confederates were always beaten by the Russians; until, in 1771, being reinforced by secret assistance from France, they were able to act more vigorously, and even to gain partial successes. Russia, however, obtained speedy assistance from her allies, Prussia and Austria; and the confederates were utterly crushed by the joint armies of these three powers. Thus were the last hopes of Polish independence destroyed. One would have regretted it more if the patriots had been fighting for the cause of religious toleration; but when we remember that, if they had triumphed, Poland would have been the scene of all kinds of cruelty and persecution, we cannot but think that it was preferable that they should lose, even though they were fighting for nationality.

The introduction of foreign troops proved disastrous to this unhappy country. Frederick II. of Prussia had long coveted the western portion of Poland, and had already, in the course of the recent disturbances, filled it with Prussian troops. Seeing, however, that now that the war was concluded, he would be obliged to relinquish his prize, unless he could persuade his two allies, Russia and Austria, to allow him to retain it, he planned the partition of Poland—that is, the cutting off from Poland a large portion of her territories, to be divided among the three allied powers. He was to retain for himself those provinces on which he had already set his heart, and Russia and Austria were to select what other portions they liked best. This proposal was made first to the emperor of Austria, and then to the empress of Russia; and a satisfactory agreement having been come to, a treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the three powers in February 1772, by which Poland was to be deprived of 3295 square miles of her territory, or nearly one-third of the whole. Although Great Britain, France, Sweden, and Denmark, protested against this monstrous act of usurpation, yet, as their interference amounted to nothing but a protest, the

allies persevered in carrying their plan into execution. To give a colour of legality to their proceedings, they assembled the Polish diet in April 1773, and caused the scheme to be submitted to it. Many of the senators and nuncios behaved nobly on the occasion; the king was resolute in behalf of independence; but at length threats and bribery prevailed, and the act of dismemberment was passed.

This calamity would have been a matter of little consequence, if it had restored the Poles to unanimity, and opened their eyes to their own faults and follies. It failed in any such effect. Instead of laying aside minor differences, and uniting against the common enemy, the nobles still squabbled and set up divisions; and not a few of them, to their great disgrace, accepted bribes from their oppressors. Yet, with every vile influence that could be brought to bear, the nation generally was indignant, and for twenty years entertained hopes of recovering its lost territory and independent position. Among the nobles, there were many patriotic and enlightened men laboriously exerting themselves, by means of personal influence and political confederacy, as well as through the press, to reanimate the national spirit. Under the auspices of these men a reaction was begun, which succeeded so far, that, in the year 1791, a new constitution was agreed upon by the diet. In this new constitution many of the old forms were purposely preserved; but the reform which it aimed at effecting was a very sweeping one, as may be judged by the following selection from its provisions. Slavery was to be abolished, and every inhabitant of Poland to become a free man; the Roman Catholic religion was to be established by law, but all other forms of worship were to be tolerated; instead of a single diet as heretofore, there were to be two legislative chambers, one of senators, the other of representatives; these parliaments were to meet at any time, and were not to be restricted in the length of their sittings, and the *liberum veto* was to be abolished; the free royal towns were to have municipal governments; and the king, instead of being elective, was henceforth to be hereditary—the Saxon line to succeed after the death of Poniatowski.

These proposals for reform came a hundred years too late. Poland was already in the jaws of destruction. Russia, which watched the proceedings of the diet, resolved to interfere; nor were there wanting among the Poles men corrupt enough to be her agents. Catherine sent her armies into Poland; the king of Prussia, who was pledged to assist the patriots, deserted them in their extremity; the Russian party among the Polish nobility exerted their strength; the feeble Stanislas betrayed the trust reposed in him—and the work of the grand diet was overthrown. Not only so, but, to punish Poland for rebelling against her Prussian master and her Russian mistress, a second partition of her territories took place in 1793, by which she lost 5614 square miles of her remaining territory, 1061 of which

were annexed to Prussia, and the other 4553 to Russia. The Polish territories were thus reduced to 4016 square miles, or less than one-third of their ancient extent.

One struggle more, the last and the bravest, and Poland was to be blotted from the map of Europe. The two names most illustrious in this final struggle, or at least best known in connexion with it, are Julian Ursin Niemcewicz and Thaddeus Kosciuszko, both of them Lithuanians, the one born in 1757, the other in 1746. Kosciuszko, when a young officer in the Polish army, had formed an attachment to Louisa Sosnowski, daughter of Joseph Sosnowski, grand marshal of Lithuania. Her parents forbidding her union with one whose rank was so inferior to her own, she consented to elope with him. The lovers were pursued and overtaken; Kosciuszko drew his sword, but was overpowered, and left on the ground weltering in his blood, all that remained to him of his bride being a white handkerchief which she had dropped, and which ever afterwards, by day and night, and in the hottest hour of battle, he carried next his heart. Kosciuszko went to America, where the war of independence was then raging; and after serving with distinction on the side of the colonists, and attaining the rank of general of brigade, he returned to his native country, where, being created major-general in the Polish army by Stanislas, he fought in behalf of the independence of Poland. In 1792, when the Russians had completely crushed the power of Poland, he retired into exile at Leipsic, where he was when the second partition took place. His friend and co-patriot, Niemcewicz, was not only a soldier, like Kosciuszko, but likewise a poet and a statesman—one of the highest names in the history of Polish literature. He had been a member of the great diet which prepared the new constitution, and had exerted his powers, both as a journalist and as a dramatist, to inspire his countrymen with the same ardent enthusiasm which burned in his own breast. But the poetical genius of Niemcewicz was not more effective against the Russian power than the valour of his friend Kosciuszko; and before the second partition took place, he had retired into Italy.

Kosciuszko at Leipsic, and Niemcewicz in Italy, were looking eagerly towards Poland, watching for an opportunity of once more raising the standard of independence, when intelligence was brought them that, in consequence of the second partition, the whole country, and especially the capital, Warsaw, was in a ferment. Hurrying from Leipsic, Kosciuszko appeared at Cracow on the 24th of March 1794, at the head of a small band of patriots. The news spread, "Kosciuszko is here:" nobles and citizens, peasants and handicraftsmen, poured in to join him; ladies tore off their jewels to furnish the means of sustaining the revolt; many of them even armed themselves to fight by the side of their husbands. Kosciuszko was created by the nobles general-in-chief of the Polish armies; and the whole country became

the scene of a terrible war. On the first rumour of the insurrection, Niemcewicz had hastened to join his friend. The struggle lasted six months. At first, the Poles gained considerable successes; the Russians were driven out of Warsaw and many other places; but on the 10th of October 1794, was fought the fatal battle of Maciejowice, in which the Poles were completely defeated, and Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, and many other eminent patriots, taken prisoners. We shall copy the description of this last battle, given by the pen of Niemcewicz himself, in his "Notes on my Captivity in Russia."

Receiving intelligence that the Russian army, under General Fersen, had crossed the Vistula near the village of Maciejowice, twenty Polish, or about eighty-four English miles from Warsaw, Kosciuszko resolved to give him battle, in order to prevent him from joining Suwarrow. When he reached the spot, Kosciuszko found that some troops which he expected to join him had not done so; but he could not avoid the battle. "On Friday the 10th October, at break of day, we were informed," says Niemcewicz, "that all the enemy's army was advancing towards us in battle array. Our little army stood in readiness to receive them. As the enemy had cannon of larger calibre than ours, they opened the fire upon us at a great distance; and their large balls, passing through the brambles, and smashing the boughs of trees with dreadful noise, were falling among us. We had only three or four twelve-pounders, and as soon as the enemy were within the proper distance, we fired upon them; and with such effect, that we could see their columns wavering, and panic spreading through their ranks. Our position was on a dry and elevated piece of ground, while the Russians were advancing over marshes, in which cannon and men were sinking at every step. The Russians seemed at one time to be on the point of giving up the attack, and retreating. But it proved soon to be quite the contrary: the enemy, four times stronger than we, and having a large park of artillery, were not discouraged by the disadvantages of the *terrain*, but continued to advance. Their fire became more and more rapid; a shower of balls of every size, grape-shot, and grenades, spreading, as they burst, death on all sides, overwhelmed us.

"About twelve o'clock the fire became still more terrible: death was flying and striking everywhere: nearly all our artillery horses were killed or maimed. Not one of us, however, left his place. The enemy were already within musket-shot, when the infantry began a terrible fire on both sides: the ground was covered with dead and wounded, and the air resounded with their groanings. The shower of bullets, with their shrill whistling, was so incessant, that I do not know how any of us escaped. In the meantime the ammunition was exhausted, and our artillery became entirely silent. The soldiers at last lost patience, tired with being exposed to a continued fire during five hours. The enemy's horse was advancing at a gallop through the brush-

wood, to fall upon our flank. A squadron of the militia of my province, Bizesc, placed on the table land, began to waver; I ran to animate them, and having put myself at their head, was going to check the progress of the Russian cavalry, when, being already near them, I was struck by a bullet in the right arm above the elbow. The horsemen whom I led to the charge were scattered; confusion prevailed everywhere; all the Russian army were advancing and surrounding us. Our infantry, though weakened, and presenting many gaps in their ranks, stood firm, and received the attack of the phalanx of Russian bayonets. The butchery began; the enemy became masters of the field, marching over the bodies of our soldiers, who covered in death the very ground they had occupied in battle.

"While I was looking everywhere for General Kosciuszko, the loss of blood weakened me, and the sword fell from my hand. An officer seeing me in this condition, undid his neckcloth, and tied it round my arm. I found the general at last engaged in rallying a small detachment of cavalry. His horse was killed by a cannon shot, and he had just mounted another, when suddenly a new corps of the enemy's horse showed itself on our front. We attacked and repulsed them; but all the Russian light dragoons soon rushed upon us; the Cossacks took us on the flanks; our little army gave way; and every one, for safety, betook himself to flight as well as he could, the wood promising to cover our retreat. An officer passing at the head of twenty horsemen said to me, 'Join our small detachment; make haste; we shall not fall into the enemy's hands.' 'Everything is lost,' replied I; 'no matter what becomes of me!' He went away. I had neither strength nor wish to spur forward my horse. I saw myself surrounded by a band of Cossacks. I had no sword; my pistols were discharged; and I could not raise my arm. They seized my horse by the bridle, and thus I was taken prisoner."

Kosciuszko had fallen in leaping his horse over a ditch: he was taken prisoner, after having received terrible wounds. Niemcewicz describes his appearance when brought to the Russian head-quarters among the other prisoners. "Between four and five o'clock in the evening we saw a detachment of soldiers approaching head-quarters, and carrying upon a handbarrow, hastily constructed, a man half-dead. This was General Kosciuszko. His head and body covered with blood, contrasted in a dreadful manner with the livid paleness of his face. He had on his head a large wound from a sword, and three on his back above the loins, from the thrusts of a pike. He could scarcely breathe, and lay in a stupor. I spent the most miserable night that it could fall to the lot of mortal to endure. The dawn dissipated at last the horrible darkness. General Kosciuszko awoke like a man who had been in a profound lethargy, and seeing me wounded by his side, asked me what was the matter, and where we were. 'Alas!' said I, 'we are prisoners of the Russians.'"

Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, Fischer, and the other Polish prisoners, were carried to St Petersburg, where they were confined in separate cells by the orders of the empress. On Catherine's death, in 1796, they were released by her successor Paul. Kosciuszko and Niemcewicz went to America; the others were scattered over the world. Kosciuszko never recovered his health. Returning to Europe, he died in Switzerland on the 15th of October 1817. Niemcewicz died in Paris, at an advanced age, in 1841.

The battle of Maciejowice decided the fate of Poland. Warsaw immediately capitulated; and the remaining 4000 miles of Polish territory were parted between Russia, Prussia, and Austria; Russia, as usual, obtaining the largest share. Thus, in the year 1795, Poland was erased from the list of European states.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE POLES.

From 1795 to 1815, the Poles entertained the hope of a restoration of their national independence by the assistance of France. Immediately after the dismemberment, a large body of Polish refugees offered to hire themselves as the soldiers of the French Directory; and the offer being accepted, a number of Polish regiments were levied under the command of their own leaders, which, distinguished by the name of the Polish Legions, continued to serve France during the republic, and also under Napoleon. Their object was, in one point of view, a noble one; they hoped, by their bravery and earnestness in the French service, to earn from Napoleon the restoration of Polish liberty. Accordingly, after gaining many victories for Napoleon in all parts of the continent, as well as serving him in the West Indies, they were rewarded by having their wishes in part complied with. In 1806, Napoleon having gained an advantage over Prussia, with the assistance of the Poles, deprived that kingdom of nearly all that portion of Polish territory which it had acquired by the second and third partitions, amounting to 1850 square miles, with upwards of 2,000,000 of inhabitants, and constituted it into an independent European state, under the name of the Duchy of Warsaw, the ducal authority to be hereditary in the Saxon line. In 1809-10, this new Polish state was augmented by the addition of a large portion of the Austrian territory; and by the treaty of Vienna in 1812, the boundaries of the new duchy were fixed, so as to include about 3000 square miles.

This was something; for although large sections of the old Polish territory were still allowed to remain in the possession of Prussia and Austria, and although Russia still retained all her share, yet Napoleon had shown himself disposed to behave generously in the matter; and there was no reason to doubt that, when the state of Europe permitted it, he would carry his generosity to still greater lengths. Accordingly, the grateful Poles resolved to serve him faithfully in his future campaigns; and in 1812, when the invasion of Russia by the French was deter-

mined on, the Poles, eager to inflict vengeance on their old enemy, showed their enthusiasm by raising 80,000 men for the expedition. Although Napoleon did not actually promise the restoration of Russian Poland, yet they did not doubt but that, if the expedition were successful, the restoration would take place. The disastrous issue of the invasion, and the consequent abdication of Napoleon, overthrew these hopes. The only expectation that now remained to the Poles was, that the plenipotentiaries of the various European powers, by whose negotiations in 1814 the affairs of Europe were to be finally settled, would do something for Poland. Nor was this expectation unfounded. Lord Castlereagh on the part of Great Britain, and Talleyrand on the part of France, were alike favourable to a restoration of Polish independence; Austria professed her willingness to surrender all the Polish territory she still retained; the Emperor Alexander of Russia was at that time believed to entertain ultra-liberal political sentiments; and should all these powers agree, Prussia would be obliged to submit. It is extremely probable that a final arrangement favourable to the Poles would have been agreed to; but at the time when the negotiations were going on, Napoleon landed from Elba, and threw Europe again into consternation.

The plenipotentiaries being obliged to hurry through their negotiations as fast as possible, the following arrangement was adopted. The greater part of the duchy of Warsaw was to be thenceforth called the kingdom of Poland; and under that name it was to be united to Russia, "to be enjoyed by his majesty the emperor of all the Russias, his heirs and successors, for ever;" but to be governed by a constitution of its own. The remainder of the duchy was to be annexed to Prussia, under the name of the duchy of Posen. Gallicia, and the salt mines of Wieliczka, were to be secured to Austria. Lastly, the city and district of Cracow, embracing about twenty geographical miles, and containing a population of about 100,000, was to be formed into an independent republic. Thus the whole of Poland, with the exception of this last named little spot, was divided, as formerly, between the three powers which had dismembered it; and in tracing the history of the Poles from 1815 to the present time, we require to divide the narrative into three parts, one relating to Austrian Poland, one to Prussian Poland, and one to Russian Poland.

With respect to Austrian and Prussian Poland, little need be said: in both, the Poles are subjected to those misfortunes which attend a subdued nation under the government of foreigners. There is this difference, however, that the Poles of Austria are allowed to retain perhaps more of their national manners and habits than it is possible for them to do in Prussia, where there is a tendency to establish Germanism on the ruins of everything else. In both countries, however, the Poles are under a despotic

government; and if it is an evil for the natives of a country to be under a despotic government, it is a double evil to be under a government which, besides being despotic, is administered by foreigners.

But Russian Poland is far more extensive than Austrian and Prussian Poland united, and its history is more interesting. At first, its condition was surprisingly fortunate. The Emperor Alexander took a pride in his new title of King of Poland, and declared that he wished Poland to be united to Russia only by the title of its own happy constitution. A new constitution was guaranteed to the kingdom of Poland, by which the liberty of the press, the freedom of the person, the responsibility of the ministers, the use of the national Polish language, and the service of a national army, were secured, along with a representative system of government resembling that agreed to by the grand diet of 1791. This was astonishing from a man who held absolute power over 50,000,000 Russians. A similar constitution was also granted to the other parts of Russian Poland.

Thus was founded a second Poland, not so large, indeed, as the first, but under auspices which seemed to promise a better fortune. The following facts, obtained from an authentic source, will give an idea of the condition of the new kingdom in the year 1829, fourteen years after its establishment, and four years after the accession of the present emperor, Nicolas, to the Russian throne. The entire kingdom was divided into eight palatinates; namely, Masovia, Cracow, Sandomiř, Kalisz, Lublin, Plotsk, and Augustowa. The population amounted to nearly four millions, of whom one million were foreigners—Russians, Jews, Germans, &c. With the exception of the Jews, nearly all the inhabitants were Roman Catholics. The number of persons engaged in agriculture was about six times greater than the number of persons engaged in all other occupations together; and the proportion between the nobles and the plebeians was one to thirteen. An immense improvement had been effected in the country. In the first place, the peasantry of a large part of the country had been emancipated; some landlords having adopted the system of free labour in exchange for wages, others having adopted an improved feudal arrangement, and allowing their dependents a cottage and a few acres of ground on condition of obtaining so many days' labour a week from them. With respect to religion; although the Roman Catholic form of faith was under the special protection of government, all other forms of worship were tolerated, and their professors were entitled to the enjoyment of all civil rights. A wonderful enlargement had also taken place in manufactures and commerce. While in 1815 there were hardly one hundred looms for coarse woollen cloths, there were in 1829 above six thousand. The reason of this change was the repeal of many of the ancient Polish laws which checked commerce, especially a law which prohibited

the nobles from engaging in it, on the idea that it would be a degradation of their order to do so. The face of the country had also been materially improved, and the facilities of travelling increased. "Two fine substantial roads crossed the whole kingdom, one from Kalisz to Brzesk Litewski; another from Cracow to the Niemen, both passing through Warsaw. Diligences had been established; inns and post-houses erected; 523 bridges had been constructed or repaired; embankments, in great part of stone, had been raised to restrain the waters of the Vistula; the other rivers had been cleansed; and a canal had been cut to join the Narva to the Niemen. The city of Warsaw had been wonderfully improved. In 1815 it reckoned only 80,000 inhabitants; in 1829 its population amounted to 140,000, besides the garrison. New streets, squares, palaces, gardens, private and public buildings, had been constructed either by government or by individuals, assisted in many instances by the public treasury. The university of Warsaw, which had been founded in 1816 in lieu of that of Cracow, consisted of five faculties, and had 48 professors, and about 750 students." The means of education had also been greatly extended all over the kingdom.

Such were the happy effects of fourteen years of tolerably free government. Most of these results had been accomplished by the Poles themselves; for although the emperor of Russia was their king, his power was limited by the constitution. The Poles, therefore, had given proof of the force and elasticity of their national character, when placed in favourable circumstances; they had proved that it was to their wretched system of social arrangements, and not to any defect of natural genius, that the long series of disasters which had befallen their nation was owing. A nation which in fourteen years could make such advances in civilisation, had still some vigour and vitality left. There was hope that the rising fortunes of the second Poland would cause the miseries of the first to be forgotten.

These hopes were doomed to disappointment. Even before the death of Alexander, symptoms of commotion began to appear. An excitement which rose among the Poles, may be attributed to two causes. In the first place, there still lingered in the minds of the Polish subjects of Alexander recollections of their ancient nationality, of their sufferings, of the unjust dismemberment of their country. Although enjoying comparative liberty and happiness themselves, they could not forget that there were millions of their countrymen less fortunately situated—groaning under the Prussian and the Austrian yoke. Accordingly, the restoration of ancient Poland, the reunion of its torn and scattered provinces, was the dream of all the young men of Warsaw and other cities; and a revolution was precipitated by the despotic conduct of the Grand Duke Constantine, whom his brother, the Emperor Alexander, had unfortunately appointed generalissimo of the

forces in Poland. The grand duke is described by Louis Blanc as "one of those inexplicable beings who, baffling observation, disappoint alike their friends and their foes. His figure was athletic, and admirably symmetrical; his face hideous; and yet gleams of good nature shot from his eyes, deep set beneath their bushy and sandy brows, and tempered the savage expression of his countenance."

There could not have been a more unfit man to wield power in Poland than the Grand Duke Constantine. Wherever he went, he offended and disgusted the Poles by his tyrannical conduct, setting at defiance all the articles of the constitution of 1815, interfering with all the processes of government, and obeying no law but his own caprice. The consequence was, that, even before the death of Alexander, the Poles were burning under innumerable grievances, and complaining that the constitution which secured their liberties was treated as a dead letter. This condition of affairs was not improved by the death of Alexander in 1825. His successor should have been the Grand Duke Constantine, but, aware of his own incapacity to rule, Constantine abdicated in favour of his younger brother, the present Emperor Nicolas. Poland now suffered more than ever. Still residing at Warsaw, Constantine, in addition to his duties as commander-in-chief of the army, wielded the functions of viceroy of Poland, and governed the country according to his own will. Even had Nicolas been himself favourably disposed towards the Poles, it would have been difficult for him to remonstrate against the conduct of the man to whom he was indebted for his empire. But Nicolas, whose antipathies to representative government are well known, had no wish to curb the tyrannical license of his brother, and looked on approvingly rather than otherwise, while Constantine acted the despot in Warsaw.

The following are a few of the grievances which the Poles had to complain of under the government of Constantine. By the constitution of 1815, it was provided that Russian troops passing through Poland should be supported at the expense of the Russian treasury; contrary to this stipulation, however, Russian regiments were quartered in Warsaw and its neighbourhood at the expense of the inhabitants. The constitution of 1815 guaranteed the liberty of the press; contrary to this guarantee, a censorship had been established. By the constitution of 1815 the Polish diet was to be convened at least every two years; only one diet, however, was held between 1820 and 1830. By the constitution of 1815 the supplies to the sovereign were to be voted by the diet every four years; in violation of which article, Constantine had levied the revenues directly, without submitting the accounts to the diet. The constitution likewise provided for the liberty of the subject, making it illegal to arrest any one without assigning reasons, and holding out the prospect of a fair trial; but this article also had been repeatedly broken, many

persons having been long detained in prison, before they were made aware of the crime with which they were charged, and others having been condemned in an illegal manner.

Groaning under these and other inflictions of a similar nature, the Poles had long been prepared for a revolt. Numerous secret societies had been organised in Warsaw and other towns, under the character of literary associations and institutions of free-masonry. The students of the university and the young officers of the army were the most eager spirits of the new movement. The French Revolution of 1830, agitating, as it did, all Europe, hastened the development of the conspiracy; and the month of February 1831 was fixed as the time for a simultaneous rising throughout Poland. The activity of Nicolas, however, in obtaining information of whatever was occurring in Poland, and, in particular, the publication of an imperial edict for the assembling of the Polish army to serve against France, showed the conspirators the necessity of acting immediately; and the night of the 29th of November 1830 was appointed for the outbreak. On that night a body of 200 young men of the military school, with two sub-lieutenants, Wysocki and Zaliwski, at their head, rose, and, assisted by the students of the university, roused the whole of Warsaw, attacked the Russians, put to death a number of their officers, and obtained possession of the city; the Grand Duke Constantine barely escaping with his life. The morning of the 30th of November rose on blood-stained streets, and crowds of citizens mad with joy. A provisional government, consisting of the most approved patriots, was appointed in the name of Nicolas as the constitutional king of Poland; and the mob called eagerly for Chlopicki to come and assume the command of the troops. Chlopicki was an old general, who had served with distinction in the armies of Napoleon; he was a man of commanding appearance and peremptory manners, and had gained great popularity among the Poles by his conduct during the oppressions of the grand duke. In consequence of this popularity, although he had taken no part personally in the insurrection of the previous evening, he was urged to accept the command of the Polish forces. Unfortunately, his character was inferior to the task imposed upon him. He was a man of mere method and rule, and, although personally courageous, deficient in that daring and enthusiasm which animated the mass of the younger patriots, and alone could secure a triumph at such a crisis. It has been said of him that, "at the first sound of the revolution which wished him for its leader, he took his compasses, and, measuring the extent of the empire of the czars, he shook his head, saying, 'If Poland dares to resist, she is lost.'"

Chlopicki's first act, after assuming the command, was to enter into a negotiation with the grand duke, who was encamped at a small distance from Warsaw with 8000 Russians, the Polish regiments on which he depended for support having deserted him,

and joined the patriots. By a strange and irreparable blunder, he permitted the grand duke and his Russian troops to leave the country unmolested; thus losing the decided advantage which the possession of Constantine's person would have given him in his future negotiations with the emperor. Nor was this his only error. Instead of marching to Lithuania, as he was advised by the ablest and boldest of the patriots, and thus extending the flame of revolt to all the Polish provinces, he remained in the city, assumed all the power into his own hands by causing himself to be proclaimed dictator, and issued orders for repairing the fortifications. Anxious to bring the war to a conclusion, he despatched two ambassadors, whose views were similar to his own, to St Petersburg, to endeavour to obtain terms from the emperor. Meanwhile, the bolder spirits among the patriots were chafing under his cautious and temporising government.

The reply of Nicolas to the representations of the Poles reached Warsaw on the 15th of January 1831. The substance of it was, that the Poles must surrender at discretion. When it was laid before the assembled Polish diet, a difference arose between Chlopicki and the great body of representatives; the former seeming inclined to agree to the emperor's demand, the latter declaring their resolution to continue the struggle even to death. Chlopicki resigned the dictatorship in anger, pointing out as his successor in the command of the forces Prince Michael Radzivil; a man of many virtues, but timid and irresolute. A discussion then ensued as to what course Poland ought to pursue; whether she should continue to recognise Nicolas as her sovereign, or declare the throne vacant? Jezierski, one of the ambassadors who had been sent to St Petersburg, read to the diet the memorial which he had presented to the emperor, and which had been returned to him with numerous notes and comments written on the paper by the emperor's own hand. One of these notes ran as follows:—"I am king of Poland, and I will drive her. The first cannon-shot fired by the Poles shall annihilate Poland." The diet quailed for the moment, abashed by the resolution of the imperial language. The next moment, however, the hot patriotic blood was dancing through the veins and flushing the faces of the deputies. Several of them made an attempt to address the house, when a voice of thunder rang through the hall, "There is no longer a Nicolas." It was the voice of the nuncio Leduchowski. All started to their feet, and, amid cries of "There is no longer a Nicolas"—"There is no longer an emperor," the house of Romanoff was declared incapable for ever of possessing the crown of Poland. A new government was organised, under the presidency of Prince Adam Czartoryski.

The rupture between Russia and Poland was now irreparable, and the patriots nerved themselves for an encounter, the end of which was to be death on the battle-field, or slavery and exile. In February 1831 the Russian field-marshal Diebitch entered

Poland with an army of 120,000 men, and 400 pieces of cannon. The whole Polish force amounted to about 50,000 men, and 136 pieces of artillery.

For seven months the unequal contest was continued. Prodigies of valour were performed by the brave Poles. Several great battles were fought between the two armies, besides many detached skirmishes; and in most of them the Poles gained the victory. Their misfortune, however—the misfortune of their whole history—lay in the want of a leader able to follow up advantageously the successes which their heroism as soldiers had won. Radzivil was displaced from the command, to be succeeded by Skrzynecki, described as a man of ability and accomplishments, but “a pertinacious negotiator, and evidently not fit to lead an armed revolution.” Having recruited his forces, he met the Russian army twice in the open field in the months of March and April, and inflicted on it immense losses. For two months the antagonist armies continued their marching and counter-marching in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, their numbers thinned not only by the usual casualties of war, but also by the ravages of the cholera, which was then pursuing its pestilential progress through the central districts of Europe. On the 26th of May 1831, Skrzynecki found himself compelled to give battle, under very disadvantageous circumstances, at Ostrolenka, a town situated on the river Narew, at some distance from Warsaw. A part of the Polish army had engaged unexpectedly with the whole Russian force. They had been fighting from nine to eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the day was going against them, when Skrzynecki, who had been lying unsuspectingly at head-quarters, arrives on the field. “He gallops like a madman from column to column, shouting ‘Ho! Rybinski! Malachowski! Forward, forward, all of you!’ Himself, with his coat torn with balls, rushes towards the bridge, from which fresh masses of the enemy are every moment issuing; and taking his battalions one after another, he plunges them into the *mêlée*. The generals set the example: Langermann, Pac, Muchowski, Prondzynski, execute furious but ineffectual charges; the Polish army has soon spent its ammunition; the battery of Colonel Bern alone carries death into the ranks of the enemy. The battle is fought man to man with swords and pikes. A sort of frenzy seizes the Poles. Hundreds of officers are seen rushing to the front, sword in hand, singing the Warsaw hymn. The lancers attempt to charge in their turn, and the generalissimo urges them on at full speed; but their horses sink up to the breast in the plashy soil, and they are exterminated without striking a blow. Night began to fall; the field of battle is now but a vast cemetery. Skrzynecki had succeeded in preventing the Russian army from passing over wholly to the right bank. He remained master of the field; but it had cost him 7000 men. Generals Kicki and Kaminski were slain; 270 officers had fallen. The

Russians recrossed the Narew during the night, having lost more than 10,000 men. The Polish generalissimo gave orders to retreat to Warsaw; and as he stepped into his carriage with Prondzynski, he repeated sadly the famous words of Kosciusko—*Finis Poloniae*—(An end of Poland).”*

A temporary check was given to the movements of the Russian army by the sudden deaths of the commander-in-chief Diebitch and the Grand Duke Constantine, which occurred within a short interval of each other, and were, by common report, attributed to foul means. Efforts were also made by the friends of Poland in other countries, especially in France, to render her some assistance by procuring diplomatic remonstrances. In answer to a representation of M. Talleyrand, then the French ambassador in London, Lord Palmerston wrote that “his majesty had directed him to express to his excellency the deep anguish of his heart at seeing the ravages that are taking place in Poland, and to assure him that he will take every step compatible with his friendly relations with Russia to put an end to those ravages.” These were words of course, and equivalent to declining any effective interference. Other governments, acting on the same principle of non-interference in the affairs of another nation, were equally apathetic; and Poland was left to her fate.

Field-marshal Paskevitch was appointed to succeed Diebitch as commander-in-chief of the Russian forces. Masses of fresh troops poured into the country, recruited from the centre of the monster-empire. Paskevitch’s plan of operations was to cross the Vistula at a point near the Prussian frontier, and attack Warsaw on the left bank, where it was more weakly protected than on the right. Skrzynecki’s conduct amounted to infatuation. Instead of marching to oppose the advance of the Russians, as his best officers advised him, he remained in Warsaw, and permitted Paskevitch to effect the passage of the river unopposed. Warsaw was in an uproar; the population, enraged at the indecision of their government, rose in riot, and put to death many persons suspected of favouring the Russian interests. Skrzynecki was deprived of the command. The populace seemed to wish for his successor Krukowiecki, an old man, who aspired to the honour, and intrigued in order to obtain it. At this moment of confusion and dissension, when all the selfish and unamiable passions were rampant, a pure and sublime voice was heard above the turmoil. The diet, true to its character and office, declared the country in danger, and published the following address to the people. “In the name of God and of liberty, in the name of the nation trembling between life and death, in the name of the kings and heroes, your ancestors, who have fallen in the field of battle in defence of the faith and independence of Europe; in the name of future generations, who else will demand a

terrible account of your abashed shades for their servitude—priests of Christ, citizens, cultivators of the earth, Poles, arise—arise as one man!”

The call was responded to; the weak government resigned; Krukowiecki was nominated president of a new one; and General Malachowski was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces. By this time the Russians were within a mile of the capital. There were three opinions in the Polish council: one, that the Poles should give battle to the Russians outside the walls; another, that they should evacuate Warsaw, and push their way to Lithuania, where they could continue the struggle; and the third, that, detaching one-half of the army to procure provisions, they should defend the city. Unfortunately (for one is always disposed to think that the plans which have *not* been adopted would have proved more fortunate than those which have been tried, and have failed), the third proposal was carried; and the army, diminished by about half its strength, prepared for the assault of the Russians. The besiegers numbered 120,000 men, and 386 cannon; the Poles did not amount to 35,000. Paskevitch, after a vain attempt to treat with Krukowiecki, commenced the attack on the 6th of September 1831. All day the cannonading was kept up on both sides, and numbers fell. The superiority, however, was plainly on the side of the besiegers. The Polish dictator lost courage: at midnight, without consulting his colleagues in the government, he sent to demand a conference with Paskevitch. It was granted: and the consequence was, that a cessation of hostilities for eight hours was agreed to. The news spread through the city; and at ten o'clock next morning the diet assembled in great agitation. Krukowiecki's colleagues resigned, and a turbulent debate ensued, in which Krukowiecki and a few others endeavoured to convince the diet of the hopelessness of resistance, while the majority insisted that they should continue the defence of the city to the last. Meanwhile the armistice expired, and the firing recommenced. The only hope of the besieged lay in the return of Ramorino with the 20,000 men who had been sent into the neighbouring country for provisions. There was no appearance, however, of his return; and at four o'clock in the afternoon the diet again met to deliberate, while the flames were rising in various parts of the town. Krukowiecki gave in his resignation; but before it was accepted, Prondzynski, who had been sent to the Russian camp, returned, accompanied by the Muscovite general, Berg, who was empowered by Paskevitch to treat with the Poles. The Russian general had a long conference with Krukowiecki, at the end of which he departed, carrying with him the following letter of submission, addressed to the Emperor Nicolas:—"Sire—Commissioned at this moment to speak to your imperial and royal majesty in the name of the Polish nation, I address myself, through his Excellency Count Paskevitch d'Erivan, to your pa-

ternal heart. In submitting unconditionally to your majesty, our king, the Polish nation knows that your majesty alone is competent to make the past forgotten, and to heal the deep wounds that have rent my country.—(Signed) The Count Krukowiecki, President of the government. Warsaw, September 7, six P.M.”

When General Berg returned five hours afterwards to complete the treaty of capitulation, he found the members of the diet assembled in arms, and in a state of extraordinary excitement. He was informed that Krukowiecki was no longer president of the government, and that the agreement made with him was null and void. This, however, was the mere expiring spasm of Polish resolution; and on the morning of the 8th of September, the articles of capitulation were signed by Malachowski. The Poles were allowed forty-eight hours to quit the city; but the greater part were afterwards made prisoners by the Russians: a few fragments of the army, however, escaped out of Poland.

Such was the fall of Warsaw—such the end of Poland. The nation now lay prostrate at the mercy of the conqueror. It was hoped that Nicolas would be merciful of his own accord. Nicolas was *not* merciful. Hundreds of Poles who had taken part in the revolt were sent to labour in the mines of Siberia; many more to serve in the Russian armies of the Caucasus; and those who escaped scattered themselves over Europe and America, everywhere meeting with the commiseration and respect which are due to heroism and misfortune. The constitution of 1815 was formally annulled; the universities of Vilna and Warsaw, and many Polish seminaries, abolished; Polish libraries and museums were carried away to St Petersburg; and everything else done that could extinguish a national spirit.

We have thus sketched, as fully as our limits would permit, the history of Poland—a nation which commands our sympathy for its misfortunes, but also our blame for its manifold errors. The Poles must be convinced that their national degradation is due entirely to themselves, or, more correctly speaking, to their nobles. For these, taken in the mass, it is almost impossible to have any pity. In their later struggles there were, indeed, many redeeming traits of character; and the history of the few years of comparatively free government which Poland enjoyed under the Emperor Alexander, does give evidence that there was an inherent vitality in the nation which, in favourable circumstances, might have enabled it one day to assume an honourable place among the members of the European commonwealth. The hopes to which that glimpse of sunshine gave birth are now, we fear, dashed for ever. Travellers who have lately visited the country, speak of it as generally in an abject condition, utterly prostrated by conquest, nor daring any longer to cherish the hopes of national restoration. Henceforth, therefore, it may be expected to follow the fortunes of the vast empire to which it is annexed.



SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

THE colony of Senegal, on the western coast of Africa, was captured from the French by the English in the year 1809, but was ceded to its former masters at the peace of 1815. As soon after this event as the state of affairs would admit, the French government fitted out an expedition, consisting of the newly appointed governor, M. Schmaltz, and other functionaries, civil and military, to take possession of and colonise the restored settlement. The squadron fitted out on this occasion consisted of four vessels—the Medusa, a frigate of forty-four guns, the Loire store-ship, the Argus brig, and the Echo corvette—the whole carrying upwards of six hundred individuals, of whom two hundred and fifty were soldiers. On board the Medusa, the chief vessel in the squadron, commanded by Captain Lachaumareys, were the governor and other principal functionaries, along with a considerable number of the soldiers, and a number of women and children: the entire number of individuals on board being four hundred.

Among this large body on board the Medusa, was a family to whom we shall have to advert more particularly in the sequel. It consisted of M. Picard, his wife, two grown-up daughters by a previous marriage, both accomplished young women, and several younger children, with a girl their cousin—the whole nine in number, the youngest of whom was an infant at the breast. M. Picard was by profession an attorney; he had been resident in Senegal previous to 1809, and now, on the resumption of French authority, he was returning, for the purpose of occu-

pying a situation connected with the government of the colony. Provided with a small cabin on the main-deck of the *Medusa*, and with some valuable goods on board, the family formed a happy group, full of bright anticipations of the future, and having every reason to expect a prosperous voyage to the shores of Africa.

Setting out from the port of Rochefort, in the west of France, all the vessels of the expedition were under sail on the 17th of June 1816, and remained for several days together; at length, from the changeableness of the wind, they were separated, each pursuing its course alone, and the *Echo* only keeping in sight of the *Medusa*, as if to guide it on its route. Some fine weather which ensued served to confirm hopes of happiness in the Picards, and on the 28th of June they felt interested in contemplating the lofty peak of Teneriffe, which rose on the horizon. The satisfaction which the passengers now generally felt and expressed, was doomed to be of no long duration. Captain Lachaumareys was apparently so unfit for the trust reposed in him, not only from his ignorance of seamanship and general management, but as regards temper and humanity, that it is impossible to understand how he should have obtained the command of the vessel. One day, when the frigate was going before a fine breeze at the rate of nine knots an hour, a sailor boy fell overboard. Several persons were at the moment standing on the poop, witnessing the gambols of seals, but no effective measures were taken to save the poor boy's life. For some time the unfortunate lad kept hold of a rope which he had caught in his fall, but the vessel was making such way, that he soon lost his hold. A sailor now seized him by the arm, but for the same reason he was forced to let go. To communicate this accident to the *Echo*, a gun was ordered to be fired, but not a single piece was found charged; it required also a long time to lower the sails, when the more simple method would have been to put the helm about. It was at last thought of letting down a six-oared boat; into which, in the confusion and hurry, only three men entered. Every effort was unavailing; the boat returned, after rowing a short distance, without having even found the cork buoy which had been thrown overboard when the accident was first announced. The same want of foresight, promptitude, and regularity on the part of the captain and lieutenants, afterwards led to greater disasters.

On the first of July the *Medusa* entered the tropics, the seamen on the occasion performing the ceremonies which ordinarily take place in crossing the equinoctial line. In the midst of this fatal merriment the vessel was surrounded by dangers, of which those in command were insensible. For some days the captain had abandoned the entire guidance of the frigate to a person named Richfort, who pretended to a great knowledge of this part of the Atlantic. In vain the passengers remonstrated on this imprudent confidence in a stranger; the commander obstinately persisted in allowing him to steer the vessel in whatever

direction he thought proper. Richfort appears to have been a fool as well as an impostor, for, while risking the lives of others, he also risked his own; and in the face of multiplying dangers, he continued his perilous course. In thus abandoning the ship to Richfort's direction, the captain transgressed the written instructions, which enjoined him to steer due west for sixty-six miles after making Cape Blanco, in order to clear the sand-bank of Arguin; instead of which, after proceeding about half that distance, the vessel's head was set to the southward. During the night which followed, the Echo hung out lanterns to warn her consort of her danger; but they were unavailing; the Medusa was kept on her course, and in the morning the Echo was out of sight.

On the morning of this memorable day, July 2, the sea assumed a sandy colour, and the more reflective passengers and naval officers became seriously alarmed; strong representations of the danger the frigate was in were again made to the captain, but with no better success than formerly. Such was his infatuation, that the vessel was at the time actually standing directly for the low sandy shore which it was his duty to avoid. At noon, the officer of the watch asserted that the vessel was getting near the edge of the bank; but no change was permitted in her course. This obstinacy caused a mournful presentiment among the passengers. A species of stupor, approaching to despair, overspread all their spirits. M. Picard, seated in the midst of his family, gave all up for lost; yet he durst not remonstrate; for already one of the officers had been put under arrest for daring to condemn the fallacy of Richfort's proceedings. In the meanwhile, the wind, blowing with violence, impelled the vessel nearer the danger which menaced it. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, the lead showed that the frigate was in eighteen fathoms water. This startling intelligence for the first time roused the captain. He gave orders to change the ship's course, by coming closer to the wind. It was too late. The lead was again cast, and showed only six fathoms. The captain, now thoroughly terrified, gave orders to haul the wind as close as possible. It was useless. The frigate had touched the sandy bottom, and almost immediately struck with a strong concussion. This disastrous event took place at a quarter past three o'clock afternoon, in 19 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, and 19 degrees 45 minutes west longitude. The vessel now lay at the mercy of the winds and waves, in less than four fathoms, and this was during high water; when the tide ebbcd, the depth would become less.

When the concussion of striking was felt through the vessel, terror and consternation were immediately depicted on every countenance. The crew stood motionless; the passengers gave themselves up to despair. In the midst of this general panic, cries of vengeance were heard against the principal author of the

misfortune, the greater number wishing to throw him overboard; but some, more generously disposed, endeavoured to calm the excitement, and pointed out how much more fitting it would be to adopt means of safety, than spend time in vengeful and useless crininations. To ease the pressure on the ship, the sails were hastily lowered, the top-gallant-mast and top-mast taken down, and some other means tried to get her off the bank. They were all, however, only half measures; they did little good; and when night came on, the efforts were suspended.

At dawn of day, July 3, new attempts were made to move the vessel. Anchors were carried, with vast trouble, in boats to a distance, and being dropped into the sea, cables from them were pulled at the capstan; but the anchors presented no sufficient resistance, and the effort proved fruitless. Masts, yards, and booms were now thrown overboard, and a number of casks of water emptied; still the frigate continued fixed. Many wished the cannon also to be tossed overboard; but this the captain refused to do, on the plea that they belonged to the king! There was a large stock of provision in barrels, which the frigate was carrying to Senegal; and these barrels the governor, with equal pertinacity, would not allow to be thrown overboard, on the ground that the colony was in want of provisions.

What was now to be done? All was clamour and confusion; in the midst of which the poor Picards shrunk into their little cabin, consumed with grief and apprehensions of a miserable death on the wreck. The superior officers felt the necessity for providing means of escape, in case all attempts to get off the ship should prove unavailing. A council was called. The lives of four hundred persons were to be saved; and there were only six boats, into which it would have been impossible to stow so many. In this dilemma M. Schmaltz, the governor, proposed to save a large portion of the passengers on a raft, of which he exhibited a plan. The raft was to be capable of carrying two hundred men, with provisions for all. The boats were to tow the raft, to which their crews were to come at meal times for their rations. The whole crew were to land in a body on the sandy shore of the desert, and, provided with arms and ammunition, which were to be taken from the vessel, were to form a caravan, and proceed to the town of Saint Louis in Senegal. All this, as events afterwards proved, was practicable; for the land, though not visible from the frigate, was only about forty-five miles distant; yet the plan, in the manner proposed, was not carried into execution.

Next day, the 4th, there was a glimpse of hope. At the hour of high water, the frigate, being considerably lightened, was found nearly afloat; and it is believed that if the guns had now been thrown overboard, the *Medusa* would have been saved. Even a tow-line would have brought her round; but it was not thought of. When the tide ebbed, the unfortunate vessel again

sank firmly into the sand, and the hope of getting her off was abandoned.

A raft was now begun to be constructed by means of masts, spars, planks, and cordage, which were thrown into the sea for the purpose: the whole being lashed together, formed a kind of platform, of about a foot and a half in thickness, buoyed up by empty barrels placed beneath the corners. Its length was sixty-five feet; its breadth above twenty. Each end terminated in a point; and these ends were very fragile. The only safe part was in the centre; but even that was sometimes under water.

Night came on while the raft was constructing, and the work ceased till next day. It was a night productive of dire anticipations. The sky became cloudy, the wind blew strong, and came from the sea, causing a great swell of the waves. The vessel now began to heel with violence, and it was every moment expected to see her planks start. This catastrophe at length to a certain extent ensued. The lower timbers bulged; the keel broke in two; the rudder was also unshipped, but still holding to the stern by the chains, it was dashed by the waves against the vessel. From this cause the captain's cabin was beat in, and the water entered in an alarming manner. In this emergency the captain could preserve neither order nor discipline; and indeed his incompetency and inhumanity rendered disobedience a duty. The general feeling throughout the ship was, every man for himself—a scramble for life. Towards midnight a large part of the crew and more active passengers were preparing to leave the vessel secretly in the boats. This selfish and perfidious conduct was, however, checked by the soldiers, who firmly declared they would fire upon whosoever attempted to quit the frigate clandestinely. The threats of these brave men alarmed the governor, who had already formed a scheme for himself. He therefore judged it proper to assemble a council, at which he endeavoured to allay the general distrust. He solemnly swore that, according to the plan which would be adopted, the boats would not abandon the raft, but would tow it to the shore of the desert, where all would travel in a body to Senegal. It was agreed that the embarkation should take place at six o'clock in the morning.

The treacherous promises of the governor, supported by Captain Lachaumareys, served to allay the apprehensions of the more timid passengers, including the unfortunate Picards. A number began to secure their more valuable articles about their persons, while part of the crew and soldiers broke into the cabins and store-rooms, appropriating the articles which struck their fancy, and drinking the wine and spirits, till they fell exhausted and insensible. Amidst an uproar of singing, shouting, groans, and imprecations, day broke, and all prepared to depart. A list had been made out, assigning each his proper place in the boats and raft; but this arrangement was now disregarded, and every one pursued the plan he deemed best for his own preservation. Few

were inclined to go upon the raft, which heaved uneasily on the turbid waves. To compel obedience, an officer, armed with two pistols, stood by the bulwarks, and with furious language threatened to fire on whoever would not go upon it; and thus a miscellaneous crowd of persons were forced to place themselves on this floating tomb. To accommodate so large a number, and keep the raft from sinking, several barrels of provisions which had been placed on it the day before were thrown into the sea. The only provisions left for the support of the large number on it, consisted of a bag of twenty-five pounds of soaked biscuit, which, having been tossed from the vessel, fell into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered. There were also several casks of wine and of water. On the raft there were no charts, sails, oars, nor compass, everything proper being forgot in the confusion. In all, there were upon the raft one hundred and fifty persons, twenty-nine of whom were sailors; there was one woman, and all the remainder were soldiers. These latter were not allowed to take their muskets; but they retained their swords; besides which the officers saved their fowling-pieces and pistols.

The command of the raft had been assigned to M. Coudin, midshipman. This was not the least of the cruelties perpetrated by Lachaumareys. Coudin had received a severe bruise on his leg before the expedition had sailed from Rochefort, and he was now suffering so severely, that he was incapable of moving. Determined, however, not to flinch from a post which had been assigned to him on the ground of his being the senior midshipman in the vessel, he refused to allow one of his companions to take his place, and accordingly proceeded to the raft. The exertion, however, was almost too much for him: the pain of his wound, aggravated by the heaving of the raft, and the salt water which dashed upon him, rendered him nearly insensible. Information of his condition being communicated to the captain, a promise was made that he should be relieved, and taken into one of the boats; but this, like all other promises, was not fulfilled. The unfortunate Coudin was left on the raft.

The boats were in the meanwhile receiving their lading. The barge, which was commanded by a lieutenant, took the governor, with his wife, daughters, and friends, making in all thirty-five persons; it also received several trunks, and a stock of choice provisions and liquors. The captain's boat received twenty-eight persons, most of whom were sailors, good rowers. The shallop, commanded by M. Espiau, ensign of the frigate, took forty-two passengers; the long-boat eighty-three; the pinnace thirty; and the yawl, the smallest of all the boats, fifteen. Such was the final arrangement; but before it was effected, there was much struggling and fighting, some gaining a place only by threatening the lives of the commanders. The boats were to all appearance filled, and putting to sea, without any one casting

a thought on the poor Picards, who, less able to enforce attention than others, were about to be abandoned on the wreck. A place had been promised them in the pinnace; but that boat had put off, and its commander would not return to take the helpless family. Roused by the horrors of his situation, M. Picard lifted a musket from the deck, and hailing the yawl, which was near at hand, declared that he would shoot every one on board, if they would not carry himself and family to the pinnace. The sailors, murmuring, assented, and by this means the Picards reached the pinnace, on which they were, with affected politeness, taken on board.

When all had left the vessel who would go, there remained seventeen persons, some of whom were intoxicated, and incapable of providing for their safety.

For some time after quitting the wreck, five of the boats united in a line, towing the raft behind them by a rope; and as the wind was fortunately favourable, there can be no reasonable doubt that, had they continued to pull, the whole fleet would have reached the shore in from thirty to forty hours. To the everlasting disgrace of the French navy, the commanders of the boats changed altogether the plan to which they had engaged themselves to adhere, and, one and all dropping the tow-line, left their brethren on the raft to their fate. The immediate cause of this most dishonest and inhuman procedure, was an appeal made to them by M. Espiau in the yawl. This gentleman, the only officer who seemed to pity the unfortunates on the Medusa, was the last to quit the wreck, and, in compassion for those left behind, had taken more on board than his boat could well contain. Hastening after the boats in advance, he earnestly besought their commanders to relieve him of part of his crew; but all refused to assist him. In the desperation to which they were put, some of the crew in the yawl proposed swimming after the boats, and, if possible, working on the compassion of their commanders. One sailor put this proposal in practice. Plunging into the sea, he swam towards one of the leading and least-burdened boats; but on reaching, and endeavouring to climb into it, the officer in command pushed him back, and drawing his sword, threatened to cut off his hands if he did not let go. The poor wretch being thus compelled to desist from the attempt, next tried the pinnace; but here he met with no better success. Some of the party on board intreated the officer, M. Lapérère, to receive him; but he refused the request, and the man was left to his fate. M. Lapérère, it appears, got rid of the unhappy applicant for admission not only by refusing to take him in, but by hastening away from him. To put the boat beyond his reach, he caused the tug-line to be dropped, and so made off with all speed from the spot. The commanders of the other boats imitated this execrable example. Wishing to get beyond the reach of the unfortunate being who was floundering amidst the waves, and of the yawl from which

he had precipitated himself, all dropped the towing rope, and each boat made off precipitately from the dismal scene.

The raft was thus abandoned by all who had sworn to assist in towing it to land. A hundred and fifty fellow-creatures were unscrupulously left in the midst of the ocean—to perish. We question if the whole annals of shipwreck present a case of greater iniquity than this; it must for ever stand unparalleled for heartless inhumanity. At first, when the unfortunate individuals on the raft saw the boats break loose from the line they had been pursuing, they imagined that the towing-rope had snapped, and they raised their voices to make their companions aware of the fact. “The rope is broke—the rope is broke,” burst from them with increasing intensity of agony. To their surprise no attention was paid to their cries, and for a moment they imagined that some new tactics advantageous to all were to be practised. Englishmen in such circumstances would most likely have awaited the result in silence. The French, with characteristic vivacity, raised the national flag on the raft, and united in the cry of *Vive le Roi*; trusting perhaps to awaken a sympathising feeling in the bosoms of their retreating companions, and so bring them back to a sense of humanity and duty. If such were their meaning, it signally failed. The commanders of the boats bombastically returned the cry; and Captain Lachaumareys, assuming a martial attitude, politely waved his hat in the air, as a parting testimony of regard. The wretched crew of the raft now too surely saw what was to be their doom. They perceived that, after being treacherously decoyed upon their floating prison, they were left with indifference to die of hunger, or to be drowned in the sea. Wild cries forthwith rent the air—cries of heart-rending despair—cries for justice and compassion—cries also of vengeance and contempt. All were alike unheeded. The boats hastened on their course.

From the narrative of Mademoiselle Picard, we learn that the cries on this melancholy occasion would have melted any but the most obdurate of hearts. “Alas! why do you leave us—why do you leave us?” was wafted to their ears. “I felt,” says she, “my heart bursting with emotion. I believed that the waves would speedily overwhelm all these forlorn wretches, and I could not suppress the tears which burst from my eyes. My father, exasperated to excess, and bursting with indignation at seeing so much cowardice and inhumanity among the officers of the boats, began to express his regret for not having allowed himself to be placed on the raft along with the sufferers. ‘At least,’ he observed, ‘we would have died with the brave, or we would have returned to the wreck of the Medusa, and been spared the disgrace of having saved ourselves with cowards.’”

Such is the account given by an eye-witness of this scene of disaster and disgrace. The history of the shipwreck now divides

itself into three parts—the account of the boats and their crews, of the raft, and of the wreck of the *Medusa*. In the first place, we shall follow the account of

THE BOATS AND THEIR CREWS.

Among the six boats which left the *Medusa*, two only had a sufficient stock of provisions, and these made off with all despatch from their companions in misfortune. It had been arranged that they all should make for the nearest land; but these two boats taking the lead, proceeded, by orders of the governor, in the direction of Senegal. This unforeseen change of course surprised and alarmed the crews of the other boats; for none of them had provisions for more than one or two days; and to encounter a voyage of longer duration, was altogether hopeless. Undecided, however, they continued to move on in the wake of the boats which were in advance. The provisions on board the pinnace consisted of a barrel of biscuit and a tierce of water; but the biscuit had been soaked in the sea, and was little better than salted paste. A small portion of this nauseous biscuit, with a glass of water, formed the daily portion of each on board. The other boats were in some degree better provided, for they had a little wine.

During the night of the 5th, the day on which the raft had been abandoned, the boats lay to; and on the morning of the 6th, they were again under weigh. The pinnace, according to the account of *Mademoiselle Picard*, which we shall principally follow, now began to leak fearfully, and the holes in it were stuffed with oakum, which an old sailor had had the precaution to provide. At noon the heat was intense; hot winds blew from the desert, and many thought their last moments were come. In the afternoon a distribution of a little water and biscuit was made; and hope revived of reaching Senegal on the morrow. As evening came on, the sky changed, and then a tempest of wind, thunder, and lightning, which threatened to overwhelm the boat. Again the leaks broke out, and there were stuffed into them old clothes, sleeves of shirts, shawls, anything that came to hand; and for six hours, every one momentarily anticipated death. Towards midnight the atmosphere tranquillised, and once more a gleam of hope passed through the minds of the forlorn crew.

In the morning of the 7th, the shores of the desert were again seen, and a number of the sailors murmuring, and wishing to land, the boat was directed towards the coast. On approaching the land, the hearts of the most courageous failed, on seeing the breakers which it would be necessary to pass through to the shore. Again the pinnace put to sea, and another day was spent under a burning sun, and in a state of intolerable thirst. The freshness of the night-wind revived the spirits of all on board;

but all were becoming excessively weak for want of nourishment; and on the morrow it was determined to attempt a landing. Early in the morning of the 8th, accordingly, after a scanty meal of a mouthful of biscuit and a few drops of water, the boats once more put in-shore, and being cheered with observing a group of persons from two of the boats already landed, they pushed towards a landing-place. It was a desperate struggle. The breakers overwhelmed the boat, and only after weltering in the waves, and being all thoroughly drenched, they got to dry land.

The crews of all the boats were here united, except those on board the governor's and captain's boats, both of which pursued their way to Senegal, which they reached next day, the 9th; that is, four days after quitting the wreck. As soon as they arrived a council was held, to concert measures necessary to be taken on the occasion. It will scarcely be credited that, notwithstanding this apparent activity, nothing was done for some days. At length a vessel, the *Argus*, was despatched in quest of the boats and of the raft, and what it achieved will appear in the sequel.

Returning, in the meanwhile, to the large party who had effected a landing from the boats—numbering about a hundred and seventy persons—we find them in a dismal plight, on the shore of a barren desert, without food or water, and many nearly naked. All, it appears, had got ashore without material injury, except one person, who had his legs broken, while landing, by a concussion from one of the boats. He was laid on the shore of the desert, and left to his fate, which would most likely be destruction by wild animals on the ensuing night. In this incident alone is seen an inhumanity for which there is no valid excuse.

Leaving the poor wretch on the sands, the party proceeded to consult on measures for proceeding to Senegal; but that involved a march of several days, and great fatigues and dangers, not to be contemplated without dismay. As remaining on the spot, however, would have been worse than madness, all prepared to set out. What ensued will be best told in the unaffected words of Mademoiselle Picard:—

“Shortly after landing, or about seven in the morning, a party was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. Some accordingly was found at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little wells, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. This water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphureous taste; its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet, and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My step-mother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for

Senegal; that is, a southerly direction, for we did not know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, as the general body was called, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without shoes, having lost them whilst landing. As soon as we arrived on the shore, we went to walk on the wet sand, to cool us a little. Thus we travelled during the night, without encountering anything but shells, which wounded our feet.

"Early on the morning of the 9th we saw an antelope on a little hill; it instantly disappeared, before any of the party had time to shoot it. The desert seemed to our view one immense plain of sand, on which not a blade of verdure was seen. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family incommoded the progress of the general body. It is true the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us; nevertheless, we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and cruelty. The dispute waxed warm. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poniard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this scene we threw ourselves between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were perhaps less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bègnère, captain of infantry, who allayed the dispute by saying to his soldiers, 'My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honour to be your commander; let us never abandon an unfortunate family in the desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them.' This brief but energetic speech caused those to blush who wished to quit us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us, on condition that we would walk a little quicker. M. Bègnère and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were desirous of doing a favour; and the unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan.

"About noon, hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating: no-

thing, however, was procured but poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. Convolvuli of a bright green carpeted the downs; but on tasting their leaves, we found them as bitter as gall. The party rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They returned in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed, and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate anything with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of a nauseous taste. After this truly frugal repast we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trode were burning; nevertheless, several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the sea-shore, we all ran and lay down among the surf. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand-hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards. Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless, at break of day, we had the satisfaction of finding none missing."

At sunrise next morning the party resumed its march, holding a little towards the east, in the hope of finding water. In this they were disappointed; but were gratified in observing that the country was less arid, and possessed a species of vegetation. Some of the travellers having pushed forward to make observations, "they returned and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slightly rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand, very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, that we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Mooresses and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to one of the officers, interpreted between us and the women, who, when they had heard of our

misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of three francs a handful: the water was got for three francs a glass; it was very good, and none grudged the money it cost. As a glass of water, with a handful of millet, was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, for which twenty piastres were charged. We immediately killed them, and the Moorish women boiled them for us in a large kettle."

Resuming their march, the party fell in with several friendly Moors or Arabs, who conducted them to their encampment. "We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. We were all struck with astonishment at the unexpected meeting. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Senegal, and, discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears. Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water, free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle, and sheep; because his religion would not allow him to lodge under the same roof with Christians."

Next day the band of wayfarers, assisted by asses which they had hired from the Moors, regained the sea-shore, still pursuing the route for Senegal; and they had the satisfaction of perceiving a ship out at sea, to which they made signals. "The vessel having approached sufficiently near to the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. In about half an hour we saw these friendly assistants returning, pushing before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to the leader of our party from the commander of the ship, which was the *Argus*, a vessel sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half tierce of brandy, and a cheese. Oh fortunate circumstance! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp; the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I, however, preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for one of wine. To describe our joy whilst taking this repast is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, exhausted by a long train of suffering, deprived for a long time of the use of any kind of spirituous liquors, when

our portions of water, wine, and brandy mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to unwrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to revive from a state of melancholy and dejection.

"About six in the evening, my father finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on, whilst my stepmother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my stepmother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors, with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted, and addressed us in the following words:—'Be comforted, ladies; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country.' These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly calmed our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr Carnet, the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together to join our companions. Mr Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my stepmother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand; whilst my father, Mr Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, of which we wished to drink, but found it as bitter as the sea. Mr Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused; but Mr Carnet assured us that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp."

The succeeding night passed over without any unpleasant event, and the party were again on the march along the shore at four in the morning. All were hungry, and Mr Carnet left them to procure some provisions. "At noon, the sun's heat became so violent, that even the Moors themselves endured it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand which appeared in the interior; but how were we to reach them? The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats; notwithstanding, we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. Whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we seated ourselves, we were nearly suffocated. I thought my last moments were come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person of the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions, equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn; but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting that he could not drink it, and spilt it on the ground. Captain Bég-nère, who was present, judging, by the water that fell, how loathsome that must have been which I had drunk, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco; but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

"We were on the point of quitting this furnace, when we saw our English friend approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water; but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour's march of great suffering we regained the shore, as well as our asses, which were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and, after a bath of half an hour, reposed ourselves upon the beach."

There was still another day's painful travelling before reaching the banks of the river Senegal, where boats were expected to be ready to convey the party to the town of St Louis, the place of their destination. "During the day we quickened our march; and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture pre-

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

sented itself to our view. The trees, always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red-birds, the paroquets, the promerops, and others, which flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes with gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed. After sailing for an hour down the stream, we came in sight of St Louis, a town miserable in appearance, but delightful to our vision after so much suffering. At six in the evening we arrived at the fort, where the late English governor and others, including our generous friend Mr Carnet, were met to receive us. My father presented us to the governor, who had alighted: he appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes, the females and children chiefly exciting his commiseration; and the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the hands of the unfortunate people; the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate. Everything was done to relieve our necessities, and render us comfortable after our dangers and fatigues."

We now turn to the account of the raft, and the unfortunates who had been treacherously deserted on it.

THE RAFT.

Ruthlessly abandoned in the midst of the ocean, and at the distance of five or six miles from the wreck of the Medusa, the crew of the raft, numbering altogether a hundred and fifty individuals, gave themselves up to all the horrors of despair. This feeling, however, was less manifested by the officers than by their companions, who were principally soldiers and sailors. M. Coudin, the nominal commander, was unfit, from illness, to issue orders or exert his influence, and the duty of attending to the general wants and safety appears to have been assumed by M. Corréard and M. Savigny, with one or two other officers. These gentlemen, by putting on a countenance of greater fortitude than they really possessed, endeavoured to soothe the general apprehensions, and held out hopes of succour, of which they had but a feeble expectation.

When tranquillity was restored, and attention could be given to the more immediate condition of affairs, the first idea that occurred to the officers in command, was that of steering the raft by the aid of sails and compass. A search was now made for the chart, compass, and anchor, which, on quitting the wreck, were understood to have been placed on the raft; but they were nowhere to be found, and had never been embarked. In this

emergency M. Corréard recollected that he had seen one of the sailors with a small pocket compass in his hands, and on inquiry, it was still fortunately in his possession. This was a piece of joyful intelligence. The compass was not larger than a crown-piece, and perhaps not very accurate; nevertheless, it would answer the purpose for which it was required, and was accordingly given to the chief in command. Alas! short-lived were the expectations which the possession of the compass had raised. From want of care, it dropped from the fingers of the commander, disappeared between the planks of the raft, and was irrecoverably lost. There was now no other guide across the deep than the rising and setting sun.

In the hurry of leaving the wreck, none had eaten anything, and in the course of the forenoon all began to feel severely the calls of hunger. A meal was now served, consisting of a little biscuit, mixed with three-quarters of a pint of wine. Bad as it was, it was the best meal distributed on the raft. The biscuit was all consumed, and there was nothing left but wine. After this repast, and while all were as yet able to form correct conclusions, it might be supposed that some definite plan would have been executed for navigating the raft, if not to the shore of the desert, at least back to the Medusa, where there were stores of many useful materials, and an abundance of provisions. Except the erecting of a very insufficient mast and sail, nothing of this kind appears to have been done. The raft lay a hulk on the water, at the mercy of every wave. A few of the better-disposed officers preserved a degree of order, and preached patience and hope; and this is the utmost that can be said in their favour. Others employed themselves in canvassing with the common soldiers and sailors plans for taking revenge on those who had deserted them when they should reach the land.

With the shades of evening a better spirit prevailed. To the first feeling of despair, there now ensued a degree of resignation; and religion, with its soothing influence, contributed to the general calm. At times a sanguine spirit would try to impart hopes of succour on the morrow. Perhaps the boats would land their crews on the island of Arguin, and return to carry away those on the raft; perhaps they might return after reaching the desert; perhaps they might give intelligence of their fate to one of the vessels of the squadron with which they might fall in. These attempts at comfort were only of momentary avail. Night set in, darkness enveloped the raft, the wind rose, and the agitated sea dashed its waves and spray over the cowering mass of sufferers. The uneasy motion of the raft, and the shifting of the spars, likewise added to the horrors of the scene. With feet entangled amidst the planks and cordage, many were thrown down, and deprived of the power of moving, by others falling above them. As the storm increased, numbers were obliged to lash themselves to the beams, to prevent the waves from washing

them off. Cries of pain, of renewed despair, and of bitter lamentation, again rose on the blast. The faculties of many became temporarily impaired; they fancied that vessels were approaching, and, by way of holding out a signal, they fired off pistols, and set fire to small heaps of gunpowder. Amongst the whole on board during that awful night, there were few who did not expect that the raft would perish in the storm before morning. But these anticipations were not realised. The morning at length broke, and found the raft still buffeted on the surface of the water. It was reserved for greater horrors.

As the second day dawned, the storm gradually ceased, and the ocean calmed. When there was sufficient light, the spectacle which presented itself was most dismal. Wet, battered, sick, and wounded, the wretched sufferers were huddled confusedly together in heaps. On giving out rations of wine by way of a meal, it was found that twenty persons were missing; a greater number, however, were probably washed overboard during the night; for several, in order to increase their allowance, took rations for their dead companions. That twenty out of the hundred and fifty were gone, was at least certain. Death had taken his first instalment.

During the day, which continued fine throughout, tranquillity prevailed, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the boats would shortly appear; none of them, however, made their appearance, and hope once more gave way to gloomy despair. A mutiny now broke out; the orders of the officers were disregarded, and there was reason to expect that next night, for want of the precautions hitherto adopted, many lives would be sacrificed. Night at length came, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, there was every appearance of a fresh storm approaching. The sky became covered with heavy clouds, the wind, which had been rather high all day, now rose to a gale, and the waves, again excited, rolled upon the raft in continuous masses, driving it before them as if to immediate destruction.

In this dismal condition the hearts of the mutineers quailed, and all tried to seek safety in being calm. But rest was impossible. Terrified for the fury of the waves, the mass of sufferers clung to the centre of the raft, where some were actually stifled by the weight of their companions. Those who were outside, and exposed, were rolled over from side to side, and of these a number were swept into the sea. So little was the hope of surviving, that a body of sailors and soldiers resolved to drown the sense of their situation in wine, and so die while in a stupor of intoxication. The officers, clinging for safety to the mast, could offer no effectual opposition to this mad and cowardly scheme; and accordingly a wine cask was opened, and from it the mutineers drank a considerable quantity—and would have drunk more, had the sea-water not entered the cask by the opening which had been made in it, and caused them to desist. Now maddened

with liquor, the folly of the mutineers knew no bounds; and they proceeded to cut the lashings that held the timbers of the raft together, in order to destroy all at a blow. Roused by the proposal, the officers endeavoured to avert their impending fate by more vigorous measures than they had hitherto dared to put in practice. When one of the ringleaders in the revolt made the first move to cut the ropes with a hatchet, the officers rushed upon him, and, after a desperate struggle, despatched him, and threw his body into the sea. He was an Asiatic, of extraordinary size; and, having been troublesome and overbearing in demeanour, few lamented his loss. There was now an expectation of a battle between the two parties. The mutineers drew their swords, and were on the point of commencing an attack, when another of their number was killed, and they retreated; only, however, to make a fresh attempt to cut the ropes. One of the officers succeeded in preventing this being done, and in a scuffle which ensued, struck down a soldier and sailor, whom he threw into the sea, where they were drowned. Their exasperated comrades now rushed to the mast, and began to cut down the ropes which supported it. The mast fell with a crash on the leg of an officer, which it nearly broke; and, far from pitying this misfortune, the enraged crowd threw the poor man into the sea, whence, however, his friends rescued him. No sooner was he on board the wretched raft, which, during the commotion, was tumbling about among the waves, than he was seized on a second time, and an attempt made to put out his eyes. Rendered desperate by these barbarous cruelties, the officers, and those who supported them, made a charge on their antagonists, and put a number of them to death.

While the combat still raged, some of the mutineers took occasion to throw into the sea, together with her husband, the unfortunate woman who was on board. M. Corréard, distressed at seeing two unoffending individuals perish, and affected by their cries for help, seized a large rope which he found on the fore part of the raft, fastened it round his waist, and plunged into the sea. He was thus able to save the female when she was in the act of disappearing below the water. Her husband was at the same time rescued by M. Lavillette. The two exhausted beings were laid on the dead bodies, and their backs were supported by a barrel: in this situation they shortly recovered their senses. The first thing the woman did, was to acquaint herself with the name of the person who had saved her from drowning, and to express to him her liveliest gratitude. Finding, doubtless, that her words but ill-expressed her feelings, she recollected she had in her pocket a small quantity of snuff, and instantly offered it to him—it was all she possessed. Touched with her gift, but unable to use it, M. Corréard gave it to a poor sailor, who derived a solacement from it for three or four days. It is impossible to describe a still more affecting incident—the joyful recognition of the

husband and wife when they discovered that both were alive: they could scarcely credit their senses when they found themselves in one another's arms. This woman was quite a heroine of humble life. For twenty-four years she had travelled as a soldier's wife along with the French armies, in their campaigns in Italy and other places. In this vagrant life she acted as a suttler, supplying the men with articles; and often was exposed to the greatest dangers on the battle-field, in carrying assistance to the wounded soldiers. In telling her story to M. Corréard, she said—"Whether the men had money or not, I always let them have my goods. Sometimes a battle would deprive me of my poor debtors; but after the victory, others would pay me double or triple for what they had consumed before the engagement. Thus I came in for a share of their victories." Unfortunate woman, to have sailed in such a miserable expedition! Little was she aware of the fate that awaited her!

Returning to the position of affairs on the raft: the mutiny was quelled by the determined attitude of the officers; nor was the humanity shown to the woman and her husband without its effect in restoring better feelings. Overcome with a momentary sense of shame, the mutineers went the length of asking pardon on their knees for their conduct. This was granted; and the officers returned to their post at the centre of the raft, still, however, watchful of the movements of their infatuated companions. Towards midnight the old grudge again broke out with increased fury. Rushing on the officers, they attempted to kill them with their weapons; and those who had no arms, actually bit their adversaries in a shocking manner. One of their drunken delusions was, that Lieutenant Lozach, an officer on board, was a M. Danglas, who had deserted them on quitting the frigate; and this gentleman was with the greatest difficulty preserved from their fury. Brandishing their arms, reeling to and fro, and stumbling against each other, they continued to cry for Danglas to be delivered up to their vengeance, and by no power of reasoning could they be convinced that they were in error.

Defeated in getting hold of M. Lozach, the wretches now turned their rage upon the unfortunate M. Coudin, the wounded and distressed commander of the raft. Coudin appears to have been a young man worthy of a better fate than that of sailing among such a crew. During the scuffle we have been describing, he had seated himself on a small barrel, supporting in his arms a young sailor boy of twelve years of age, in whom he took an interest. Suddenly he was seized by the mutineers, who threw him into the sea, along with the barrel on which he sat, and the little boy whom he held in his arms. The other officers rushed to the rescue of their friend, and keeping off the mob with their swords, they fortunately got hold of him, and dragged him, still holding the little boy, on board. Towards morning the mutiny

was finally quelled, the maddening effects of the liquor having worn off, and left the rioters dispirited.

Great suffering, and the hopelessness of their situation, had contributed, as well as wine, to render the men deranged during this eventful night. Even the strongest minded of the officers felt themselves affected with strange illusions. M. Savigny had visions of a most agreeable kind: he fancied himself in a rich cultivated country, surrounded by happy friends, and although reason ever and anon pointed out the fallacy, he could not divest himself of the impression. Some appeared full of hope, told their companions not to fear, and, saying that they were going to fetch succour, plunged headlong into the sea, and perished. Others thought that their companions mocked them, by holding out temptingly the wings of chickens and other delicacies, and for this they rushed on them with drawn swords. Some believed they were still in the frigate, and asked where was their hammock, for they wanted to go below to sleep. A few imagined they saw ships, or a harbour, with a noble city in the background. M. Corréard at one time was under the illusion of being in Italy; and another officer mentioned gravely that he had sent off a letter to the governor describing the state of affairs on the raft, and that he would certainly send boats in the morning to take every one ashore. Such were some of the fancies of which those on board the raft were the involuntary victims; and nothing could convey a more striking testimony of their bodily and mental sufferings.

When day returned, and a reckoning could be taken, it was found that sixty-five had perished, and that the entire number was now reduced to sixty. Of those who were missing, the greater number had fallen a sacrifice to intemperance, or to ill-regulated minds. The officers were surprised to find that only two of their number were gone; and this, on consideration, they could only attribute to the comparative strength of mind they had possessed. This circumstance is a proof of the power which every man has of resisting misfortune, if he remain temperate in habits, and do not give way to panic or despair.

With the return of daylight the storm abated as formerly, and when order was restored, and a reckoning of the numbers taken, attention was directed to the stock of provisions on board. It sent a shock of fresh despair into the bosoms of the more intelligent, when it was found that the mutineers had thrown overboard two casks of wine, and the only two casks of water which remained. The loss of the water was felt to be a calamity greater than that of the wine; and the distress on the occasion was augmented by the reflection, that it was a loss caused entirely by drunken folly. Nothing now remained but one cask of wine, and it was arranged that this should be carefully served out in half allowances. The sea being calm, the solitary mast and sail were again raised, and an attempt made to direct the raft towards

land. The effort was not successful; the wind drove the unruly platform hither and thither as it listed, and it was impossible to say whether the raft approached or receded from the spot where land was believed to be.

During the day the gnawings of hunger suggested the idea of catching fish, and an attempt was forthwith made. Hooks made of tags from the soldiers' clothing were tied to lines, and with baits (it is not mentioned of what) were thrown into the sea; but the current drew them under the raft, where they got entangled. A bayonet was bent to catch sharks, but a shark bit at, and straightened it; so this also failed. Fishing, in short, proved an unavailing resource; and when it was abandoned as hopeless, some tried to feed on the dead bodies of their companions, while others gnawed the soldiers' belts and cartridge-boxes. Fortunately the day was calm. The sun shone placidly on the face of the deep. Amidst the torments of hunger, therefore, hope again stole across the minds of the most desponding. They expected to see the boats make their appearance on the horizon, and with fainting eyes they looked forth to catch the first token of deliverance. Noon passed, the sun sunk beneath the world of waters, and yet relief came not. The gloom and misery of another night presented themselves.

This night was less terrible than the preceding. The weather was calm, and there was no new mutiny on board. In the darkness, nothing was heard but the groans and sobs of the sufferers, intermingled with the gurgling of the sea between the planks. The silence, broken by such sounds, was perhaps more appalling than the raging of the tempest. When the morning of the fourth day dawned on the spectral scene, it showed the dead bodies of twelve persons, who had expired during the night; and all these, with the exception of one, were thrown into the sea. The number on board was now reduced to forty-eight.

This day passed like the preceding. The weather continued fine, and despondency again gave way to feelings of hope. About four o'clock in the afternoon a joyful event occurred. A shoal of flying-fish passed under the raft, and a great number got entangled in the spaces between the timbers. All threw themselves eagerly upon them, and captured about two hundred, which they placed in an empty cask, removing only the milts. These fish were about the size of a herring, and, to men who were famishing, they were delicious. Several of the party returned thanks to God for the relief. To render the fish fit for eating, an attempt was made to boil them by means of a barrel, which served as a pot; fire being procured by a flint, steel, and a little dried gunpowder. This was the last meal they were able to cook, for the barrel took fire; and though it was soon extinguished, they were not able to save as much of it as would answer the purpose again. There was also no more gunpowder.

Night again came on, the sun set, and still there was no appearance of relief. The calm having continued, there was a prospect of a little rest, even although the greater number stood or sat constantly in water. It is distressing to know that human passions again interfered to render the scene of misery a battle-field. Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who had hitherto taken no part with the mutineers, and who had been inclined to the side of the officers, formed a plot to throw all into the sea; the negroes persuading them that land was near, and that if once there, they could conduct them in safety through Africa. It is not improbable that a wish to get possession of a small bag of money, which was tied to the mast as a common fund, to be made use of on landing, tempted them to the crime. The officers, and some sailors who refused to join the conspirators, were now obliged to take arms. They seized the Spaniard who was the ringleader, and threw him into the sea; another, when he saw that all was discovered, plunged into the water, and was drowned. The remaining conspirators now rushed forward to revenge their comrades: a desperate combat ensued; and the raft was strewn with the dead and wounded. It was evident, during the fight, that the mutineers were affected by the same delusions as before; they were, in fact, partially deranged in mind. They called for Lieutenant Danglas, in order to kill him for having deserted them, and they could not be persuaded that that person was not on the raft. During the fray the woman was again thrown into the sea, but was a second time rescued by the intrepid Coudin, assisted by some workmen. At length the battle ceased; the mutineers were repulsed; and the remainder of the night was passed without disturbance.

The morning of the fifth day dawned, and revealed the slaughter that had taken place. Since the previous morning, eighteen had, by one means or other, perished, and their number was now reduced to thirty. Among the dead were five sailors, whom the officers deeply lamented, for they were trustworthy and tractable. Of the thirty who remained alive on the raft, only twenty could stand upright or move about. The sea-water had stripped the skin from the feet and legs of nearly the whole, and every one was in a state of deplorable emaciation. If no vessel came to their assistance, they did not expect to survive more than four days, for there was wine only for that time, and scarcely a dozen fish. The fifth day passed over in melancholy mood; night came, and still there was no relief. The sixth day passed, and so did the succeeding night, in a condition equally disconsolate.

The seventh day was more eventful. Two soldiers were discovered drinking wine clandestinely from the cask by means of a pipe. As this had been declared to be a crime punishable with death, they were immediately seized, and thrown into the sea. One of them was a sergeant, who had fomented the last con-

spiracy, and had contrived to escape detection; his fate, therefore, did not cause any regret. In the course of the day died also the young boy Leon, to whom M. Coudin had shown so much kindness. Exhausted from hunger, and delirious, he could no longer support the dreadful fatigues to which he was exposed. Before his death, his mind took the direction of his home in France; he thought his mother was near him, and till the last he cried to her for food and water. He died in the arms of his kind friend M. Coudin.

The party were now reduced to twenty-seven; of these, twelve were so ill, that there was no hope of their surviving even a few days; they had almost entirely lost their reason, and were covered with wounds; nevertheless an equal ration of the declining quantity of wine was served out to them. A consultation was now held respecting these unfortunate beings. It was represented that, as they could not possibly survive, and as their consumption of wine was daily diminishing the stock, already too low, it would be no crime to put an end to their sufferings by throwing them into the sea. This was a horrible and painful expedient, and such it was felt to be, for those who proposed and assented to it had not the cruelty to put it into execution or see it done. Three soldiers and a sailor were commissioned to act as executioners; and while they cleared the raft of their dying companions, the others turned their backs, not to witness the afflicting spectacle. Among those thrown overboard were the woman and her husband already mentioned. Both had been grievously wounded in the different combats. The woman had a thigh broken between the beams of the raft, and the stroke of a sabre had made a deep wound in the head of her husband. In terminating the existence of these hapless individuals, M. Corréard observes that all felt themselves to be under a terrible necessity which knew no law. "Ye," he continues, "who shudder at the cry of outraged humanity, recollect that it was other men, fellow-countrymen, who had placed us in this awful situation." The expedient of throwing overboard their apparently dying comrades, reduced the number on the raft to fifteen, and gave the means of subsistence for a few additional days. When the dreadful sacrifice was completed, all cast their swords into the sea, reserving but one sabre, for cutting a piece of wood or cordage that might be necessary.

We have now the afflicting spectacle of fifteen wretched beings in the depth of despair on this floating tomb, seated or standing constantly in water, the sun beating down upon them with tropical intensity by day, and darkness enshrouding them by night. The eighth day passed, night came, and still no friendly sail rose on the horizon. Then came the ninth day, with its aggravated hunger, and thirst, and wretchedness. While hope was sunk in the feelings of the unhappy party, the eyes of all were startled on seeing a butterfly, of a kind common in France, fly over their

heads and settle on the sail of the raft. This trifling incident once more raised a bright gleam of hope; the butterfly was accepted as a harbinger of deliverance, and was taken under the protection of the forlorn group. On the succeeding days more butterflies visited them, and gave rise to the belief that the land could not be far distant. While cheering with new hopes, these insects also roused the party to fresh exertions. "We had recourse," says M. Corréard, "to every expedient which might lessen the miseries of our situation. We detached some planks from the raft, and made a sort of platform, on which we might lie down; this raised us above the water, which had always been from one to two feet above the surface of the raft; the waves, however, still washed over us at intervals, and frequently covered us completely. Here we endeavoured to beguile the time, by recounting our different adventures. Lavillette related the various scenes he had passed through, which were indeed extraordinary; but none, he said, had brought with them such sufferings from fatigue and privation as those we now endured.

"Our situation was now most distressing: the waves, which almost constantly washed over us, caused intolerable pain; and our excessive thirst, which we felt was increased by the intense heat of a tropical sun. To relieve this thirst we tried several expedients; we bathed our hands, faces, and even hair in salt water, and some even drank considerable quantities of it. One means of slaking our thirst was never thought of by us, though it has often been adopted by persons in our situation with great success. When Captain Bligh made his perilous voyage in an open boat over three thousand miles of the ocean, he and his companions used to dip their clothes in the sea, and wear them damp; the pores of the body, it is supposed, imbibing part of the moisture, and thus allaying their desire for drink. Unfortunately, we had never heard of this expedient. An officer found a small lemon, which he resolved to keep for himself: for a long time he refused it to the intreaties of those around him, till their threats and rage obliged him to share it. We had also a serious dispute about thirty cloves of garlic, which had escaped notice in the bottom of a sack; at another time we contended for two small phials of a liquor for cleaning the teeth; we never came, however, to extremities. This liquor was husbanded with the greatest care, two drops of it producing a delightful sensation; indeed it is difficult to conceive the agreeable effect which the most trifling relief of this kind produced. One of us had found an empty bottle, which still retained some scent of the perfume it had formerly contained; to smell at this for an instant appeared the highest enjoyment. Some kept their wine, and sucked it slowly from the goblet through a quill; the intoxication, however, it produced upon their debilitated frames was remarkable, and often produced angry disputes, and sometimes was near causing more serious consequences. On the tenth day, for ex-

ample, after the wine had been distributed, MM. Clairet, Coudin, Charlot, and two others, resolved, in a fit of intoxication, to destroy themselves, and were with considerable difficulty prevented by the intreaties of their companions. Perhaps all our arguments would have been unavailing, if a number of sharks had not surrounded the raft, and turned their attention to this new danger. They came so near, that we were enabled to strike at them with the sabre; but notwithstanding all the exertions of M. Lavillette, who gave them several blows, we could not kill one: the size of several appeared enormous, some of them being above thirty feet long.

"Three days now passed away in intolerable torments. We had become so careless of life, that we bathed even in the sight of the sharks, which were swimming round the raft; others were not afraid to place themselves naked on the fore-part of the machine, which was then entirely under water; and though it was exceedingly dangerous, it had the effect of taking away their thirst. On the 16th July, eight of us resolved on trying to reach the coast, to which we imagined ourselves to be now very near; for this purpose we nailed some boards across a few spars, which we separated from the raft, fitted it with a mast and a sail, and made oars of barrel staves; a certain portion of the wine remaining, which consisted but of fifteen bottles in all, was to be given to us, and our departure was fixed for the next day. Our machine being finished, however, it was necessary to try if she was able to bear us. A sailor went upon it, when it immediately upset, and showed us the rashness of our design; we therefore gave it up, resolving to wait upon the raft for the approach of death; which, unless we were immediately relieved, could not be very distant, our stock of wine being so low, and our disgust at the loathsome food we ate hourly increasing.

"On the morning of the 17th July the sun shone brightly, the sky appearing without a cloud; we addressed our prayers to God, and distributed the rations of wine. Whilst each person was taking his portion, a captain of infantry discovered a ship in the horizon, and with a shout of joy informed us of it. We saw that it was a brig, but at such a distance, that we could discern no more than the tops of her masts. It is impossible to describe the joy which we felt at the sight; each looked upon his delivery as certain, and returned repeated thanks to God. Still, in the midst of these hopes we were apprehensive that we should not be seen. We straightened some hoops, and fastened some handkerchiefs of different colours to the end. We then united our efforts, and raised a man to the top of the mast, who waved these flags. For half an hour we were suspended between hope and fear: some of us thought that the vessel was coming nearer, whilst others, with more accuracy, asserted that she was making sail away from us. In fact, in a short time the brig disappeared. We now resigned ourselves to despair; we even envied those whom

death had taken away from the suffering we were now to undergo. We determined to seek consolation in sleep. The day before, we had suffered exceedingly from the rays of a burning sun; we now made an awning to screen us from the heat, and lay down beneath it. We agreed to carve our names on a plank, along with a short recital of our adventures, and to hang it to the mast, in the hope that it might reach our government and our families. We had passed two hours in these desponding reflections, when the master gunner went from under the awning, in order to go to the fore-part of the raft: he had scarcely, however, put his head out, when he turned towards us and uttered a loud cry. Joy was in his countenance, his hands were stretched out towards the sea, and he scarcely breathed: he could only utter, 'We are saved; the brig is near to us!' We rushed out, and found that she was in fact only a mile and a half distant, and was steering directly towards us under a press of sail. Joy now succeeded to despair; we embraced each other, and burst into tears. Even those whose wounds rendered them incapable of more exertion, dragged themselves along to the side of the raft, in order to enjoy the sight of the vessel which was to deliver them. Each laid hold on a handkerchief, or a piece of linen, to make signals to the brig, which neared us fast: a few returned thanks to Providence for their miraculous preservation. We now recognized the vessel to be the *Argus*, and soon after had the pleasure of seeing her shorten sail when she was within half pistol shot. The crew, dispersed through the shrouds and on the deck, waved their hats, to express their pleasure at having come to our relief. A boat was now lowered, commanded by M. Lemaigre, who ardently wished to be the person who should take us from the fatal raft. He removed the sick first, placed them beside him in his boat, and showed them all the care and attention which humanity could prompt. In a short time we were all in safety on board the brig, where we met some of our shipwrecked companions who had been saved in the boats.

"All were affected to see our miserable condition: ten out of the fifteen were scarcely able to move: the skin was stripped off our limbs, our eyes were sunk, our beards long, and we were in the most emaciated condition. As soon as we had been discovered, they prepared some excellent broth for us, and mixed in it some wine, to recruit our exhausted strength. Our wounds were dressed; and, in short, we received every attention which our miserable state required. Some became delirious; but the care of the surgeon, and the kind attention of every one on board, soon wrought in us the most favourable change."

The *Argus*, as has been already mentioned, had been, after some delay, sent from Senegal, with instructions to afford assistance to the crews of the boats, and afterwards to look for the raft. In her course she had become aware that the crews in the boats had been saved, and had rendered them some succour while

coasting the desert. Her search for the raft was at first fruitless, and after cruising about for a number of days, she had turned helm to proceed to Senegal. It was while returning that the party on the raft had seen and lost sight of her. Having reached to within forty leagues of the river, the wind veered to the south-west, and the captain said that he would steer for a short time in that direction; he tacked accordingly, and was standing towards the raft for about two hours, when those on board descried the vessel on the horizon. This change of course, as we have seen, saved the fifteen unfortunate beings, who at the time did not expect they could hold out four-and-twenty hours longer; for the last two days had been spent without food, and only a small quantity of wine was left.

As soon as the party were removed to the *Argus*, that vessel steered for Senegal, which it reached next day. In the evening it moored close to the shore, and on the following morning, the 19th July, anchored in the roads of St Louis.

Thus were fifteen, all who remained alive out of a hundred and fifty individuals left on the wreck, rescued from the death which seemed to await them. Of the fifteen, five died in a short time of the injuries they had sustained; and the remainder carried on their wounded and emaciated bodies the lasting effects of their protracted sufferings on the raft.

THE WRECK.

It will be recollected that, at the disgraceful scramble in leaving the *Medusa*, seventeen persons, some of them in a state of intoxication, did not depart with their companions in the boats. Lachaumareys, on quitting the vessel at one of the port-holes, promised to send out succour to them as soon as he should reach the land. To fill up the measure of his depravity, the captain falsified this as well as all his other promises; and it is not less distressing to know that neither the party generally who escaped in the boats, nor those who afterwards were taken from the raft, gave themselves any concern about their less fortunate brethren in the wreck. It does not appear, from the narrative of M. Corréard, that they would have been thought of, but for the governor Schmaltz wishing to save the specie and provisions which were on board. To secure these articles, a schooner was fitted out, commanded by a lieutenant, and manned by some negro traders and a few passengers. She set sail from Senegal on the 26th of July, that is, seven days after the party saved from the raft had been landed, and seventeen from the time the governor and captain had reached Senegal; but having provisions for only eight days on board, she was obliged, when that stock was exhausted, to return without having got sight of the frigate: she was afterwards furnished with a sufficiency for twenty-five days, but, being ill-found, she returned into port a second time, after

having been fifteen days at sea. A delay of ten days now occurred, when she made a third attempt, with a new set of sails, and reached the Medusa fifty-two days after it had been abandoned. From the time which had elapsed, it was confidently believed that all who had been left on board the frigate would be dead; what, therefore, was the astonishment of those in the schooner, to find that three of the miserable beings had outlived all their sufferings, and now appeared like spectres to welcome the approach of their countrymen.

The following is the account which these unfortunate men gave of what had occurred on the wreck. When the boats and the raft had left the frigate, the seventeen had collected a sufficient quantity of wine, biscuit, brandy, and bacon, for their subsistence during a certain number of days. Whilst this stock lasted they were quiet; but forty-two days having passed without the arrival of the expected succour, twelve of the most resolute constructed a raft, and, endeavouring to make the land without oars or sails, and but a small quantity of provisions, were drowned. That this was their fate there is no reason for doubting, as the shattered fragments of their raft were some time afterwards thrown on shore by the waves, and picked up by the Moors. Another seaman, who refused to trust for safety to the raft, adopted the strange resolution, a few days after, of placing himself on a hencoop, and in this way tried to reach the shore; at the distance of half a cable's length, however, the coop upset, and he was drowned.

Four now remained on the wreck, resolved to await death or succour, rather than brave dangers which appeared to them insurmountable. One of them had lately expired when the schooner arrived, and the others were so weak and emaciated, that in a very short time death would have put an end to all their sufferings. They lived in separate corners of the vessel, which they never quitted but to look for food, and this latterly consisted only of tallow and a little bacon. If on these occasions they accidentally met, they used to run at each other with drawn knives; so completely had selfishness and ferocity stifled that sympathy which fellow-sufferers are generally disposed to feel for one another. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, worthy of being made known, that as long as these men abstained from strong liquor, they were able to support the hardships of their situation in a surprising manner; but when they began to drink brandy, their strength daily and rapidly diminished. How these unfortunate beings should have been driven to extremities for food, is not easily accounted for. The Medusa contained a large cargo of provisions, and why this store was not reached, is not explained in the original narrative. Perhaps the men did not know of there being barrels of provisions on board; or they might not have possessed sufficient strength to reach them below other articles in the hold.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

On being discovered and removed by the schooner, the three survivors received all the attention which their situation required. This having been attended to, the crew of the schooner proceeded to remove from the frigate everything that could be taken out; and after having loaded their own vessel with wine, flour, and everything else that was removable, whether public or private property, though without discovering the money, they returned to Senegal.

Those who had been rescued by the boats, and also from the raft, expected that the schooner, besides fetching the public property from the wreck, would bring many articles which they could claim as their own. The crew of the schooner, however, though in the service of the king of France, acted on this occasion the part of pirates: they not only kept and made sale, in the market of St Louis, of articles of value found in the wreck, but robbed the miserable victims whom they had rescued.

The report they gave of the state of the wreck, induced the governor to permit merchants to send vessels to bring off more of the goods on board—the proceeds to be equally divided between the government and the adventurers. Four vessels thus set sail, and in a short time brought back a great quantity of flour, salt provisions, brandy, cordage, and other articles, of which there was a fair division.

In concluding this melancholy recital, we almost feel it necessary to assure our readers that what we have been telling them is no dressed-up fiction, but a narrative drawn from authentic sources, and true in every particular. We need scarcely repeat, what must occur to every mind, that nothing in the whole annals of shipwreck equals in infamy the conduct of Lachaumareys, the captain of the *Medusa*, or of the governor Schmaltz, with whom he appears to have acted in concert. Neither, we believe, did ever any disaster by sea or land present such a series of blunders, such want of concert or management, or such a deficiency, among nearly all concerned, of the common feelings of humanity. Shortly after its occurrence, the shipwreck of the *Medusa* created a considerable sensation in Europe; and especially in France. The general feeling was that of horror; but in France, this sentiment was mingled with shame, and every effort was made to prevent the publication of the details by Corréard, as well as belief in them after publication. But all was unavailing. The narrative remains trustworthy in all respects—a sad memorial of human suffering and depravity.

THE PICARDS.

The account we have been presenting would be in some measure incomplete, without a notice of this unfortunate family; and this we are fortunately able to supply, from the account of the shipwreck written by Mademoiselle Picard. As soon as M.

Picard had recovered from the fatigues of his journey across the desert, he expected to be installed in the situation to which he had been appointed before leaving France. An unforeseen difficulty, however, now presented itself. The English resident governor had as yet received no intimation to give up the colony of Senegal to the French. This information distressed the Picards very much; and their affliction was at its height, when Schmaltz, the French governor in expectancy, ordered them to quit the colony, and go and reside at the French establishment at Cape Verd until farther orders. From this indignity they were saved by the kindness of the English governor, who, pitying their misfortunes, permitted them to remain; whilst a number less fortunate proceeded to Cape Verd, and there miserably died.

In a short time the French authority was established, but with no advantage to Picard. Of warm and impetuous feelings, he had given deep offence to Schmaltz and other officers of the *Medusa*, by the freedom of his remarks on quitting the wreck. These sayings were now meanly remembered against him; and everything that a despicable nature could suggest was done to ruin his prospects. He was, in short, deprived of his situation; and, with barely the means of subsistence for his family, he took refuge in a small island, his own property, in the Senegal river, which he proposed to cultivate for the sake of a livelihood. The island was laid out chiefly in crops of cotton—an article more suitable to the climate than were the constitutions of this unfortunate family.

For the space of two or three years the Picards struggled manfully with their fate. Living in a wretched hut, in the midst of a tropical vegetation, they were exposed to continual irritations from insects, and to the more formidable attacks of snakes and wild beasts, which lurked about the neighbourhood. Towards the middle of July 1817 Madame Picard became alarmingly ill, and died. Mademoiselle Picard, who seems to have been a young woman of an energetic and persevering mind, was now the consoler and chief support of the miserable family: she was the educator of her young companions, the manager of the domestic establishment, in which she wrought with her own hands, and, in her father's frequent absence, superintended the labours of a few hired field negroes. Irsome as this mode of life was, mademoiselle did not repine; her principal distress was a severe headache, which she suffered almost daily from the great heat. At night, after the out-of-door labours of the day, she retired with her two younger brothers into the cottage, and the working negroes brought the cotton which had been collected during the day, after which she set about preparing supper. Assisted by the children, she lighted a fire in the middle of the hut, and kneaded the cakes of millet flour which were to be the family supper, as well as what were to be used next day.

These cakes were baked on an iron shovel, and were usually ready in half an hour: they were far from pleasant to persons who had been accustomed to better fare; but hunger rendered them palatable. Occasionally, they were eaten with a little butter or sour milk.

In the morning, all were early at work in the cotton-fields; and the only relaxation from toil was at noon, when the heat of the sun was greatest, also a short period in the evening. From this unvarying round of duties, it was delightful to find relief in the rest of Sunday. On this day all the family would assemble under the shade of a large baobab tree, while mademoiselle or her sister read a chapter from the evangelists, or from some book likely to inspire them with cheerfulness and resignation. At such times M. Picard almost forgot his misfortunes, and anticipations of brighter days yet in store would flit across his imagination. His daughters likewise were happy in these family reunions. They began to discover that every condition of life has its peculiar enjoyments. If the labours of the week seemed long and laborious, the Sabbath recompensed them by its calm and its recreations. If life was spent in rustic occupations, there was at least no struggle to keep up appearances: the labour of the fields, the simplicity of dress and manners, all seemed like a return to the primitive ages of the world.

But all this rural enjoyment, if so it might be called, came unexpectedly to an end. The plantation failed to realise the outlay upon it. Wild beasts carried off all the live stock in a single night; and various other losses occurred, sufficient to depress minds much more hopeful. To bring the family disasters towards a climax, the younger children fell victims to the climate; and this blow was succeeded by a still greater misfortune—the death of M. Picard. The remaining members of this ill-fated family were now only mademoiselle and her sister Caroline; their cousin having already returned to France. At this melancholy juncture M. Dard, a person who had done many acts of kindness to the Picards, and who had for some years followed the profession of a teacher in St Louis, with the greatest delicacy offered his hand and his fortune to mademoiselle; and this amiable young lady, who had been a pattern to daughters in affliction, was, in accepting his offer, rewarded for all her sufferings. Her sister Caroline afterwards married M. Richard, a botanist who was attached to the agricultural establishment of the colony.

Leaving Senegal with her husband, Madame Dard arrived in France at the close of the year 1820. After a residence in Paris for two months, they reached M. Dard's native place at Bligny-sous-Beaune, in the department of the Côte d'Or, where madame had the happiness of finding new relations, whose tender friendship consoled her in part for the loss of those whom death had taken from her in Africa.



